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1824 - 1900

Charles Inches Sturgis
Margaret Noble Sturgis
1900 -

by J. H. Belcher

AROUND THE WORLD.

MUSCAT.

AROUND THE WORLD:

A

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE

IN

THE EAST INDIA SQUADRON,

UNDER

COMMODORE GEORGE C. READ.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVY.

"With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post,
Yet *round the world* the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen."

The Chameleon.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTION.

A public ship is always an object of national interest wherever she goes; it therefore cannot be uninteresting for her republican parents to know of her wanderings. The frigate Columbia was built at Washington in the best skill of *capitol* architects. She was launched and fitted with exultant pride, and pronounced not only good, but the very best of her class in the service. Various were the destinations suggested and conned at Washington for this new champion of the nation. Where might she best display her powers and captivating charms, was a question of as much solicitude for awhile, as the bringing out of an heiress in London. The Mediterranean was like a public saloon, too crowded and common; the West Indies was too dull and vulgar; and, if sent to the new field in the East, it was feared that her beautiful proportions, her symmetry, grace and ease

of motion, might not be appreciated. But it was nevertheless deemed desirable to send one of the most favourable representatives to make a deep impression in the new field; and the East Indies was accordingly fixed upon for the Columbia and her noble consort, the John Adams.

The East Indies have been long known to be an important source of American commerce, where from eighty to one hundred and twenty ships are annually employed—many in the increasing spice trade about Sumatra, Java, and Ceylon; in the sugar trade of Siam; and in the vast tea trade of China—and till within a few years, without any protection. But the loss of the Friendship, by the barbarous treachery of the natives in Sumatra, seemed to startle our government from its drowsy indifference, and induced them to cast a glance to the East. The frigate Essex, the Congress frigate, and six years afterwards, the Vincennes, a small sloop, were the only American war-ships that had crossed the Indian seas previous to the outrage referred to; and although American traders were seen at nearly every port of the East, at all seasons, America was scarcely known there as a nation able to protect her commerce. The Potomac was despatched in 1832 to redress the grievance at Sumatra, and the sloop Peacock and schooner Boxer sent the same year to aid the form-

er squadron in case of casualties. That mission was not only nobly accomplished, but, through the agency of our minister, Mr. Roberts, important and new avenues for trade were opened in several dominions, and the necessity of establishing a naval station in the East made quite apparent and conclusive. Accordingly it was determined by the government to send one or more ships of war every three years to cruise about the East India trading stations, and thence, returning by the opposite cape, to complete the circuit of the world. The Peacock and Enterprise, under commodore Kennedy, once more bearing Mr. Roberts as our agent to complete the diplomatic work he had commenced with eastern courts, proceeded in 1835 from the United States, as the first regular squadron for the new station. The Columbia, with the John Adams as her consort, were commissioned in 1837 to follow in the same round, and to touch at as many other ports as occasion might require, or time permit. It is of this last cruise that the writer has undertaken to narrate his impressions.

Respecting his style, the writer makes no pretensions, although he is aware that so much depends upon it, that the simplest incident is embellished by it; and the naked truth of many topics entirely fail to interest when ungraced by its

drapery. The walk of an insect across a lady's neck, by the magic pen of Burns, has the charm of a romance; and the stories of Sam Weller or Sam Slick tickle the mind with far more delight, on account of their style, than much worthier subjects swaddled in mere dry details. Still the writer feels assured that the simplest account of a voyage has such indiscriminate popularity at the present day, that he may safely rely upon the interest of his subject, without special reference to style. Something, however, should perhaps be said in apology for defects in this particular.

In the first place, the book was written on board ship; and any one, who has been at sea, must know full well that,

"A ship is a thing that one never can be quiet in."

Bishop Heber in his voyage to India says: "I find two circumstances for which, at sea, I was by no means prepared, namely, that we have no great time for study; but for me, at least, there is so much which interests and occupies me, that I have no apprehension of time hanging heavy on my hands." A ship of war is worse than a merchant-man: boatswains, and boatswain's mates are whistling and roaring their orders about the ship at all times; holy-stones are often grating over the sanded deck with the grit of a thousand files

in a machine shop; the rattling cogged wheels of the "rope wenches," are as frequently clattering with the noisy din of a cotton factory; while of the five hundred persons on board, some are *learning* to play on violins, flutes, or bugles — others whistling, singing, sky-larking, or chattering; and cocks are fighting, pigs squealing, ducks cackling; and there are many other annoyances that form but the common affairs of every day — aside from the general quarters, musters, and gangway exhibitions — and yet, amid such "confusion worse confounded," was this book written, and that too without the privacy of a room, or a retreat of any kind.

Nevertheless, the writer has endeavoured to "pick up the wee things about the deck," that might serve for incident; and also to "tak notes" of affairs and objects abroad as well as the limited time of flitting visits ashore would allow. It might probably have been better had he followed more exactly the excellent directions of good Master Bayle, who in a rule for *Concord* says, by way of illustration: "I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing; but as soon as any one speaks — pop, I slap it down, and make that my own;" and in his prescription for invention he adds: "Why, when I have anything to invent, I

never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought about the subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done." But although these sage rules have not been the guide for the writer of this book, yet whenever he has had a statement to make, in connection with his subject, that belonged to the common stock of history or science, or has had views and sentiments to convey which another has better expressed than himself, he has not hesitated, without further acknowledgements, to use such materials, in part or entire, and to blend them with his own into a kind of mosaic, in which he admits that his part is little more than the cement. But he has not carried this freedom to so very great an extent as many *authors* who have been more infected with the dreadful "*cacoethes scribendi;*" and the reader need not expect to find, as in more learned travels, the history of each place run back to primeval dates, including complete treatises upon the Botany, Mineralogy, and Zoology of every place; for the writer has only

noted the objects and topics which interested him at the moment.

Finally, if any passages should have a slight taint of censoriousness, it may be said, with truth and candour, that nothing hath been extenuated, nor aught set down in malice.

AROUND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

Luxuriant in her pride,
Behold the splendid mass exulting ride!
* * * * * *
Full fifty metal guns her port-holes fill,
Ready with nitrous magazines to kill,
From dread embrasures formidably peep,
And seem to threaten ruin to the deep."

FALCONER.

TWICE had the Columbia left her moorings at Gosport Yard, and anchored off the forts of Norfolk. Each time something happened to send her back, for she had set out on Friday: so, partly in consequence of a heedless and arrant defiance of fate, and partly on account of the pending questions in Congress upon the Mexican and specie difficulties, the departure of the squadron was delayed from October, 1837, to May, 1838. Many difficulties arose from this delay. One of the lieutenants, as true a son of Neptune as he was of the "Old Dominion," appeared inclined to act the Cassandra for us, and to cry, Wo! declaring that he would not sail in the ship, if her anchors were weighed again on Friday; and surely there were enough among the 500 sailors on board to second his bo-

dings; for who does not know that sailors are proverbially superstitious? And why should they not be? Tossed as they ever are upon elements that seemingly defy all laws but those of a capricious fatality — imbued as they are with the marvellous — and schooled in the legendary yarns of their craft, even from their first essay,

"As ship-boys, rocked upon the high and giddy mast,"

up to hoary age, or an untimely grave — ever as thoughtless of prudence in themselves, as they are of a providence in nature; ignorant, too, as a class, and away from the order and teachings of civil life; inured as they are to alternate hardship and indolence, and subject to the winds and billows, or to the wilder storms of man's despotism — why should they not be superstitious? It is but a little cycle of time since the whole world was merged in Cimmerian ignorance; inanimate oracles were consulted at Delphi and elsewhere, and palmistry, astrology, alchemy, and priestcraft, bewildered the sagest minds and usurped the place of right and reason. It is still later since Kepler, and Bacon, and Mesmer, and the witchcraft judges, and a host of sapient men were addled by superstition. It is but a day since comets were regarded as the bloody and fire-winged messengers of war and pestilence; and almanacks were relied upon to foretell the weather of a year by intuition. Why then should not the sons of Neptune whistle for a breeze in a calm, and fear to whistle in a gale? Why should they not dread the omen of a black cat, a priest, or a Jonah on board? Why should they not look for signs and wonders — the course of the stormy petrel — the sports of porpoises and sharks?

Why should they not toss over the last old shoe of a departed comrade, to appease and avert his haunting ghost? And why should they not fear to sail on Friday; since the transmitted log of events, in their fraternity, shows, that from the crucifixion of Christ on fatal Friday down to their own experience, and the too fatal temerity of the Connecticut captain, disaster has attended the deeds and voyages begun on that day? But enough of these whys and wherefores; the fact is, that sailors are superstitious about sailing on Friday, and for this very reason they might in times of great difficulty, relax their efforts against what they would deem the omnipotence of fate.

But the evils occasioned by delays began to be more developed: dissensions among the officers—disgust with the expedition, which was beginning to lower over them like a second South Sea exploring affair — dismissals and changes were occurring — and not a few were becoming entangled in the meshes of Hymen and Cupid; for the pleasant town of Norfolk is famous for sharp-shooting eyes that make fatal havoc, particularly with all hearts screened under blue coats and eagle buttons. Indeed, one mother wrote from afar to a Commodore on that station, begging him to keep her darling son, then a midshipman, closely busy with his studies, and away from the society of the place, lest the dear boy should fall in love.

However, the troubles were nearly settled—the former first lieutenant, a firm, impartial, and efficient officer, who fitted out the ship, had been superseded or changed for one much his junior, and other similar changes made; when sometime in April the two ships were ready to drop down to Hampton Roads; the broad pennant was up, the

sails bent, and all "idlers" ordered aboard. At this time the writer put off for the frigate, in company with some visiters, to make a final settlement in that floating palace, which was to be his home for the next three years. "What a magnificent ship!" exclaimed one and another as we neared her bow. "How majestic and graceful!" (and those who spoke were no ordinary land-crabs:) then the coxswain burst out in a few superlatives, for he was the boat's master too, while I, looking only with *lubber* eyes, and not feeling myself exactly as a true sailor, to be a part and appendage of the ship, only answered in monosyllables, lest a weak praise might appear dispraise; but I too felt that she was a beautiful object to look upon. From her immense but symmetric form, rose her gallant masts that stood as if proud of their new berths; and throughout her rigging, her tapering spars, and delicate blocks, each part seemed to lend and gain a charm from every other; and, as Jack Fid said of the Rover, when he stowed into his cheek a lump that resembled a wad laid by a gun-slide, "I care not who knows it, but whether done by honest men or done by knaves, one might be at Spithead a month, and not see hamper so light, and yet so handy, as is seen aboard that flyer. Her lower rigging is harpened in, like the waist of Nell Dale, after she has had a fresh pull upon her stay-lanyards, and there isn't a block among them all, that seems bigger in its place than do the eyes of the girl in her own good looking countenance."

Scarcely had the visiters seen the ship, and touched their hats to the officers of the deck, as they returned over the side, when the shrill whistles and gruff voices of the boatswain and half a dozen mates piped all hands to "up anchor!" But

soon after, when the call to "make sail," brought the interminable throng from below through every hatchway, like trains of ants to their several stations, it was a strange and confused scene to the idlers, who stood for the first time upon the full-manned deck of a ship of war.

The shrill whistles piped again upon the deck, and from top to top the word was given — the fifes struck up a well-timed quick step — and tramp, tramp, stepped the centipeded trains over the deck, and in a moment the helm was up; the top-sails braced round — the bellying canvass filled — and then the ship careened a moment to the breeze, and bounded forward like a startled deer. She had never before spread the broad canvass that she wore that day; and many who had been anxious to witness her first trial, pronounced her at once a splendid sailer; and predicted that, in good time, she would probably surpass her airy consort, that had long worn the laurel for speed in the American Service. But to stand upon the arm-chests of the tafferel, and look over her deck and fair proportions; to think that near two thousand trees of the forest had been fashioned into that noble structure — to see her glide so lightly over the bosom of the waves, and yet be the dwelling place of a city, with all its provisions and armament, and one that could be turned this way and that, like a well trained steed — it seemed indeed the nearest semblance to a giant "thing of life," of aught that had not life.

It was near two hours before the two ships were anchored at Hampton Roads, whence in a short time they were to take their final departure. Farewell had undoubtedly been said and written often by those on board to their distant friends, but not

till then did "the silent manliness of grief" begin to show its signs. There were young husbands among us, and lovers, and brothers, and sons, parting for the first time and for three long years — nay, perhaps forever — from their dearest objects of affection. Who, then, that possesses the sensibility which becomes humanity, would or could resist the gloom of grief at such a period? One may utter a prayerful farewell to a departed spirit, and be calm: for grief, with all that may be tried, is unavailing to bring back to us the lost and loved. But when we are on the verge of parting with dear and living friends, for months and years, we feel that the separation is not imperative and absolute; that if we determine so to do, we can return to them; and we therefore hesitate and linger, while the associations of the past, with the hopes and fears of the future, crowd tearfully together over the mind: and as the ship that bears us spreads her wings to take us from home and its cherished endearments, we feel that we must go, but that however far it may be, we must still drag the lengthening chain of affection that holds fast the heart and cannot be unmoored.

But all at such times are not sad; poor Jack is seldom or ever so. His home is on the seas, and thence he only visits his few friends ashore, in a casual way; and as he launches again upon the deep, he feels perchance like one who leaves a hospitable place, where he has wiled away a few jovial hours, in a social way; though at times a thought may cross him that perhaps before he visits those same scenes again, there may be many changes happen some chick or two may be dead or married — an old couple widowed — or a friendly comrade become too proud or crazy. But all that kind of

gratuitous boding will be little more than a flash across Jack's mind, and if it finds utterance at all, a stanza like the following may give it full vent.

"The sea-bird wheels above the mast,
  And the waters fly below,
And the foaming billows flashing fast,
  Are leaping up the prow.
Hurrah! hurrah! the shores we quit,
  And those who are within,
May they be safe and standing yet,
  When *we cross these* waves again!"

CHAPTER II.

"On! on, thou eagle pinion'd bark,
Haste on thy watery way!
Thou l't meet the tempest wild and dark,
For many a weary day:
For many a day, and many a night,
Thou 'lt plough the billows deep,
Or o'er the crested waves of light,
Majestic beauty sweep."

OLD SONG.

ON Sunday, the sixth of May, before the sun was far risen, all our boats in, canvass spread, and men at their divided labours, affairs began to assume a "ship-shape" appearance. We had *logged* our departure from Cape Henry light-house; the shores of our beloved country were fast receding in the horizon; the pilot had left us with his bag of final letters — undoubtedly a curious budget, if one could see all — and we were indeed upon

"The deep, the blue, the open sea.

The John Adams, following gracefully in our wake, had fired the customary salute of thirteen guns to the blue pennant of Commodore Read, and the big guns of the frigate had returned the compliment to Capt. Wyman, when by way of *scaling* the guns, as the phrase went, the batteries of both ships roared forth their pealing thunders over the waters, loud enough to rouse old Neptune from his deepest cavern, and to tell him we were coming.

But I must initiate the reader a little farther into the recesses of the frigate; and although it may appear somewhat egotistical, I cannot better convey an idea of incidents and peculiarities, than by relating impressions that most affected myself. Certainly, of all my impressions, the most lasting were made by the circumstances which I am about to narrate; and I think, moreover, they involve a little of naval principle, — otherwise, for certain good reasons, I would let them rest, and veil my name, and every sign that might betray my identity as the writer.

There were three Professors of Mathematics in the squadron, one a passenger, and the other two regularly attached to the respective ships; among whom, as the old codger remarked, who gave the famous toast, "to those who fought, bled, *and died* on Bunker's height," I myself was one. Now the grade of Professors in the sea service was adopted as an experiment only about five years previous, and up to that time, although few of them had been at sea, they had invariably messed and occupied commodious apartments with the ward-room officers.

So it was with the Professors in our squadron, till within a few days of our departure, and every provision was made accordingly, when to our surprise and confusion, we were graciously *informed* that a letter had been received from the Board of Commissioners, declaring that Professors had no right to mess in the ward-room. This was indeed astounding, since we had been assured by the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, by our friends in the service, and by every legitimate precedent, that we were individually entitled to a state room, and to the privileges of the ward-room. But it ap-

peared to us, that there was a prevalent jealousy among those naval officers, against all civilians in the service; and that besides this, the lieutenants of our two ships, as a body, were unusually young, and knew not well how to wear their thickening honours without arrogance.

It occurred to them, however, that they were unjustly crowded; that the department had thrust in upon them unswabbed, unhonoured, non-militant spies, without regard to their comfort; and they considered the act, as an innovation — an incubus, that must be thrown off; and they accordingly determined at least to reject the Professors, and if possible, to *run* them out of the ships. But how was this to be done?

Why, nothing so easy to their minds. They could see no difference in rank between Professors, and the old grade of dissipated, worthless scapegoats, ycleped the unexamined, unqualified, temporary teachers: and they were very sure that none of that grade ever messed in a ward-room: ergo, there was precedent enough for their purpose. So thereupon, a joint letter to that effect was sent to the Secretary of the Navy; by him it was referred to the Board of Commissioners, instead of the Attorney General, and the obnoxious letter of ejectment was returned in answer.

The Professors were told of the decision, without being allowed to see either letter; but they sent a remonstrance, though of course too late for redress, to the following purport: that the subscribers regarded the decision of the Hon. Navy Board, as a hasty one, both illegal, and unnecessarily militating with the rights and usefulness of Professors. They had understood that the office to which they were appointed, had been purpose-

ly elevated in rank, and encircled with extra privileges, conditions, and honours, in order to induce gentlemen of known ability and refinement to enter the profession. It was feared, with all deference and respect, that the Hon. Board had not duly considered the fact, that by their decision they had placed the Professors in the same irresponsible, inefficient position, which was held by the temporary teachers — a position that in every instance, made that disrespected office almost a sinecure, and was the basis of the argument for trying the experiment of a higher grade, having superior rights and authority. It was presumed that the Hon. Board knew very well, that officers who mess in any lower degree than the ward-room, in our ships of war, are indiscriminately treated like striplings at a boarding-school; and if a teacher be upon the same subordinate level with such, he can of course have little more influence over them than one of themselves; or at best, act as a servile usher to officers who may know nothing of his business.

It is expected of a Professor that he shall have spent his youth and much money in his education; that he should be a man *grown* — having experience in the art of teaching — with habits fixed as a man, and with the refinements of a gentleman: and can such expectations be answered, when the Professor is placed beyond the pale of manly privileges and associations — when the door to common courtesies is closed upon him, and he is forced back into the frolics of youth, and made to jostle constantly with those, among whom many are just acquiring the proper sobriety and deference that become a manly intercourse?

For the young gentlemen, the "sky-larking,"

laughter-loving middies, such a condition is not only tolerable, but agreeable; particularly since they are in the line of promotion, and can anticipate the day when they shall enjoy the exclusive comforts of the ward-room and cabin. But for the Professors, with no chance of improvement in rank or pay, however low may be his position, and with a mere competence at best for a respectable person, and yet subject to the orders of the Department on shore, without pay, it is intolerable, it is more than the government intended, and more than a gentleman should suffer with patience.

Thus indeed it was with myself; but what could I do? I could not get detached — my resignation could not be accepted — there was no time to go to Washington for a release, and to desert was dishonourable. Go then I must; but how or where to mess I knew not.

In this dilemma, there came to me "a comely youth — neat, trimly dressed" — with classic head, balanced a little aft with self-esteem, and an air so *recherché*, that I was prepossessed.

He represented that he was a caterer on board the Columbia, and one of their assistant surgeons, who, with two others, composed the cockpit mess. They had made their arrangements without expecting an addition to their number — and all the rooms of their apartment excepting two, were occupied by the stores of different messes; but, if I would accept of a privilege in the country of the cockpit and join his mess, he assured me, that my society would certainly be a great pleasure to them, and I should be fully welcome to a share of their rights and accommodations.

I did not hesitate to accept this offer, and, having despatched my boxes of instruments and

books, which I was told could not be allowed a place in the ship, I repaired with the doctor on board, to take possession of my new allotment.

Down, down, down, I went, through three hatch-ways of that deep frigate, to the veriest submarine cellar that ever a landsman beheld. There, amid thick darkness, and thicker filth and dampness, there was the abode in which I was invited to spend three years.

The open area, called "*the country*," was about twenty feet square — lumbered with the mess and personal chattels, including those of the boys, of eight persons. About the sides opened the store and bread rooms of every mess in the ship, excepting that of the cockpit, which was unfortunately in the vocative: then, beneath was the spirit-room, which, when opened, as it was thrice a day, and often all the day — required us to have our light *doused* or extinguished — our only light — for the light of day was shut out effectually by many a beam and plank, opaque and thick.

The two state rooms, indeed, afforded a screen of privacy to two assistant surgeons; but, the refuse of us had not even the chalked lines of an Irish colony in a city garret, nothing to distinguish the premises of *meum et tuum.*

In that dark, dolorous hole, which was aptly called by "*a reefer*," the "lower regions," we were to make our home, to live and move by day and night. Then each second day we were to have the place flooded and swabbed; each other day to have the wet or dry holy-stoneing; and, occasionally, a boat's crew let loose upon us, armed, *cap à pied*, with brushes and buckets of white-wash to enlighten our apartment; and, indirectly, ourselves and clothes also.

Of course, we soon became very indifferent about our personal pulchritude, and although every morning at six-bells, we might be seen groping about, by a taper light, or "purser's moon," hitting our sconces against staunchions and low beams, and raising many an organ not contemplated by Spurzheim, before we could complete our daily ablutions and toilette, yet we seldom attempted any extraordinary touches excepting on Sunday, or in port.

"But just approach — our preparations view!
A cockpit beau is surely something new:
No tender couch invites him to repose;
His noble limbs no lofty mirror shows.
A pigmy glass upon his hammock stands,
Crack'd o'er and o'er by awkward clumsy hands:
Chests, tables, camp-stools — and the surgeon's guide,
Half-eaten mess stores, Congreve's mourning bride,
Bedaub'd with whitewash, in confusion lie,
And form a chaos to th' intruding eye."

Now this picture may appear too highly wrought, but it is nevertheless true, and I am sure the "gentle reader" would have been highly gratified to see the philosophic spirit, the gleeful fortitude with which the cockpit mess endured such unaccustomed, unparalleled privations. For my own part, with a disposition to aspire, it has always been my endeavour, when I could not make my circumstances conform to my desires, to bring my desires down to my circumstances; which is certainly very much like a placid, though undervalued virtue of Spain — where, when it rains they let it rain. But what particularly provoked me, was that my ejectment from the wardroom was called "*a regular weather*," a phrase which the

reader will find elucidated elsewhere in the course of the book.

In truth I acknowledge that I was quite "*green;*" and so were all of our mess—very "*green;*" we knew not when we were legally imposed upon, and when not. But we bore and forbore all our trials like Spartan heroes, and old Diogenes would have said so: yes! could that renowned cynic have seen us in the cockpit, he would have bowed in profound reverence to our superior humility and endurance. He would have exclaimed from his heart, "what! eight human beings do I see, instead of one, in a tub—in a wet tub, and without the light of day?" But we derived farther consolation, in our reflections, from the assurance, *abstractedly*, as the abolitionists and other zealots reason, that by our very humble condition, we were actually exalted and distinguished—that, by the paucity of our comforts, paradoxical as it may appear, either one of our octonary mess was just sixteen times greater than the greatest man that ever lived.

Imprimis. Greatness in this world is measured by the extent of a man's possessions and fame.

Secundo. It is admitted that,

> "The whole world was not half so wide
> To Alexander, when he cried
> Because he had no more to subdue,
> As was a narrow paltry tub to
> Diogenes."

Now Alexander is acknowledged to be the greatest man that ever lived: Diogenes was twice as great, and either of us, eight times superior to the last, or sixteen times greater than the first. Q. E. D. Thus from every evil arises concomitant good, and, practically, as Lady Macbeth remarks:

"Things without remedy,
Should be without regard."

The preceding observations upon the situation of a professor likewise apply, in some degree, to the assistant surgeons, although their usefulness is less involved, and they are besides young, and buoyed by the prospect of promotion: yet it were certainly better if their station were different. An article appeared in the British Naval and Military Gazette for 1835 concerning the assistant surgeons, which equally applies to the American Service; and as they embody my own views, and are from the pen of an old skipper, I shall take the liberty of quoting the substance of them.

"It is admitted," says this journal, "that great changes have been effected since the administration of the great Lord Melville, who was truly the father and benefactor of the British navy, and the signal transition from the illiterate 'doctor's mate' to the 'assistant surgeon' is, especially, an honour to the service. Once the 'lob-lolly boy,' by a short probation, became the compounder of drugs, and eventually succeeded to the station—for rank they had none—of surgeon of the navy, fully entitled to patch up the wounds of unlucky seamen, and even to deduct payment for their malpractices upon many a 'poor victim of syren smiles.' But the change in that grade, although thus far good, is not yet complete. Skilful and educated gentlemen are now substituted in lieu of ignorance and incapacity; but the expensive course of study for the medical student seems not yet to be regarded. His examinations show him to be proficient in his profession, yet he is still doomed to associate with boys, many in the first

years of their career, too juvenile for companions —too old to be treated as boys—too little trained to discipline to respect others. Moreover, the assistant surgeon is cut off from all professional reading, which we all know to be impracticable in a cockpit. Further, the modernized pay of this class of officers is adequate to maintain the expenses of the wardroom: his reading, his habits, his generally mature age, fit him for an associate with the higher grade; and it is hoped that this boon will be conceded."

It does not become a novice in any service to judge, much less to condemn its apparent inconsistencies; but the fresh impressions of one whose vision is not bleared by the film of prejudice or *esprit du corps*, cannot be unacceptable; particularly, since suggestion with experiment, though the parents of a large progeny of illegitimates, have given birth to all the improvements of this world's affairs. It has occurred to me, and I would therefore suggest, from my brief observations, that, if it be practicable, it would certainly be more congenial to all, for the educated civilians, and other idlers of similar rank, including the first lieutenant, to mess together in some appropriate apartment, as a kind of scientific corps. I might dwell upon the advantages thence to be derived, but they may occur as readily to others. Whether applied or not, this suggestion is at least worthy of consideration; for the wise despise nothing, and it is a sound philosophy, approved by Paul long before it was introduced by Lord Bacon, "to prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good."

CHAPTER III.

"Away, away before the breeze,
Our gallant *squadron* swiftly flies —
Around us gleam the diamond seas,
Above us bend the sapphire skies!"

PARK BENJAMIN.

IT is much feared that the reader must have thought that we had dropped anchor in the water for the purpose of *grumbling*, and ten thousand pardons are therefore asked for occupying a whole chapter in so selfish a manner; but the verb "to grumble," neutral as it is in itself, stands first in a ship's vocabulary, and, like tears to a woman, is not only a solace, but a complete relief to a sailor's grief.

On ship-board it is the daily hankering of every person, like the eager query of the landsmen for news, to know the position of the ship; and about noon the brain-vexed master is beset, like a courier-express office, with a posse on every side inquiring the issue of his *sines* and *complements*: "What has she made since yesterday?" "What latitude and longitude have we?" "When do you think we shall make the land?" are questions proposed in quick succession by at least a dozen voices. "Work 'em out yourselves, you lazy skulks!" replies the master, and, making a quick *secant* to the circle about him, he is off in a *tangent* to his cabin.

Now it seems to me that there is an innate am-

bition in human nature to be constantly pressing forward toward the goal to which the mind is most directed, whether it be physical, intellectual, or moral; and as there is a corresponding desire to know the progress of objects and of persons about which we are reading, I will therefore in part relieve the reader's suspense concerning our ship, by the assurance that the Columbia buffetted the counter currents and shifting squalls of the Gulf Stream bravely, and though her trim was not exactly right, and she sailed a little by the head, the log showed that twelve knots were mere play for her. She gambolled along through the oozy waves like a young Spaniel, or an Albatross; and so gently, that one could read or write upon the orlop, or cockpit deck, and often for many minutes, without feeling the ship's motion.

Our pretty consort kept easy pace with us, at a respectful distance, till we reached the fifty-sixth meridian of the thirty-sixth parallel, or nearly the middle of the Atlantic, when we parted company.

A man of war at sea, in full sail, is at all times a majestic object; but the evening that lighted our parting view of the John Adams, rendered the scene peculiarly impressive. The wind had hauled around so as to be nearly ahead, and toward the close of the day, we were obliged to beat. The Columbia was just boarding her starboard tack, when the relative change of position, brought the broadside of our consort directly athwart our wake. She was between ourselves, and the most superbly tinted sky that I ever beheld. The sun was just setting,

> "Not as in Northern climes obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light."

With this magnificient background, that beautiful ship, with all sails set, commenced the graceful evolution through which the Columbia had passed. It was a scene that might have charmed a poet, and could Washington Irving, or the author of the lines at the head of this chapter, have seen those piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon — and "the sapphire seas" beneath — with that splendor lighted ship in the midst, they would have asked little aid from fancy to present a magic picture to the reader.

That night a storm arose and parted the two ships — our consort bearing orders in the event of such a separation to steer for Madeira. And thither we were bound; but I shall now return to the internal affairs of the vessel, and revert to our progress, and to "the wonders, which they witness who go down to the sea in ships," by and by.

We had not been many days at sea before the roaring boatswains passed the word: "All hands, all hands, all hands, witness punishment." Every one was obliged to attend; the men forward, and the officers, with side-arms, aft of the *fiferail* or gangway. In the intermediate space, were ranged five culprits under the custody of the "*master-at-arms*." The commodore spoke to them with stern solemnity, read a portion of the rules which they had heard once in every month and as often violated, and then motioned one of them to the stand. The wincing rascal went tremblingly to the grating upon which he was to stand; his feet were lashed down there, and his wrists to the upper hammock nettings, while the boatswain's mate stood, in attitude, brandishing the "cat o' nine tails" for his bare back. "Lay on," said the commodore in a low tone of

authority; the galling lashes fell, and the puny coward writhed and roared for pity before he had half the penalty which he had risked, and most richly merited: the sign of pardon was waved, and the fellow released. The other four culprits were deserters, but men of sterner stuff. Each of these walked boldly up — and received his round purpling dozen manfully, without a tear, a flinch, or a groan. They described the sensation as being like the pouring of melted lead upon the back; but the effects of the "colt," a single cord instead of nine, is said to be worse.

This part of naval discipline seems to be very severe to a stranger, but it requires only a short acquaintance with the affairs of a ship of war, to perceive the necessity of severe penalties, if with due proportion, rigidly enforced, among a body of promiscuous men thus confined. But whether corporeal punishment, without the decision of the court martial, be admissable; or rather, whether the abuse, to which the privilege is liable, does not overbalance the benefits, when an officer, who cannot control himself, may lash a man from the mere impulse of passion or prejudice, I will not presume to judge at present. It certainly allows great discretionary power to officers, particularly when they know that however much wronged he may be even in the face of the law, the the poor sailor will seldom attempt and never succeed in getting redress. A commodore's power, at sea, has no check except the fear of the press or public opinion on land; but while he has power to oppress, he has often power to elevate and patronize. This latter privilege was very happily exercised by our commodore soon after we left the American waters. Two masters, by his priv-

ileged hand, were enabled to stride a year or more in advance of their grade, and virtually become lieutenants: then two of the old boys — two jammed-up mates of the steerage — were also made masters, entitled to rooms, and the comforts of the wardroom. It tickled them finely, as it should do, and wrought a change in their expressions, their dignity, and personal appearance, almost as great as the metamorphosis of a school-boy who enters college, and is, the next day, a man with a long-tailed coat and stock on. Then the commodore's secretary, being an educated clergyman, was made our chaplain. So that we see a commodore can do a great deal of good as well as evil. Indeed it is not twelve o'clock, or eight-bells till he makes it so, and sends word to have the bell struck. But the middies have a way of making it seven-bells, or half-past eleven, quite as absolute as that of the commodore; and very frequently, though entirely unbeknown to him, they make it seven-bells, or half-past eleven o'clock, three or four times in the day, when others may think it is only two or three-bells. But thereby hangs a tale, with a secret in it for the reader to find out, if he does not know.

I said the commodore had the secretary turned into a chaplain, and the next Sunday we were all mustered on the quarter deck to witness his ability in that capacity; and certainly every one must have been highly gratified with his performance. The church ritual is certainly very, yes, peculiarly interesting at sea, to a stranger who takes any pleasure in religious services. On Sunday morning the decks get an extraordinary scrub — the hammers and files of the anvil cease their clatter — the adze and planes of the carpenters are stow-

ed away, and all unnecessary labours are suspended. The quarter deck — the place of assembling — is screened by an awning; the white hammock cloths are neatly displayed fore and aft in the nettings; a union jack covers the capstan as a pulpit, and often bunting curtains are festooned over the rougher parts, while every pin or brass piece is well polished, and the ropes coiled into concentric circles about the deck. At the appointed time and signal every person being in full uniform — the marine guards dressed in green and white, with pipe-clayed belts and polished armour, are ranged in double line along the lee side of the deck; the naval officers in blue and gold, stand opposite, and an uncovered throng of clean sailors in white trowsers and frocks, having blue collars and bosoms fancifully embroidered, occupy all the space aft the mizzen mast, while the commodore and executive officer honour the weather side of the speaker. This forms a scene that truly presents an interesting group of "God's best works." Upon the occasion of which I am speaking, our chaplain discoursed upon the scenes of the judgment — when the "almost christian," the blaspheming lord, and the dishonest servant, the lying child, and pious mother, stand together before the bar of God, while the unerring register of each one's conscience is read aloud, and judgment pronounced upon that too, *too* faithful summary of each man's life. Then the speaker depicted, with rather declamatory eloquence, the scenes of heart-rending and eternal separation. It was, while the picture was presented to us of the mother parting with her son, that I cast a glance along the line of marines, and noticed the drummer standing with a moistened gaze fixed upon the speaker. I thought

to myself, this sermon may be as lost pearls to many, but there certainly is one whose natural sentiment of reverence is touched, and he cannot avoid showing it.

The drummer was a gray-eyed, flaxen-headed youth, whose demure looks were oddly at variance with regimentals; but, nevertheless, he had a tender heart. I noticed his head gradually inclining intently forward, the muscles relapsing into a gaping stare, and presently the hands, which had unconsciously dropped the sticks upon the drum-head, were devotionally clasped in front. But as the topic and the tone of the speaker changed soon after, the youth recovered the consciousness of his exposure, and, gazing flurriedly around like one caught in a ridiculous plight, he resumed his former position.

The muster was over, and the Orlopians having returned to their dark apartment, one of the young Galens laughing at the boldness of hypocricy, asked if we noticed old Nicholson, the carpenter's mate, at service. "The old root," said he, "is the cunningest villain aboard; here he stood gazing at the parson with a quizzical sanctity that would have shamed the devil, and when he got below, he ridiculed and cursed the whole concern." But a ship of war is a world in itself, and of course has all kinds of characters on board; and although the majority may partake of old Nic's traits and infidelity, there are others directly opposite in character, or if they are not so, there is the more need of religious influence to make them so.

The utility of religious services on ship-board is often questioned, and certainly is a mooted point; since sailors, particularly those accustomed to ships of war, acquire a kind of chivalric, dare-

devil spirit, that unfits them for religious meekness and forbearance. They are such creatures of chance in their lives and feelings, so trampled upon by authority, that, as I have intimated before, they generally incline to fatalism — become reckless of the future, and only care for their chances of sensual indulgence. Still there are a few in some ships who may be susceptible, and become improved by a religious influence; and, if the moral nature of but one in a hundred can be developed, and fitted for immortality, it is worth all the expense and attention which our government has devoted to it: and certainly a religious service cannot fail to influence more or less a few among five hundred.

I believe there is not a sentiment heard, nor a book read, no language of nature, of music, or painting, no wish or act, that lends not its peculiar associations to tincture the mind and to form the character. Like seed thrown upon the turbid waters of the Nile, we may think them lost, and laugh at the sower; but it will be discovered in due time that many have found good soil and taken root. It is essential then, for all who are exposed to the secular and vicious associations of six worldly days, whether at sea or on shore, to have a counterbalancing influence on the seventh: and cases are not a few wherein sailors have been gradually changed from a reprobate infidelity, to be happy, dutiful christians.

One of our lieutenants told me a story of a sailor attached to a ship, that interested me much. "He was an excellent seaman, and so religious and peaceful, that he was called *par excellence*, the Quaker. He was religious in all his doings, and, with few companions, seemed to stand apart

from the majority of his shipmates, as one who had little sympathy with them; but every officer and sailor respected him, for he was intelligent and faithful — as brave as he was religious, as generous as he was reserved. He devoted his leisure to mental improvement and the Bible; but if a daring work of duty was to be done — a deed of danger and of skill — there was none so prompt and firm as the Quaker to undertake it. Once a storm arose suddenly at night, and (though I have forgotten the peculiar nautical circumstances,) it carried away a mast, the ship broached to, and a heavy sea broke over the quarter; when, as she heeled and the decks filled, it was discovered that all the lee ports had been closed, and the scuppers were not enough to release the accumulating flood. The flapping of the loose sails against the rigging — the moaning of the winds and waters quite drowned the voice of the trumpet, and there was great danger of the ship's going suddenly down in the trough of the billows. Then, as the lurid lightnings for a moment illumined the deck, confusion and consternation were revealed in every direction — the men were rushing for the boats, the binnacle lights were out, and the weather helmsman had deserted his post; when, at that critical moment, the voice of one, touching his hat at the time, said firmly to the officer of the deck: 'Sir, shall I take the helm? no one is there.'

'Who speaks?' said the officer.

'It is the Quaker, sir.'

'Yes, take the helm, my good lad, and be quick, but first knock out a lee port, while I hold the helm, and let out the water. The ship lays like a log, while these cursed fools are crazy.'

"The Quaker sprang, with prompt alacrity down the half sunken deck, up to his waist in water — a vent was soon made, and the whirling current, hurrying to escape, almost took the dauntless mariner with them: but in a moment he was at the helm. Silence and obedience were restored among the crew, and the broken mast was cut away. The Quaker fixed his steady eye upon the breaking sea, headed the faltering prow to the wave, and the ship, once more being relieved, soon righted — the sails secured were closely reefed, and safety reassured."

But had not the Quaker been there, where might have been the ship and its trembling spirits? And what was it that armed this man with such fearless self-possession in the midst of peril? it was surely more than a natural courage — yes, it was a firm reliance on the providence of God, a submission to the decrees of *duty*, whatever and wherever they might be: it was the courage of religious faith — a faith that "casteth out all fear."

CHAPTER IV.

"Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
The blue waves sport around the stern they urge."
ANON.

WE had been nearly three weeks at sea, and no land had been discovered, although lookers-out were set at the mast head full six hundred miles from any port, and we had sailed glibly all the while. But the reader, who has had the fortitude to follow us, and to traverse the dull interval of three chapters on cruising, may well conceive an idea of an American's ennui, and hurrying anxiety for land while upon the ocean, and the inestimable value of that old easy virtue, called patience.

Now I fully appreciate the thrifty haste of my countrymen, which so often tends to feverish impatience, for I believe that by it each individual accomplishes nearly twice as much in a life-time as one of any other nation. Mrs. Fanny Butler says, "I should calculate that an American is born, lives, and dies, twice as fast as any other human creature."

But there are times when much haste effects least, becomes worse than vain, and is better dispensed with. At sea, particularly —if one can have a bit of Dutch contentment, and, like a fat mynheer, knowing that he can do nothing toward raising a breeze, will seat himself comfortably with his schnaps, his *miershaum* and a book, quite

careless whether the winds blow one way or another, or not at all — it will be all the better.

But there are men who never can be deliberate or patient under any circumstances. They gulp their food — half kiss their wives with a running fire — make pleasure a drudgery, and hurry through every thing. An accident occurred, one day aboard ship, which not only shows the singularly feline proneness of sailors, but very well illustrates the maxim, "haste makes waste."

A man was one morning a little late in working his way through the crowd around the grog tub, when he heard his name called; and, thinking he might take a short cut over an open hatchway, he missed his footing, and fell through two hatchways into the cockpit.

We were sitting at the breakfast table below at the time, and, hearing a heavy fall, looked quickly around, and there sat Jack upon his haunches, half stunned and all in a heap, leaning against the bulkhead. It started all of us from our seats, and one of the young saw-bones asked Jack *feelingly*, if he was hurt.

"Oh! don't punch me, doctor! I'm coming too directly," said Jack, in a low faint tone, as he began to realize the tender mercies of the doctor's hard pinchings and squeezings in search of sprains and broken bones.

"But I must see if you are bruised any where," said the doctor. "Do you feel any pains?"

"May be doctor, I do," replied Jack, "I have a few tender spots; but I want to get my *tot* of grog before I'm overhauled, doctor!"

"Yes, but you may be badly hurt — you may be sick or have a bone broken, and I shall have to bleed you."

"But I'm not hurt," said he, "I'm sure, doctor! I'm a going to get up in a minute. You see, I'm only layin' to, awhile!"

"How did you fall, Jack?"

"Feet first, sir, always. You see I tried to come it short, over the hatchway, and missed stays; but if I can get my grog, doctor, I shall be all right in a minute, I've only settled a bit."

"Stand up then, and we'll see about it," said the doctor.

So Jack gathered up his limbs, and slowly raising himself upon his legs, and getting the right balance by a shift of his tobacco quid from side to side — "There sir!" said he, "It's all right now, doctor, as I told you, I'm as sound as ever, there's not a beam nor a seam started, and I knew it."

"Very well then," said the doctor, not a little surprised to find the man uninjured — "you can go and get your grog and take care of yourself."

Thus poor Jack most luckily escaped the probes and lancets of the surgeon, and saved his *tot* of grog besides; but he had risked his life for a little haste, and certainly gained nothing in time.

A fall of a more serious nature, however, happened about the same time, which served at least to fill up the incidents of a sea life. There was a deficiency of old seamen in our crew, and a young smart lad was selected from the ordinary portion to be rated in the deficient gang, and he was accordingly stationed in the main-top.

This promotion was much against his wish, although commanding higher wages, for he knew that ignorance could generally find neither instruction nor mercy from those in command; and, amid the indiscriminate driving by the offi-

cers of the men on duty, in that early part of the cruize, or breaking-in period, he feared that he might often fail or falter in his new station, and most assuredly be whipped as often.

However, he had been in his new station three days, and by his ambitious and active exertions, escaped trouble; but one night, in the first watch, a thunder-squall came up, and in the deep darkness that blackened the rigging, while the ship was pitching upon a raging sea, it became necessary to furl the royals and top-gallant sails.

"Rouse out the men there! — Hurry up, you rascals! — Stand by to furl the royal and to'-gallant sails!" cried the officer of the deck. "Stand by the royal and to'-gallant haulyards! — Man the to'-gallant clue lines!" — And the young middies repeated the same orders.

"Lay aloft there, you d — d lazy lubbers! — Haul taut! In royals and to'-gallant sails! — Move quick there, you villains, or I'll flog every soul of ye! — Lay out, and furl!"

While such terms, echoed by many sub-voices, assailed the ears, the patting of feet upon the shrouds had ceased, and as a flash of light shot over the rigging, the diminished forms of busy mariners were seen, standing out upon a single foot-rope, swinging to and fro, between heaven and earth. A moment more — it was dark — and a strange noise was heard — a crash — in the weather gangway — a light was brought — and there lay the mashed and bleeding corpse of poor Kemp, the eager good lad to whom I alluded.

The next morning was to be the burial — the first burial at sea, which we had witnessed. The mess-mates of the departed alone had the melancholy office to prepare the body — to watch it

through the night, and attend it in the last rites of fellowship. They were just ready to sow up his hammock canvass about the body, as a winding sheet, with two heavy shot at his feet, when I approached the group.

I noticed a studied device pricked upon his arm in India ink and blood, which I thought might convey a meaning — a clue perhaps to some era in his life. It represented two carmine hearts couched in a bed of roses, enwreathed by myrtles, and pierced through with one dart. I ventured to ask if any one there had known his history. They answered me in all they knew, that he had sailed with one of them in the Potomac — that he was an intelligent, kind young man — that he had partly supported his mother, and, by his talk, they supposed that he was engaged to a young orphan girl, of whom he used to speak with fondness.

There are many, who think that the most ardent swains in either extreme of life, whether high or low, never love as deeply and heartily as those in the happy medium — because it is declared, one in the first extreme only weds an establishment with its encumbrance, while one of the opposite extreme seldom knows or elicits a higher sentiment than mere sensuality. But in the lifeless body that I gazed upon, there was evidence enough that a heart had throbbed there, as fond, as noble, and as pure as any other.

The next day, in due time, the sad call resounded through the ship: "All hands bury the dead." Then the body, covered by the blue flag of the service — the Union-Jack — was borne upon a plank to the lee gangway, and the hardened features of the assembled shipmates, as they ga-

thered closely around, and over the booms, for a few moments softened into solemnity. Every one present, both officers and men, stood uncovered and in sorrowful attention, while the chaplain pronounced the imposing and final rite for the dead. At the words, "We commit his body to the waves," his messmates inclined the plank, and one hollow plunge, told that Kemp was no more. He passed to a world where the wicked and the heedless cease from troubling, and justice holds her seat. There may he rest, and in the sailor's phrase:

> "Find pleasant weather,
> Till he, who all commands,
> Shall give, to call life's crew together,
> The word, to pipe all hands."

I have alluded to Kemp's reluctance at being promoted, and his fears of indiscriminate harshness; but I have mentioned neither of these particulars with any intent to connect them with the cause of his death, or, in any degree, to blame the officers then in command; for Kemp's death was an accident, to which every sailor is liable every time he goes aloft in a storm or a squall.

The whip and spur system, however, which was then in full force, I certainly regarded with justice, as being unnecessarily severe. It is true that our crew, as a body, was far inferior to that of the John Adams, or, to that of a sea-going ship in general. The greater part of the men were landsmen, to be trained and subdued into the requisite docility, and many others were broken-down old sailors, upon whom little confidence could be placed.

With such inefficient members in a crew, of

course, conflicts and difficulties were incessantly arising to annoy both men and officers; indifference and insubordination were often evinced by the former, while driving curses, with whippings, were inflicted by the latter. For my own part, I thought that both parties were to blame; for, at times, our lieutenants on duty, excepting one of them, appeared as if some fretful petulance possessed them.

Such oaths ripped out from them, and so frequently, that a common conscience might have been frightened to death, and sent to the next world, as blank and vacant as the heart of a jilted lover. They were meaningless oaths, however, and only used by way of emphasies, although shockingly indecorous to ears polite, and against a rule in the little red book, by which they pretended to support their authority, to wit:

"Art. 3. Any officer, or other person in the navy, who shall be guilty of oppression, cruelty, fraud, profane swearing, drunkenness, or any other scandalous conduct, tending to destruction of good morals, shall, if an officer, be cashiered, or suffer such punishment as a court martial shall adjudge."

I am aware that I may have seen these evils with infected sight, and perhaps I should not repeat such tales, as it were, out of school; but there often appeared to me many inconsistencies among the lieutenants of our frigate, which rendered those nurslings of our country highly blameworthy.

There were two or three among these, who would often wantonly enforce a needless, heedless whim in the place of justice; and, according to my impressions, were evidently men of that narrow-minded caste: —

"Who ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
Nor know a good one, though 'twere written down,
But reason and conduct by PRECEDENT."

Toward these at first, I felt a kind of William Tell contempt, and could never with composure, wear a smile and touch my cap to objects which I so scorned. For, I came from a people, thank Heaven, in whose character, as Cooper justly remarks, "servility forms no part, though civility is its essence; where self-respect and individual worth is apparent, and man is considered the fellow of man."*

Respecting the treatment of men on board a man-o'-war, and especially that of breaking-in new recruits, I may probably know very little as a landsman, but I am inclined to adopt the opinion of an English officer, who is certainly distinguished in the naval profession, if not as a general observer:

"Some persons," says this writer, "without due consideration, as I conceive, are apt to distrust the gratitude of sailors, and often to scoff at the notion of their having any just feeling for such minute attentions. But I am convinced that it is ourselves — the officers — who are to blame for the unreasonable expectations we form as to the effects of our treatment upon the men."

"On calmly looking back to every incident of my naval life, I can say in truth, that I find it difficult to recall a single instance in which I have known a sailor prove himself ungrateful, or whose services, if properly managed, might not have been depended upon to the last."

"I do not believe," continues the same writer,

*Travelling Bachelor, v. i. p. 96.

"there is any set of men alive who have a quicker or a juster perception of the value of gentlemanly treatment than sailors have; and this, by the way, is one of the best arguments in favour of correct and decorous language and conduct, on the part of officers who wish to maintain their authority in full force."

"By his nature and habits, Jack is a creature so essentially docile, that his merits and faults depend very much upon the discretion and talents of his officer. And I would earnestly urge upon my young naval friends the primary importance of this truth. Their professional conduct, in fact, must always have a double effect — first, on themselves, and secondly, on those under them. A generous-minded and truly patriotic officer will therefore never cease to recollect, that his crew may fairly be considered in the light of his own children, whose happiness or misery — whose errors or whose virtues, are always more or less under his control."*

In a ship of war, however, a stranger notices more particularly the different walks of life, which are only fancied on shore, but very amusingly distinguished and observed at sea. The men are confined in their lounges to the fore part of the ship, the lieutenants pace the weather quarter at sea, or the starboard side in port; then they have the half deck below, in a frigate, to promenade upon, and the larboard bridle port to smoke at, as their exclusive provinces; while the middies appropriate whatever may be left of the official privileges in the ship, and exact their full honours, as well as a due share of cringing subservience from all their inferiors in rank.

*Basil Hall, Fragments, v. ii. p. 157.

But of all concerned, none are so reluctant to pay a proper deference to superiors as the lieutenants, and none so impeccable in their own belief, or so refractory under reproof. Yet they, as well as others, must yield the starboard or weather side, and always give way before the commodore's approach, as if the bulls and heralds of the Pope were coming upon them, as in olden times, for infidelity.

A certain writer, who has much better observed these man-o'-war distinctions, and happily noted their lights and shades, has depicted them thus:

"Nothing," says he, "is so slavish and abject as the deportment of junior officers, and all subordinates, on board a man-of-war. You must not even look at your superior with discontent. Your hat or cap must be ever in your hand, bowing in token of submission to all above you. Then, if the captain or any of the lieutenants happen to dislike you, so utterly are you in his power, that existence becomes scarcely endurable. How muchsoever you may be in the right, it matters not, for your superior, like majesty, can do nothing wrong, and opposition is fruitless."

To a landsman all this extreme etiquette, or foolery, as he would term it, may appear strikingly ludicrous; but in a community so confined and crowded, and divided in authority, it is absolutely essential for the discipline and decorum, and even for the amity of all concerned.

Many of the officers, as well as the men, — particularly the green youngsters, — were essentially troubled during the first voyages. Many mistakes of course happened to them in the forms of etiquette, and perplexing mortifications continually occurred; but the sun of mirth from

the beginning cheered us through all the clouds of discontent that lowered over us; many a pun upon our manners beguiled the time, and many a youngster's joke supplied us with a jovial laugh.

There was one of our surgeons in the cockpit, who, on account of a long, lank figure, and a singular habit of stepping along the deck on tiptoe, for exercise, was sometimes called, "High Betty Martin, Tip-toe-fine." He had never been at sea, and was therefore taken as a fair subject for "*a run*," though he was too stern and shrewd to allow a long continuance of it: but one evening, thinking to try his agility in the rigging, he began to climb away for the foretop; when a sly quick-witted middy, happening to spy Tip-toe on the fore-shrouds, made after him.

The captain of the top was on the deck at the time; but, seeing the youngster approach his dominion rather fast, he thought there might be something in the wind,—they were playing "hunt the bear," or other such fun,—and being disposed to have an eye upon them, or a hand in the sport, he mounted the opposite ladder, while I ascended after the former party.

The reefer was at the heels of Tip-toe as soon as he touched the top-rim. "Have your eyes open, my lads!" said the middy, as he popped his head through the lubber's hole, and tipped the wink. "Captain o' the top, where are you? are you green too?"

"Not in the least, sir, I am an old-salter," said the captain, as he showed his head coming up on the lee-side. "Come, rouse up here lads! Get out your seizings, and secure that tortoise!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

'Twas no sooner said than done: for before the

unsuspecting doctor was aware that he was concerned in this parlance, his nether limbs were fast in a noose, and tied to the top-rail. The dignity of the doctor was sensibly touched; he vented a volley of spleen and vituperation upon captain, middy, men, and all, and demanded immediate release. This only excited the louder laugh; and the captain, keeping a cool smooth face, explained to him that all gentlemen when they visit the tops, for the first time, have to pay their footing.

"No, no, my man," said the doctor, "you can't play your pranks upon me. You are a cursed set of impudent devils, and I'll not have my pockets picked in this way. Now if you don't loose me at once, you villains, I'll report you to the officer of the deck, and have every soul of you waled for all this."

"I'm sorry, very sorry," said the captain, "but I can't help it, sir. It's an old custom in the tops for gentlemen to pay their footing, the first time; and if I did not tend to my duty about that, sir, I should get whipped as quick as for sleeping on my watch."

"It's all right, doctor," said the reefer. "You'll have to give the lads a *douceur* to wet their whistles with, and then they'll let you off."

"It's all right, is it? I know better than that," said the doctor. "It's all a piece of d——d impudence."

The doctor saw, however, that remonstrances and struggles were in vain, and promised if they would then unloose the lashings, that he would send up the shiners to them. Still he could not feel quite reconciled to pocket the insult, and muttered about it to himself all the way down.

He extended the fun by grave queries about

the rights of the imposition, and — being now encouraged to make his complaint to the commodore, and then laughed out of it — he was in a quandary; and it was a long time before he could quiet his perturbation, soothe his wounded dignity, and be reconciled to consider the affair as a lawful jest.

By the best of our reckoning we were fast approaching our port, when the look-out-man aloft descried something looming up on the starboard bow, far off in the horizon. Soon after a sail appeared on the lee-beam — an armed deck — it was the John Adams, which, we had reason to suppose, was far ahead.

She was just then heaving in sight. Where had she been? what had she met? and how happy the meeting of the ships at sea, to sail together into a foreign port, as they came from home! Such thoughts rushed through the mind of each observer; and undoubtedly the reader too has a like curiosity to know what she had met with since we parted.

As to what she met, why truly one answer might suffice for the entire voyage of either ship. When Hamlet was asked what he was reading, he answered, "Words! words! words!" which is all that one can properly say of most books wherein there is nothing new — naught

> "But matter newly dress'd,
> What oft was thought, though never *so* express'd."

So also in a common voyage, if one be asked what he has met, he may answer, "Waves! waves! waves!" since all else that might attract or be noted — the many almost nameless incidents and

associations upon the ocean — these must be seen and felt to be known:

> "For who can tell, save he whose heart has tried
> And danc'd in triumph o'er the waters wild,
> The exulting sense — the pulses mad'ning play,
> That thrills the wand'rer of the trackless way?"

One thing we had seen, however, beside bonitos, and porpoises, and sparkling Medusæ, and the *Exocœtus Volitans*, which is a little herring-like fish that flies through the air to escape its enemy the dolphin; and the *Holuthuria physalis*, a little species of Nautili, which the sailors call "The Portuguese Man-of-War." I say besides these little objects and the waves, one thing more we met; it was a home-bound ship. It was like meeting an old friend in a foreign land — always a cheering event — but directly it was flown again like a bird that had alighted in the same bower with us, and gone to be known no more. It did not part from us, however, without a memento; for the good-hearted shipmates of Kemp, true to the generous character of their caste, had made up a purse of seven hundred dollars for his mother, and sent it by that ship.

On the evening of the day when our consort took her distance astern, a faint blue outline was observed off the larboard bow. It appeared like an abrupt cumulo-stratus cloud, resting upon the horizon. Our commodore was in the gangway at the time. "Hallo! there in the top," said the commodore. "Do ye see any land, my lads?"

"No sir," was the reply.

"Look again, then, you lubbers! What is that on the weather-bow?"

"Ay, ay, sir, it's land, your honour."

The cry of "Land ho!" then quickly spread through the ship, and awakened emotions that none can know who have not sailed for weeks over the sky-girted ocean.

Immediately the crew were all in bustle, decks were washed, officers and men dressed in full, and preparations made for anchoring, and a port exhibition.

The whole island of Madeira, as we approached it, loomed up like one vast cliff, ranging from the precipitous point of the Brazen Head a thousand feet high, to the towering Pico Ruivo, which stands six times as high, veiling its crown in the clouds, and seeming to stretch out a draperied, colossal arm to form the elevated table-land of Paulo da Serra.

As we rounded the high and majestic Point de Sol, three and a half leagues westward of Funchal, and the nearer one of Cama do Lobos, a beautiful amphitheatre expanded before us, extending from the open roadstead, in continuous sloping acclivities, far back among the mountains: the vine-clad knolls intervened, and the whitened city of Funchal lay embosomed in the arena beneath, smilingly lighted by the last rays of the sun.

Deep ravines seemed to channel the hill-sides; and one in particular, a little to the eastward of the city, was so darkly deep that it appeared as if some great convulsion of nature had thus riven the mountain in twain to form it.

This black cavernous groove, with conical peaks that jutted up over the island, and several detached rocks, together with the singular range of naked islets, at the southeast, called Deserters,

seemed to confirm our preconception of volcanic formations in Madeira.

The shades of evening closed over the dim objects before us, and, as no pilot approached either ship before the land breeze set out, and as a high sea was still rolling violently toward the shore from the effects of a recent storm, it was decided not to anchor; and we stood off again for the night.

CHAPTER V.

"Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,
With slacken'd sail she feels the tide;
Stand clear the cable, is the cry;
The anchor's gone, we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night,
We hear the sentry with delight,
Proclaim — All's well!"

OLD SONG.

BY the dawn we had anchored near enough to hear the surges lash the beach, with a better view of the shore; and as the sun lighted up the concave of mountains that embosom the city, the turrets of the church and convent of Nossa Senora do Monte, or the blessed Virgin of the mountain, appeared conspicuously pictured upon the western declivity, among rocks and verdure, nineteen hundred feet above the sea. Fortaleza do Pico, and other castles; the famed Santa Clara Convent, and several monasteries, with mansions amid beautiful gardens, called *quintas*, were interspersed over the mountain sides, quite down to the city. Then above the city walls, and its stuccoed dwellings, arose the Mosaic-tiled dome of an old Franciscan Cathedral; the American stripes marked the residence of our consul; and near by, from the ample palace of the Portuguese governor, lazily waved the flag of Donna Maria.

The little bay of Funchal lies quite open to the

sea, though partially embraced by the bold sides of the brazen head on the east, and a projecting ridge of high, bluff rocks on the west. Quite near the latter, is a singular, castellated rock, rising from deep water like a pillar seventy or eighty feet high, and seeming to be stationed there like a sentry upon its eternal post, to guard the city.

There were very few vessels in the roadstead, when we arrived; but there was a pretty English yacht, that became the general object of attraction It was in polacre rig, owned and commanded by a lady. She was the wife of a lieutenant of Life Guards in her Brittanic Majesty's Service, and entitled separately to a large income, by which she could easily sustain this apparent extravagance. But certainly, she must have had an Amazonian spirit, thus to loose the trammels of custom and her sex, and cruise about the seas, without any dependence upon her lawful lord. However, she employed an old navigating captain, whose ugliness might alone have silenced all gossip, and quieted the apprehensions of an Othello.

We were told that if we had arrived a day earlier, we should have met there a French polacca brig, the identical "Inconstant," by which Napoleon escaped from Elba. But let us return to our frigate.

Thither, from the rising of the sun, small native skiffs were crowding about with fruits, and every variety of provision, or "fresh grub," in the nautical phrase; and the venders, or bumboat men, were thrusting their certificates at us on every side. But in the cockpit, and the steerages, we found men and women almost fighting for the privilege of accommodating us in various ways, and particularly, to get our clothes to wash,

which in nine cases out of ten, they never intended to return.

Such of the officers as could be spared, and could mount a chapeau and side arms, as the law required, after the bustle was spent, set off for the shore. The light crane-beaked boats that bore us were scarcely beached with the surf, before a posse of Burroqueros trotted their little ponies so closely and importuningly about us, that we had no alternative but to mount the nearest, and be off for the hotel.

These sallow, sharp-boned Burroqueros, wore a curious kind of cap, called "*crapousas*," which are made of variously coloured cloth, just covering the coronal, and tapering off to a fine conical point like a rats tail; when attending a rider, they seize the horse's tail with one hand, hold a staff or whip in the other, and thus ludicrously leap after the horse at any speed, and through all the day if you choose. With a cavalcade of these clamorous "loafers," passing beneath an arched entrance to the city, and up a short steep avenue, we were at once in the heart of the central, or grand square area, called "*Plaza do Constitucion.*"

At the eastern front stood a Franciscan Cathedral, which is the richest edifice remaining of that wealthy fraternity. At the opposite end, beyond a pretty continuation of the Plaza that forms a promenade under four rows of trees, were the ruins of a former convent of the same order, which in the days, when the Franciscans swayed their crosier, was embossed and variously adorned with gold and silver, and with massive shrines and candelabras of the same precious metals, enriching the altars and nave. But with the fall of this order in the Island, and the mystic power of their

inquisition in 1834, their riches, with themselves passed away, and their building was converted into barracks. The governor's castle occupied a large portion of the Plaza's side next to the water; and not far from the opposite, was a long antiquated building, with iron-barred windows, which seemed to remind us, with the gravity of gray hairs, that we had crossed the Atlantic — that we were no longer in the land where nature's charms in full vigour and grandeur, chiefly attract the visiter, but that we had arrived on the side of the ocean where the dismal novelties of decay, and the tombs of historic associations, alone stand. It was the building of the Lazeretto, or Hospital, and over the high, arched door, opening upon a wide vestibule, was carved the Portuguese escutcheon of the five towers. The hospital contains one hundred and fifty wards, and a Magdalene Institution is attached to one end.

Of the hotel, the only one in the place, nothing need be said; but a few of us were happy to leave our noisy Burroqueros there, and seek a guide for a quiet ramble over the city. Those that offered as cicerones, presented an appearance so squalid and beggarly, that we were ashamed to employ them; but one of them, attached himself to us like a pilot-fish to a shark, so that his adhesiveness overcame our repulsions, and we submitted to his guidance.

Passing along the narrow streets, that mostly ascend the hill side at the rate of twenty or thirty degrees, a strange intermingling of palace and hovel, noble and vagabond, excited the surprise, particular of us as Americans. The mansions of the *hidalgos* have their basements prudently barricadoed, or retired within court yards, and behind

high walls of masonry and every house is crowned by a neat and airy belvidere, or observatory. There is seldom a wheeled carriage to be seen; but while the many are hobbling over the roughly paved lanes, without sidewalks, young chevaliers are brushing by them at full speed with their Burroqueros at their horses tails, crying, "*a guárda! fuérra!*" take care! clear the way! and nearly as rapidly, now and then, a palanquin, borne by two men, glides past, in which reclines, perhaps some fair creature, so veiled and curtained, that she may glance her dark eyes at the passenger, without admitting a glimpse to pierce the the screen of her concealment. It is said that a lady *en grande parure*, or on a visit of form, displays much more of her person from the palanquin, and generally has a foot hanging outside, if at all pretty; but in my opinion, these people entertain a mistaken pride in their ankles.

Near Funchal, there are three or four streamlets that tumble from the mountains, and after passing through vineyards, which they irrigate, are conducted through the city by deep canals, called lavados; toward one of these, the Santa Luzia canal, in the eastern part of the city, our guide had led us. It was bordered on either side by broad avenues ascending to the mountains, and very prettily shaded with plane-trees. The Egyptian aram myrtles and geraniums, were growing spontaneously by the way-side; and in the pools of the almost dry bed of the canal, the washerwomen were beating clothes upon the rocks. On the west side there was a singular but rich quinta, belonging to the English ex-consul, beautifully adorned by a garden with various plants and urns, and statues, seen through trellis-work; but being fan-

cifully shaped and gorgeously painted yellow, it obtained the appellation of *Potu Moutarde*, or the mustard pot. Our walk was on Sunday evening, and we were not a little surprised to meet several parties of masqueraders, girls and boys in divers characters and grotesque habits, attended by performers upon the *Machita*, the harmonic pipes, and the gay castanet; this need not have seemed very strange to us, for it is not only a time-worn custom with the Spaniards and Portuguese, but is a frequent practice in parts of our own southern states.

As we approached the upper end of the canal, we noticed great excavations, which some furious flood or freshet had worn away, and we were told that the capacious canals before us had been constructed to free the city from the same destructive agent. Previously, each street had a shallow trench for the sluices of the city, into which all the ordure was also thrown; but in 1803 the torrents rushed with such volume and impetuosity as to sweep in their way flocks and herds, and the houses and people of the city.

When the waters had subsided the priests proclaimed a solemn festival, and the image of the tutelar goddess of the island — virgin of the mountain — was brought down, and paraded, in procession, through the streets with great pomp and ceremony. Then, when the favour of the virgin was propitiated, and the feast over, the priests declared that under her auspicious protection, no torrents would again annoy them; but, with this proviso however, that they should assist her divinityship by constructing the two or three large lavadas, to which I have alluded.

The next day we mounted ponies to visit our lady of the mountain at her church. It was a

rainy day, but had not enough of the gloomy, blues-giving quality to make us suppress our risibles a the still novel mode of our Burroqueros in holding on with their strange tenacity, as our horses leaped up the steep mountain. After a tedious ascent, stopping a moment or two at the beautiful quintas of Mr. Phelps and Mr. Blandy, we arrived at a flight of many steps which are cut in the high rock upon which the church stands. Here was one of the many petty *ranchos*, or grogeries, that are scattered over the island to supply the peasantry with a poor kind of wine* which is their common beverage, and drunk like cider or water.

From the top of the rock there was a delightful prospect of the harbour and city in miniature beneath; but, entering the church, we saw nothing very extraordinary, excepting the massive silver lamp, suspended before the altar, and kept perpetually burning: and there, in a little shrine of the altar, stood our adored lady, only a little doll to our eyes, not more than six or eight inches high in her stockings; yet one of wonderful powers, the priests say. When the Miguelites had ransacked the city, and pillaged the church in 1834, they sacrilegiously threw the blessed image into one of their ships; but some time after she was miraculously returned to her place, where her toes have been kissed ever since, almost as often as the Pope's, by her faithful devotees.

As we were passing out, there chanced to be one of several trap-doors in the floor, left open. It was one, we were told, of the holy church sepulchres into which the dead are thrust without

* This drink is like what the French call *piquette*, the refuse left in the tuns, or watered lees, and is to good wine what small beer is to stout ale.

coffins; and, when the requisite prayers and fees are balanced, the sexton throws in lime and chlorine upon the corpse—mangles all together with a pestle—and in a few weeks the bones are ready to be thrown into a kind of Gehenna behind the church—where we counted, upon the surface, no less than sixty skulls, tumbled in with clavicles, legs, arms, ribs, and sternums.

On another occasion, when visiting the church of St. Pedro, we had the good fortune to witness a burial, where the above disgusting process was to follow. The corpse was that of a young female decked in the gayest attire and jewelry of her toilette. After laying in state, with a coffin opened on all sides, upon a sarcophagus, till the masses and mummeries of eight or ten priests were finished, the little band of white-robed torch-bearers and the priests dispersed, and the body was then put into a grave near an altar. Her jewels were taken off, and the skulls and dust of many who had gone before her, were thrown in with lime upon the exposed body.

As we were leaving the church the priests met us with much politeness, and evinced a great degree of intelligence in their conversation; but as we stood in the threshold, the English friend who had accompanied us, pointed out an extensive corporosity in a long black robe and cap, waddling along on the opposite side of the street.

"Look quick!" said our friend, "see the ruddy carnality of that old padre! He 's a regular reprobate. I could tell you tales of him that would make your hair stand straight—tales too from his own lips; but I must refrain, for humanity's sake, unless it be to mention about his gross profanity and libertinism, which he freely relates himself.

Then followed strange accounts from our friend, too polluting to be recorded; and of which it is sufficient to say that they related to the most unhallowed advantages which this shameless priest had taken of confessions. Indeed he does not hesitate to declare the most infidel ideas, and confesses that his craft is sustained wholly by delusions and superstition; but since as the herd are so determined, he will hold on to the skirts of the church as his lawful spouse till death doth him part; for he is already advanced in years, and unfit for any other avocation.

We went afterward to the chapel of this sinner's ministerings, and there found, in very appropriate juxtaposition, a brewery, the first in that wine-making country, and just established.

Our kind friend, having an engagement, left us at the chapel; but we had not proceeded far when another gentleman politely addressed us and said, that he perceived we were American officers, and as he had himself been a stranger in a strange land, he would be happy to guide us in a walk. He very slyly took us around to the opposite side of the city into his own house, where we regaled on the choicest Malmsey, and Tinta, and Sercial wines, all from his own vintage, and ripened in his own cellar — that ever was quaffed by American lips; luscious in flavour as the richest grape, smooth as oil, and lingering about the sides of the glass, long after the bulk was drained, precisely like—nothing but good old wine. Reader! cross the Atlantic, if you can, to sip that precious nectar, in the pure balmy air of Madeira, for you can never taste it elsewhere: and if you are an invalid you may gain health by it, and meet others on the same errand. Humbolt says of this island,

in connection with Teneriffe, and he is not alone in it, that, "no country seemed to him more fitted to dissipate melancholy, and restore peace to an agitated mind, or, where the natural beauty of the situation, and the salubrity of the air so fully conspire to quiet the spirits, and invigorate the body." I would not, however, be understood to recommend this place to Americans in preference to East Florida, unless the invalid be of that questionable kind, who desires a sea voyage, and can partake of the generous wine freely; for the writer has tried and proved, as an invalid, the unrivalled salubrity of the American Montpelier.

It is important for a stranger to avoid being at Madeira in the latter part of September; for about that time, a westerly wind blows "wooingly warm," called the leste. It is a kind of sirocco, attended with the periodic rains, and is said to resemble the N. E. harmattan of Cape Verde, and the S. S. W. kamsin of Egypt. There is a dim, troubled appearance of the sun and sky, and the thermometer is at 90° in the shade; a fine dust pervades the air; books and papers are curled up, and floor seams started open. Volney says that "people breath very hard in it, and bleed at the nose and mouth; and dead bodies turn blue;" but no other one has noticed such effects, although the skin generally becomes dry, particularly about the lips and nose, as from the effect of fever.

CHAPTER VI.

"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter!"

BRYANT.

ON another day, taking a second ramble with one of our English friends, we passed by the open market of many fruits, toward the western acclivities. These present many pretty views nearly panoramic, particularly that from the extreme point of the Mirante or Prospect Grounds where a very beautiful sketch has recently been taken and published by a young lady.

Near by this place upon the hill-side, was the commencement of a neat cemetery, in the style of Père la Chaise, designed ostensibly to invite the Catholics from their present barbarous burials. It is a cheerful thing to see the signals of improvement thus caught from hill to hill over the whole world, and lighting up its vales in any form; and among the many, it surely is not the least agreeable, to see these gardens of the dead springing up, and blooming under fostering hands, near every city — thus driving the grim goblins of olden times from the pathway to another life, and clothing it with the flowery drapery of nature — and making an imperial court at which the living may delight to resort, as to a grand masonic lodge, where Death

presides, not as a skeleton, but as the most excellent Master, to the All-Seeing Eye, ready, with a friendly hand, to initiate the tried apprentice to the next degree.

From the cemetery ascending a little farther, the sight was gladdened on every side by the vine and fruit-planted terraces that wreathed the hills far and near with beauty, while over the walls and amid the trellaces of nearer gardens, were blooming flowers, that made the air redolent of their thousand reviving sweets. We wound around the hill, as it were upon galleries of the city, and came to the rear of the celebrated Santa Clara Convent, which, with the convent of the Encarnercion, near the Church of the Virgin, are the only ones on the island now inhabited by nuns.

The author of Ship and Shore, has wrapped a storied interest about the Santa Clara Convent, and touched it with the glowing tints of romance, by his account of the pretty nun Clementina Maria, of whom he says, "the veil may never shadow a sweeter countenance, nor convent wall imprison a purer heart." But, however interesting the poetry of Clementina's history may have been, if the many-tongued scandal of the place be true, the sequel should be shaded by a deeper gloom than the black veil of her now irrevocable vow.

Our friend kindly led us into the court yard, and, being known to the abbess, obtained an entrance for us to the reception room. It was a neatly furnished parlour, from which the visiters might see and converse, through a large double grated window, with the fair devotees. A train of these soon appeared in their gloomy hoods and

frocks of black, and bearing each the beautiful feather flowers of her own handy work to vend.

They could speak only Portuguese, but they very affably aided our imperfect understanding of their tongue, and, by the eloquence of other features, we talked and smiled and jested together with ease and pleasure. We also bought their pretty flowers, and although the iron bars effectually intercepted any more tender advances, yet we dared presume by the arch leer of one or two, that they were not very misanthropic. However, if all were of my taste, those virgins generally would need no other barrier to protect their virtue than their own forms and faces; though, I must admit, that if compared only with the sallow, mole-marked brunettes of Funchal which I saw, there were two or three beautiful nuns.

There was one nun in particular, who was quite engaging. She had no Grecian cast of features, but her figure was symmetrical, her complexion unusually fair, and her countenance was enlivened by a sparkling eye, and the flitting hues of feeling. Indeed I felt half impelled to flirt with her. I even went so far at the first interview, as to obtain her prettiest flower, exchange names and glances with her, and propose to become a friar for her sake.

She blushed becomingly; but our friendly interview had evidently excited the jealousy of the rival flower-venders, and induced me to suspect that if the dear creatures had in fact voluntarily dammed up the outlet of the natural feelings within them, the fountains were still as full as ever, and little purified from the mire of passion.

As we glided out, I threw back a parting salute

to my fair Genoviva, for such was her name, and from that tomb of living hearts, went to visit the English Cemetery — the tombs of the less mournful dead.

There is an orange tree in the English Cemetery, from which has arisen the saying among the citizens, when a funeral passes: "there is one going to sleep under the orange tree." The monuments are of sculptured marble, and, embosomed as they are amid paths of the funeral cypress, and beds of flowers, they form an inviting retreat to the meditative mind. The burial place for strangers is near by, and rather surpasses the former in richness and taste. They are both quite small, but justly considered objects of interest and pride, as is also the neat Episcopal Church, situated in a garden.

It was not long after our first visit to the convent of Santa Clara, that two of us happily met with Mr. P., a very polite English gentleman, and one of the most influential among the twenty British merchants by whom the trade of Funchal is chiefly carried on. This gentleman on account of his tolerance and generosity, was a special favourite of the Catholic vicar-general. The vicar had that day invited Mr. P. with his family to dine in the convent, and this kind gentleman tendered us his influence to procure admission for ourselves after four o'clock. This was indeed an unexpected — an unparalleled favour, and, while we feared a failure, we felt grateful for the hope given us.

Previous to the reinstatement of Don Pedro's party, or about 1834, there were one thousand and more priests, friars, and curates, among the one hundred and ten thousand people of Madeira; but

at that time the monasteries were broken up, and all the beggarly clergy were expelled, excepting seventy priests, and twenfy-four members of the dean chapter, and the present vicar-general, whose right and rank, with a reduced salary, was allowed to continue during his life-time. Since that occurrence, the vicar has evinced more liberality to the Protestant Funchalese than was ever known before.

The reader may be assured that my friend and myself, accompanied by a young *protegé* of Mr. P. who kindly guided us before, were promptly at the convent before four, and waiting impatiently at the revolving shutter by which communication is held with the abbess within. Very soon the ponderous double doors were opened, and there were assembled many of the nuns for our reception. They were clad, as in the morning, with black glazed muslin, with a square breast-plate rising from the girdle. The black veil was thrown back, and the head-dress, with a conical point tapering over the forehead, came close under the chin, but was slightly relieved by a margin of white cambric that bordered the face.

My pretty Genoviva welcomed me cordially with a press of the hand; and as I boldly presented her with a pink and a rose, which I had brought for the purpose, she blushed beautifully and smiled; for she understood the language of flowers, and the compliment of the jest.

I turned an eye for my friend: he was close by me in the group, and beguiled by the smiles and graces of a nun, more beautiful and attractive than any I had seen—more beautiful indeed than one in hundreds of those I had ever met of her sex. Presently the word and impression past that

this fair object of admiration was Maria Clementina. My friend seemed not to doubt the identity at all, and was delighted; while the pretty nun also favoured the current surmise. My friend had a message to deliver from Mrs. R., the wife of our commodore, and the friend of Clementina, during the visit to Madeira a few years before. Another one called his attention a moment, and before he could turn to address his compliments and message to Clementina as he supposed, the sprightly girl was flown, and lost amid the winding passages, chapels, galleries, and gardens of that old and to us intricate convent.

The party now were in motion, and we all passed in cheerful procession through several narrow passage ways that led us upon a pleasant interior veranda, surrounding a pretty, central garden. The ballustrade on every side was hung with flowers and shrubbery; and with the fragrance and the beauty, there seemed to be a soothing, peaceful influence breathed with the soft air, that might well persuade a pensive mind to call that home; particularly if it were a tender female, who like Rebecca in "Ivanhoe," had been forth upon the watery waste of life, and found no resting place for her affections. For to woman confinement is soon tolerable, and if the love that is her soul, as it is her Maker's, is slighted in the world, a cloister is far more congenial to her than freedom.

It is not, however, to such a place that the motto of this chapter invites those who are tired of the cares, and mocking allurements of the world. It is to a better, a holier, a happier solitude that the poet invites. It is to the wilds, and groves of Nature,—

"God's first temples, ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vaults, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems:"

There indeed may the lonely ones

"Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice."

Having passed around the veranda to the opposite side of the garden, we reëntered the continuous building, and having ascended a flight of old stairs, intended evidently for *single* persons, we came to a long gallery into which a range of small, neat, dormitories opened. They were very comfortably furnished, and pictures of scripture scenes, and the simple wardrobe of nuns, and various signs of their order, were happily blended with the tasteful articles which they had wrought for charity; besides the flowers of Nature that taught them by their fading hues to "die daily." But it was right curious and strange to see the narrow, white bed, and the hard tiny pillow, with a rosary and cross upon it, that looked so lonely.

My friend had inquired again in the gallery for Clementina, and, being invited to sit in one of these little apartments, he was told that she would be there directly. In a few moments, the same pretty nun whom we met at the door, presented herself. My friend commenced with his compliments, and in a peculiarly insinuating manner, to address his message, when our young English companion, giving me a significant nod, whis-

pered, *sub rosâ:* "It's all fudge—a pantomime among the girls—this Clementina is Miss P., disguised as a nun—she had heard that one of us would have a message for Clementina." I almost smiled audibly at the success of the joke, but did not break the spell of my apparently charmed friend.

In a little while the nuns were escorting the visiters to the galleries on another side of the convent. By the example of others I was emboldened to offer my arm to the pretty Genoviva, and thus we promenaded through half-lighted and unpainted halls, and crooked stair-ways, to where the famed Clementina had actually lived and slept, and called it her own apartment. The room was mostly like the others we had seen, but was more elevated, and allowed a delightful prospect of the valley, and of the harbour.

Clementina was not there, and the party returned again to the veranda, overlooking the garden. Two or three chapels had just been thrown open there, in which the guests were invited to amuse themselves. The chapels were very prettily decorated, and a part of the company, with a few nuns, entered one of them, to be entertained with the music of two charming voices accompanied by the harp and piano; in the adjoining chapel others were similarly amused by the mellow voice of a young Spanish gentleman, and a parlour organ touched by light and skilful hands. Outside, among many who were walking, talking, or ogling, we saw his reverence the vicar-general. He was a thin, small man, with a smooth high forehead, and dark, intelligent countenance. A black, dome-like calotte crowned his head, and a black close doliman or frock, gathered by a red silk girdle, co-

vered his person to the knees; while his nether limbs, most inconsistently, glowed with bright red stockings and buckled shoes.

The old nuns and the very devout young ones knelt to him, as he approached them to speak, but he appeared perfectly at ease, and invariably waved his hand against such humility. When we were introduced to the vicar, he welcomed us with cordiality and dignity. He was affable, and, at all times, wore the manner and air of a gentleman: but it was hinted that he possessed that extraordinary quality of a *modern* gentleman, the skill and accomplishment of a *roue.*

We were conversing with the vicar, when it was said that the true Clementina was near to us: I had scarcely however fixed my eye upon her, before my friend, who had learnt his first mistake, had eagerly engaged in high conference with the true object of his search. She was indeed pretty—unusually so for a nun. She was above the common stature of her sex; she had a graceful person, with features of a pensive cast, and a rather blonde complexion. But, although she appeared cheerful, it was very discernible that sadness had begun to furrow her brow, and throw its sickly hues over her cheeks. She seemed to be higly gratified by my friend's communications, and, at times, the embers of her wan eyes were stirred, by some kind remembrance, and she became quite animated. But there are only three words more required to tell her story, and those I fear must soon be written.

It was proposed by the vicar and some of the nuns to have a dance—which, it appears, is not unfrequent in those cloistered walls, besides amusements with swings, and hand carriages—but, as it was becoming late, the polite proposals were

declined, and a general movement was made to end that interesting and rare fête. How often I may revisit that convent in reverie and dream, and think of those fair beings, Clementina and Genoviva, I cannot divine; but age will darken the chambers of my mind and take down its sunny pictures, before those brightest ones are removed from the places which they now adorn.

CHAPTER VII.

"It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dash'd them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs."

BRYANT.

"Voulez-vous dancer? voulez-vous dancer?
Bien de grace las à la France;
Mademoiselle, avancez!"

THE Corrál is properly considered the greatest curiosity of Madeira. It is owned, with its contiguous estates, by the nuns of the Santa Clara Convent and kept as a retreat in case the island should be invaded; hence the Rev. J. Bowditch interprets the name to mean a "Nun-Fold." To visit this place a party of six officers was readily formed — an early day appointed for the excursion — and, by the dawn of the morning, we were all ascending the narrow stair-way that is cut out of the basaltic cliff at the west of Loo Rock Fort.

Before we had reached the top of the cliff, it had commenced to rain; but nothing daunted, we were quickly astride our impatient monturas, and rapidly winding our way among the hills toward the north-west.

There are two roads to the Corrál, and we had chosen the most intricate, which was but little better than a rugged foot-path. We passed along between castle-walls high and turreted, one of which bounded the domain of an English ex-consul, with a private chapel attached, as is the case with all the Portuguese estates.

A little farther on we began to trace the rock-broken and slippery passes to the mountains; the precipitous sides were so shelved out, that often our steep path was barely wide enough for a horse's hoof, and jagged with rough points of rock; but the horses and Burroqueros appeared to understand these places, and hurried us over the danger, with astonishing velocity.

It was at the foot of one of these steep, shelving paths, or rather near the vale between two of them, that we came upon a beautiful little hamlet. A small circle of neat cabins were grouped together near a little, tumbling stream; and half naked children were playing there as happily, as in more favoured spots. A little distance up the hills the most flourishing vines were trained over trellices four or five feet above the ground; and higher up still, goats and cattle were browsing.

The interest of this little rural scene had nearly diverted our vigilance from the perils of the way. We had galloped over the rude bridge that crosses the little bustling stream, and were directly dashing up a rough precipice, that in truth had appeared quite perpendicular; and the little grooves that we looked up at, almost over our heads, apparently carved out "like bastions of a gigantic fortress along the unscaliable walls," were parts of our path, that we had yet to surmount, one way or another,— we knew not how.

Having reached a more level passage on the opposite side of the ridge, other precipices rose before us, and encompassed our way on all but one side. There, where wizzards might have trembled, and from which "a single step would have been a step into eternity," we looked down, a thousand feet or more, into a deep ravine, from the middle of which rose a high pyramidal ridge, like a mighty wedge that had cleft the mountains from their base.

There, wound about the ridge, was a little torrent, like a diamond necklace glittering in the depths below, toward which, as pendants, many a far-falling cascade hung its crystal waters, to complete the jewelry of Nature.

But where was the outlet among the mountain barriers around us, for our escape outward? where the opening that we could traverse, excepting straight up to heaven? No matter: on we went, and found openings, one after another, behind and above or below the crags. The fragrant mentha and melissa, common to those mountains, and the purple digitalis, and many ferns,* lent their verdure to the eye, and clad the feet of the laurels and firs and arborescent heaths.

Here and there a train of peasants met us, men and women, with burdened asses, in single file, from the interior parishes; the women bore faggots upon their heads, the asses had bags of corn, while the men were bent over with goat skins full of wine about their necks.

The mountain vintners have a singular skill, they tell us, in breaking up the bones within a

* The Rev. R. I. Lowe, the most scientific botanist of Madeira, has discovered 48 species of fern indigenous in Madeira; and only 50 species are known in the world.

goat or kid, and extracting every part of the corpus by the mouth, without a single incision of the pelt. These then serve them, as of old the like vessels did the Egyptians and Israelites, for wine and water cases: and these are the bottles into which, if new wine be put when they are old and dry, the bottles will burst. But it is right curious to see a bulging goat-skin full of wine, hanging around a man's neck, with the feet fastened in front for a handle or bridle: there is a very good picture of one so collared in the volume of the Pictorial Bible.

The poor peasants were very cringing to us as we passed, and appeared, as they are said to be, most servile dependants, ignorant slaves, like the Russian boors, who can be "beaten down," even in their just dues, by the cudgel.

It was three hours before we came to the defile in the mountains, from the end of which a precipitous path winds down two thousand feet into the valley of the Corrál. We did not attempt to descend it, for the rains had just ceased, and the path was very slippery: but we had a kind of bird's-eye view of all there, that quite satisfied us.

The plain of the valley included four or five hundred acres, and yet it appeared like a small field, chequered by dividing threads, and cultivated spots; torrents too glittered there, and the church of Livramento, near the centre, appeared like a scene in a show-box, or Camera obscura.

From the defile where we stood, the Pico dos Arieros, with abrupt basaltic sides, towered to the skies, on our right; and the less aspiring Pico Grande stood on our left. The latter afforded a very accessible prospect, and several of us plodded up, while the others, more fatigued and less curi-

ous, remained to regale themselves with refreshments below.

Looking from the apex of Pico Grande over the picturesque valley, we had the first view of the Corrál Ridge. It was pyramidal, and wedge shaped, like those spoken of before, and imposingly grand even among its giant compeers.

Just beyond jutted up the Pico Ruivo, which is said to have a huge cavity near the very summit, called by the natives the "*Val*," and which Malte Brun says, appears to be the mouth of a crater, and that lavas of a light bluish colour, are scattered about it, although there is no pumice, nor other sign in the island of anything volcanic.

That lofty eyrie in the mountain, we thought might have been a good place for Ossian's ghosts, who, as he says, "ride on clouds, and fly upon the winds, to meet together in some secret cave to talk of mortal man."

Beyond Pico Ruivo's it is said that in fair weather, one may have a glimpse of the open sea, and a remarkable rock, near Porto Cruz, called Penha d'Aguia, or Eagle Rock. But, although the vapour that hung in ample folds of fleecy drapery sometimes lifted and let in the sun light upon the mountains, we saw nothing beyond them. Two or three of our party when coming down discovered a path tracked only by mountain goats, and we traced it out, extending along a sharp ridge to the westward, to where it terminates in a narrow, perpendicular point. With some difficulty, scrambling and creeping to the farther edge, I ventured to seat myself upon a slight projection of the rock; and, holding on to a scraggy fir, while my feet dangled over the abyss, I contrived to look down into the deep, deep vale. Not a projection,

nor a shrub intercepted the awful space beneath my feet, and nothing could compare with the shuddering feeling, unless it were a glance into the whirling cauldron of Niagara, from the little platform that juts over it from Goats Island. My brain began to be giddy — my hold less firm, and I scrambled to a less fearful position. As we turned to retrace our steps, we beheld the Corrál in more grand proportions than we had before seen it. It was from that point, we saw to the best effect, a lofty ridge, separating the heads of the two cavernous ravines, making an isthmus between them, and forming them into deep and dark chasms. We lingered long to drink in the inspiration of those scenes, where abrupt and volcanic peaks stood as if they had survived some convulson of nature; for, from that high eminence, we could contemplate them as the ruins of a divided continent.

While we were descending the side of Pico Grande, we saw afar off, on the face of the opposite mountain, a Lilliputian train of horsemen with danglers at their tails, as if painted there. We soon concluded that our friends had exhausted their patience, and that those little figures must be themselves trotting off before us. We were not long, however, in getting ready to follow, and in a short time overtook them; the hardy mountain boys saw us as we came, and

"Round the rough rocks, the ragged rascals ran,"

crying after us, "pechang, pechang," for a mile or more, and all for a copper.

We had a beautiful view of the harbour and city, when within two miles of them; and arrived

about one o'clock, drenched and fatigued, as the reader may suppose, but for my own part well satisfied with the excursion; although I thank Heaven I have not the same to do again.

That night -- that same night, only think of it, — we were all expected to attend a ball given by Mr. Burden, our American vice-consul; and in fine plight we were for it: but I had determined to go, for I wished to see the manners and customs of the place.

We had read in the journal of Mr. James Bulwer, "a gentleman of Madeira, will never pass a lady standing in a balcony, or in the street, without lifting his hat, whether he knows her, or not; and the ladies on Shrove Tuesday have the privilege of complimenting any gentleman they choose, by a free sprinkling of flour from the upper windows." Of course the most befloured and mealy of the beaux, will take the flattering unction to his soul that he is the general favourite. In attending balls too, it was said, "the ladies are received from their palanquins, at the outer gate by the master of the house, who takes her by the hand and ushers her in." Now we had seen that masquerades were occurring on Sundays and holidays as of old, and for aught we knew, the Shrove Tuesday custom was in vogue too; but we had seen little of the reputed *politesse* in the streets, and we suspected there were more of English reserve and huateur prevailing, than of the *suaviter in modo* of the Portuguese. It is certainly true, that the English circle commands the wealth, and rules the society of Funchal; and as British tastes and habits are sustained nearly unaltered, we supposed that little novelty would appear at the ball.

Our dinner appointments were at seven, and by nine or ten, we were on our way to the consul's. There was a lady in a palanquin entering the outer portal when we arrived, but no master of ceremony appeared to escort her. We passed up the avenue; the lady alighted at the door, passed up the stairs unattended, and within sight of the assembly, before our bachelor consul, or any of his aids noticed her; but when he did step forward, it was with the gallant air of a *distingué*. My companion and myself, had to be our own servants, and grope along as we could. This was indisputably English.

The apartments were spacious, well lighted by chandeliers, and supplied with ottomans and lounges abundantly. One ante-room was furnished with books and engravings; another with wines and liquors, and a third with tables and cards: so that, if not pleased with dancing, any one could suit his taste otherwise.

There was Mrs. H.*** of the "Owen Glendower" yacht, decidedly the lioness of the evening, and brilliant always: and there were officers in full uniform of the army and navy, both Engglish and Portuguese, besides our noble selves; but neither the civil nor the military governor of Madeira did I see; then there were of course consuls, and minor officials, dowagers and belles, fortune-hunters, editors and fops, as at every ball.

After the band of musicians had scraped their instruments into tolerable concord, then came in order, the wriggling quadrille, the twirling waltz, and prancing, galloping galloppade; but not one Spanish dance, though the most graceful and becoming of all, was attempted; all was a l'Anglaise, as we had expected, and nothing Portuguese.

Now I do not condemn the national taste of the English for their own customs; but wherever the English figure in society in any part of the world, one need not look for novelty, or anything not English.

We took leave of the consul about two o'clock and since I have said so little of him heretofore, I will add now, that, besides evincing every personal politeness, his mansion was hospitably open to the officers of the squadron at all times, and seats reserved at his table for any who would attend. But he was a bachelor — there were no ladies in his house; — now, if he had only rescued some fair one from a nunnery, to grace and socialize his apartments, how much more attractive would they have been! I think, above all others, a public minister, whether secular or spiritual, should be married; his usefulness and influence depend upon it, in a civil land.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts, is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particular they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off any awkward stiffness, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation."

EARL OF HARDWICKE.

MALTE BRUN says, "the quinta gardens of Madeira are not attractive;" but we Americans found them exceedingly so; and two or three of us devoted a day to visiting several of them, together with the institutions of the city. But having an engagement, we could not proceed till we had called upon our old friend Mr. B * * *, where, as we tasted once more his delicious *tinta*, we were favoured with the most eloquent encomiums, like those of Will Boniface on his ale, concerning the precious juices of the island. And certainly one was not obliged to "fancy" his wine "Burgundy" to "make it worth ten shillings the quart."

"This tinta, you perceive, gentlemen," said our host, "is very different from either port or claret; it has more body than the last, is less astringent than the first, and has much of the Homolem flavour. It is known in England, and I think in your country, by the name of London particular. I wish I could give you a taste of the Bual: that is red wine also, but more like Burgundy. Our best white wine, the Sercial, from a choice grape, is

pleasantly acrid you know, and yet luscious and invigorating; but I suppose you get very little of it in the United States. The wine, that we send mostly to America, is our dry Madeira. It is from a wild grape, brought originally from Cyprus. Then I suppose a little of our lady's wine, the Malmsey, reaches you. It is a wine I am fond of myself. It is mixed mostly in Machico, a favourite district, where formerly the famous Madeira sugar was cultivated, having a peculiar aromatic flavour, and a violet odour. The grape of the Malmsey, I think, was brought from Candia. Then besides these we have our white Bastardo, our Muscatel, our Verdelho, Branco, Baboso, Ferral, Dodo de Dama, and many other fancy kinds."

"But, are all these from different kinds of grape?"

"Why, mostly. We count in Madeira about twenty-one species of grape; though, if we allowed for the effect of the soil and culture, as the French government did in making out 1,400 varieties in their collection, we should also have a vast variety. Our best kinds of grape are the White Muscadine, the Esperione, the July Black, and the Sweet-Water. But the different points of exposure for a vineyard, the dryness or extra moisture of the season, the manner of curing, whether by the furnace or estufa houses, or otherwise, besides age, affect the qualities of our wines."

"How much do you think is exported from Madeira annually? or, how much goes to the United States?" "Why, we don't make over thirty thousand pipes in any year. Then about ten thousand pipes are distilled into brandy, and not more than a third of the remainder goes to the States."

"That certainly is very strange," we remarked, "for besides what is drunk by private families in the States, there are at least twenty-five thousand pipes served out at our hotels in a year; under the name of Madeira." "Ha, ha, there is some yankee trick about that," said he; "but come, let us take another taste of the Sercial, and we will commence our round before the heat of the day."

It is unimportant to name the particulars of our visits to the many common institutions of Funchal. Suffice it, that we spent a moment or two at the Athenæum, where there is a fair collection of good works, and the principal foreign papers and periodicals; we visited, also, an infant school for the poor, and a well endowed college, with professors for the classical, English, French, German, and Spanish languages. There are, besides, an excellent classical and commercial school, and several Lancasterian schools. There is a chemical laboratory for indigo and madda, and a factory for linen and linsey-woolsey. There are also, two printing offices, at which are published two papers for the twenty thousand good people of Funchal. One is the Chronicle; the other bears the pretty title of "Flor de Océana," or Flower of the Ocean.

Having completed this circuit, we left our compliments at the superb residence of Mr. Stoddard, the British consul, and spent an hour or so with the American ex-consul, Mr. Maris, who presented us with a fine entertainment of intelligence, and rare curiosities, and would scarcely allow us to decline his more substantial hospitalities. We wished next to visit the Deanery, a superior quinta, but being unable to procure a passport in time we ascended the Virgin's Mountain, to the Palmeira, a

quinta of little less beauty. It was occupied by an accomplished, highly-bred Scotchman of noble lineage. The grounds were enclosed by a high guarded wall, embracing about twenty acres of the mountain side, partly terraced; paths of the dark shading laural and cedars; intermingled with the coffee and fig, magnolia and acacia trees, and the flowers of the tropics. Here was a game enclosure, there an arbour, here a fountain and there a tank. We rested awhile in the mansion that overlooked the garden and the city, and then taking leave of the kind host, commenced the descent of the roughly paved declivity; but so steep, so very steep it was, that with two staves each, we could scarcely keep from a headlong run.

At the head of a ravine, in the parish of Saint Roque, two miles from the city, there is a pretty waterfall. It is small in volume, but falls from a great height; and, by a few, it is said to resemble the Swiss *Chède*, near Chambery, described by Rousseau. But we could not visit it.

Our next attraction was the Til grounds of Benedict Gordon. But we saw nothing very interesting there; and I believe they are only considered curious for the Italian style of their arrangements; a famous til and a chestnut tree, both of very large dimensions; and the grave of a dog with an epitaph by one who had no dearer object of affection — and a great irrigating tank, that one day drowned a Captain Canning — the man who said of the common Funchalese: —

> "They are beggars from their cradle,
> Will glut at another's table,
> And are thieves whene'er they're able."

We had then to visit the Palheiro Quinta, of the

late Count de Cavalhal, the last and best which we had to inspect. On the way, however, we dropped into the garden of choice flowers, owned by Senr. Coita. There we saw the *Datura*, with large, white bell flowers; and the Judas tree, with pink, butterfly blossoms; the Catalpa Bignolia, that was introduced from Norfolk, Virginia; and the magnificent coral tree, that blossoms in pendant clusters of crimson stilettos; a small specimen of the great dragon tree, of Teneriffe; and the India Bamboo; the crimson Ibiscus; the beautiful trumpet like, and red Salvia; the Granadilla, or passion flower, with its fruits; the small purple-flowered Mimosa; and enough more to make out a florist's catalogue. Indeed there are very few flowers that do not, or may not flourish in Madeira. And why should they not? the tropical fruits abound; two thousand pounds of superior coffee are almost spontaneously produced each year for private use, and four thousand eight hundred pounds of good tea.

As we mounted Ponies to proceed on our winding way, the Palheiro grounds could be just distinguished in the distance by an isolated copse upon the extreme top of the Lorenço ridge. Up, up, we galloped over the steep and devious mountain road, with here a hut, and there a vineyard, with its tanks and arbors; and in about one hour we had arrived at the first portal of that vast domain. We were soon given to understand, in a mongrel patois from the porter, that no entrance could be gained without a note from the proprietor. We applied the power of metal argument, which so seldom fails, yet all in vain; but, catching the wink from our guide, we pushed on, along the high extended wall, to another gate-

way. There, by good fortune, we had the more plastic sympathies of woman to deal with. The official guard had left his post for a little while to the care of his wife. This good dame perfectly understood the language of little coins, and beckoned us to enter; but with the strict injunction, upon honour, that we should not go within sight of the mansion; for if we were seen, her husband and herself would be certainly imprisoned. Of course, we assured the faithful creature that we would not get her into hot water for the world, and we proceeded into the principal avenue. A labyrinth of paths threaded the magnificent parks; pellucid pools, in masonry, were bordered by flowers; and a few rabbits, the only native animal of the island, were frisking and skulking in the fallen leaves of the orchards and forest groves, that occupy much of the enclosure. Then the scene was beautified by fancy-sectioned gardens, with here and there, a pretty jet d'eau, from some sculptured figure. It might have been a fit location for Thompson's Castle of Indolence. We were told that we should see there a black swan in one of the pools; but lest we might be *gulled*, we did not search for it.

The proprietor of this grand villa, or quinta, is, alas! no more; and, devoutly, we hope there is more peace to his soul, than is left for his estate. He was said to be descended from Senr. Joao Gonsalves, who, with one other, were the first recipients of a kingly grant in Madeira. The Count de Cavalhal, thence deriving an immense inheritance in the island, and being in early life rather obnoxious to the royal court, came to Madeira, and settled with an annual income of

six or eight thousand pounds, upon the estate, which I have described as so beautifully adorned. In the recent contests of the rival claimers of the Portuguese throne, Cavalhal was proscribed, and his estate confiscated; but, when Don Pedro's party was securely seated in power, the count was reinstated. We judged that the Palheira occupied about three hundred acres, enclosed on the road side by a wall so high that one from the back of a horse could not see over it.

However, the count was more revered by the peasantry, for his munificence, than he was remembered by his relations and friends; for, on the day of his death, as is often the case, the heirs opened a fierce quarrel over his coffers, which threatens still to sever the whole family into eternal feuds. But this is easily accounted for, by plain common sense; every poor peasant had actually lost an annuity, and had nothing more to do about it than to weep for the death of a benefactor; but, on the contrary, every heir had gained a fortune, and had the spurring hope of getting more by strife. Thus is verified the querying sarcasm of some facetious sage, I forget whom, who wrote a long canto like the following:—

> "What makes even a foe a friend?
> A trifling annual stipend.
> And what will make old friends forget?
> When they've got all, or owe a debt."

Not long after this day of desultory rambling, the Catholic holiday of the beggar's feast, was to be celebrated, and we went into the cathedral the evening previous, to see the preparations. The cathedral in itself is richly ornamented within — gold and silver glitter about the altars, and the

pillars and the palings; and even the priestly wardrobe was studded and embroidered with the same, while the chalices, and other vessels, were of solid gold.

All this wealth and splendour were to be set forth the next day by magnificent illuminations; and, at three o'clock in the evening, all the beggars of the city were to be enrolled into a procession, honoured by the governors and suite; and with the pomp and pageantry of priests, all were to march to the grand cathedral, and partake of a sumptuous feast. We were politely invited to join in this religious parade. But our ship was under sailing orders; our commander had given his parting entertainments; and before the hour of the feast, we were once more under weigh, and bade adieu, a final adieu, to that modern Castalia among inspiring fountains.

CHAPTER IX.

"Now, from green glades with purple vintage crown'd,
Where sweet airs wander and sweet flowers abound,
Where richer grapes the laughing hills entwine
Than those which wreathed the ancient god of wine;
We turn once more and left the ready sail,
And pour libations, and invoke the gale."

PARK BENJAMIN.

WE left Madeira on the second of June, bound for Rio de Janeiro. Steady and favourable winds wafted us gaily on, notwithstanding our proximity to the rarefied air of Sahara, which, at that season of the year, often counteracts the trades.

After the second day, we were probably sailing near to the "Sargosso," alluded to, by Aristotle, as "a sea of herbs," or, "floating meadow." Malte Brun says, "It was, at one time, sixty thousand square leagues in extent; from which the passing ships had great difficulty in extricating themselves." But we could find no trace of this wonder — no sea-weed, and much less, any sign of beds of it, a cubit thick. It is probable, however, it was with us as with the captain, who reported that Juan Fernandes had sunk — we did not go near enough to the place.

We had not sailed many days, before we were getting among the Archipelago of the Cape de Verde Islands, which belong mostly to the Portu-

guese. In all, they comprehend ten islands, besides sundry rocks and islets. The Lady Burgess, one of the English fleet, on her way to the East Indies, in 1806, was sadly wrecked thereabouts; it happened on the Leton rock, or coral reef, to the westward of Bonavista. The Lord Melville also struck there three times. But we must not hurry on, and omit to say anything of the Canaries, the charming home of those sweet warblers of the same name; the group which Humbolt calls the great caravanserai on the road to America and the Indies; where numerous vessels of all nations touch for refreshment; and near which we also passed.

It was among these isles, that, while Columbus was leading the van of navigation to a new world, there were agents from his own nation subverting an ancient people. The Portuguese, at that time, were instigating the natives of the Canaries and Verdes to local jealousies and intestine wars, for the base purpose of securing the prisoners of both races as slaves.

The ancient inhabitants of the Canaries were the noble Guanches, a race described as being well-proportioned, tall, and generous; probably very similar to the aborigines of America; of whose fate, alas! their's was the mournful archetype. When Alonzo de Lugo had waged his last battle of carnage among the death-doomed Guanches, so many of the dead were left about the fields of Laguna, as to cause the fatal "modorra" — a kind of epidemic that rapidly carried off the living few who escaped the fires of the previous war.

It is said that the Guanches worshipped the great dragon-tree of Teneriffe, as the Greeks worship the

ash of Ephesus. The dragon-tree divides itself, after rising sixty feet, into many regularly diverging branches, in the form of a candelabrum, each branch terminating in a tuft of leaves, and thus completing the similitude of a sacred candlestick —a holy piece of furniture, found in many churches built by hands — and surely, better than the worship of any artificial symbol, was the reverance shown by this simple people to an object, fashioned by the Deity himself.

The Guanches had a custom of marriage, to which the Malthusians might readily accede; they allowed each wife to have several husbands, who, in regular succession, were to rule and head the household, while all the others served as menials. The Guanches were not as are our American Indians, without literature. On the contrary, they had the refinements of music and poetry; and, many among the great ones of their race, still live in the epics and eulogies of their aboriginal poets and philosophers; among whom, it is said, the names of Yriate and Clavijo, might hold a high niche in the temple of fame. But oppressions, and the cupidity of power, had so worn out the spirit of the race, that, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, they were nearly extinct; still their mummies, buried in deep caverns, have escaped destruction to this day, while curious and feeling hearts vainly inquire, with Malte Brun, "What has become of that once living and noble race?"

The Isle of Palma is an interesting individual of this group, on account of its poetic associations; and a noted tradition that the island was settled by a holy bishop, who, with a band of Christians, fled from Spain at the eruption of the Moors.

In these pages as in those of our daily existence, matters and topics occur at random; recollections of by-gone ages, sentiments of grief and mirth, accidents and incidents, are strangely blended.

I was just now dwelling in philanthropic abstractions, as the reader knows, upon Guanches, Christians, and Moors, when suddenly every body jumped up, and so did I, to see a pretty little bird that gaily flew in through one of the gun-deck ports. It was a swallow, and perhaps, thought a sentimental few, the beautiful creature has just set out on its annual migration to our own country; and perhaps too, it would bear a note, a simple message, around its little neck, to our dear friends, and sweetly chirp to them, as it did to us, its merry music.

The little thing, as we approached it, coyly flitted from gun to gun; and we had nearly captured it, when a young enthusiast, in natural science, came eagerly to us, crying, "Stop! stop fellows! Let me get that bird, and I'll stuff it!"

"No you wont!" said little Sensible, and he frightened it away.

"Oh, you little plague! why didn't you let me get the bird; it would have done no good to you;" and then he proceeded, in the style of the learned doctor in the Disowned, to correct our ideas and to instruct us gratuitously about the bird. "That little bird, some of you supposed, was of the Hirundo rustica species. That shows how little any of you know about ornithology. It was one of the Cyprilis species, that never migrates, and would have taken your billet doux to the deserts of Africa in preference to America. So, it would have done you no good, little Sensible, nor any

body here, to have tortured it with rough handling, and then sent it off with an anchor of paper, dangling at its little neck. But if I had caught it, and only administered a small conserve of tow and arsenic, by way of a quietus, it would have been immortalized in my cabinet. I've lost the bird just by your mischief, youngster! but I've learnt a lesson, as well as given you one, and the next time you drive a bird off in that way, you may get the worst of the fun: if you can't learn civility yourself, I'll teach you; for as my friend Rochefoucauld says—'Il est plus aisé d'étre sage pour les autres que de l'étre pour soi-même;'"—that is, being interpreted, if you don't know, It's a mighty sight easier to make others wise than ourselves.

We had been out ten days from Madeira, when the high, broken peaks and ridges of Sant' Iago, the first land we had met, appeared on our starboard bow: three high peaks peered above all the others, one of which was probably Jubaroom point; and near the central one, I noticed a striking formation, resembling, in gigantic proportions, a fort: the enclosed apex was the magazine; the precipitous, angular sides frowned destruction at every point like bastions; an immense ravine formed the fossé, or moat, and the sloping glacis down to the plain, was equally well represented.

As we coursed along the eastern side, nothing could be seen but barren rocks, or, as a French voyager says, "It appeared as if just having suffered from the effects of great fires. The naked rocks, that are heaped in disorder one over the other, and cut off and rent by fantastic fractures, rise from the bottom of the sea, and mount to the clouds."

It is not thus, however, by the best accounts, in

the valleys, and along the hillocks of the interior, where abundant moisture sustains vegetation, and the tropical plants display their rich fruits beneath an eternal verdure. "But the people are every where deplorably mean, improvident, and miserable; and when the periodical rains fail, and the soil becomes calcined by a devouring sun, it resists the spade, and the poor serfs nearly starve." The impression of the famine which occurred in this island in 1831, is still lingering upon the sympathies of Americans, who generously administered relief, and it may now recall the painful accounts which they then received. One of our most intelligent and observing officers, who was here in 1832, in the Peacock, describes the people as in the most wretched state of distress. We hoped to get a sight of the chief city, Puerto Praya, as we passed to the southward of the island, but it stands too much retired within acclivities to be seen; and, although protected by a fallen and ruined redoubt, it is a place of entire insignificance.

As we left Sant' Iago, the Isle of Fire or Ilho do Fuego, lay in our course, or near it, and I thought we might see its volcano, which is one of the few on the earth that remain in action: but it was night, and nothing appeared. The winds were beginning to be feeble, and frequent dull calms were besetting us. We had evidently kept too far east for the trades; and the next thing was to look out to avoid the "Sea of Thunder," which centres off the gulf of Guinea. Ships are often detained there under a sky, constantly "charged with electric clouds, with long calms, and pouring down, by turns, torrents of rain and fire." It is the focus too of fatal diseases, and dreaded by all mariners, as a man-trap. But we did not fear getting near

it, in our course; and I have only mentioned it among the dangers of the sea, as it chanced to cross my mind that it was possible for us to be driven within its influence; and if it had been so, how horrible a fate awaited us!

It was amusing about this time to notice the youngsters and several others, who had been most vituperative against the ill-breeding and tricks of naval life, gradually falling into the same, either in self-defence, or by infection; they began now and then to swear, with so miserable a grace, that any old blasphemer would have laughed at the abortion. Sometimes they essayed "*to weather*,"—which means to secure a benefit by looking out sharply for one's self, without regard to the comfort or rights of others. Now the oldsters—the regular salters—never practise these things where it will produce any serious injury or loss; but a novitiate, who has been weathered several times, and is turning to it himself, will always carry it to extremes. There was Punny, for instance, who amused us in this way, as well as in more intellectual modes.

When this individual, who was our chief punster, came on board ship, there were few who could boast of higher sentiments, very few possessed of manners so dazzling, and none who could figure in society with such applause. But like many who pervert the advice of St. Paul, he aimed to adapt his nature for the time to the sphere in which he moved, by blunting the finer edge of his feelings and occasionally assuming the selfishness which he thought prevailed around him. But after all it was an unnatural assumption, as it never suited him, and I have only inserted this preamble, that the reader might become better acquainted

with Punny, as I intend to serve up some of his *bon mots* and *jeux d' esprits* hereafter.

He came out with a goodly store of cakes and sweetmeats, and two demijohns of excellent wine. The middies were invited at first to take a snack with him; and afterward they appeared daily in increased numbers, to make it seven-bells with him, flattering him with adulation, which he relished much,—praising his wit, his wine and sweets, and particularly his ability to imitate the trumpet, saying, as they consumed his goodies and sipped his wine, "It's very curious how you make that noise;" (turning out another glass of wine.) "Let us hear you make it again, Punny." Thus the first demijohn evaporated with its et ceteras very soon, and the middies apologized for obtruding so much upon his generosity, but his room was so retired, and his company so agreeable, that his pressing courtesies were quite irresistible. However he must come up and take snacks with them in the steerage awhile; they had cake and wine too, and a turn about was fair play. The good things went as freely there as in his own room — his generosity was spurred on by it — and in a few days he insisted upon all hands going to his room again, to broach his second demijohn. They all went and stood eagerly around, holding their glasses and wetting their lips while their host looked for the cakes and wine. "Why gentlemen!" said he, looking anxiously about, "I believe all my cakes are gone: however here is the demijohn full of the pure vine yet." And as Punny turned some of the light coloured contents into one of the tumblers,—"What!" said the middies, one and all, "is that your wine?" "Why no! its water, there's been some *foul* play here!" "Oh no!"

said a middy, "it must have been a chicken* that played that game. But come and try your luck with us again!" A few days after, Punny found out that the good things which had been so freely and generously urged upon him in the steerage, were all his own; the very identical cakes and wine which he had missed from his stores, and just too at the time, so much to his mortification, while those same middies as invited guests were waiting for them. That was what Punny reckoned, a "dead weather," which he would never forget.

* Chicken is a ship term for "a friend in need and in deed."

CHAPTER X.

"It was the morning watch once more.
The clouds were drifting rapidly above,
And dim and fast the glimmering stars flew through."
WILLIS.

I believe there are few ships, if any, that cross the torrid zone without long periods of tedious calms. Certainly it fell to our lot to have a large portion of these drowsy and baffling airs, well intermixed with scorching rays, and tropic showers, that alternately heated and drenched us. We had little to interest us without, and perhaps as little within, that could interest a reader who has not the same dearth of amusements. But for myself, I could never suffer the ennui, of which I heard many complain, while I enjoyed the varied and improving society of books in the intervals of duty, and the stars and my own thoughts for companions in the night season.

It is a delightful feeling, in a clear evening, upon the ocean, when far from home, to think that the same star, or constellation upon which we gaze, is, at that moment, gazed upon by those we love, and that their thoughts are guided by that same star to us, as ours are to them. There too, we indulge the hope that our reciprocal prayers for each other may meet as on a common, and nightly lighted altar. There was a friend, with whom I often paced the deck, who, like myself, could return on the wings of such contemplations to the circle of our homes, and with almost the pleasures of reality.

Aside from such sentimental associations, there is scarcely a more beautiful scene, one upon which the eye may rest longer with delight, than upon a clear and moon-lighted hemisphere, studded with bright and twinkling stars.

Within the tropics there is generally such an excess of humidity, as to curtain the sky of the most serene night, for twenty or thirty degrees above the horizon: and one loses the northern constellations, so familiar from his birth, much sooner than otherwise he might, and does not see those of the south so soon as he expects. But, as Humbolt justly remarks, "one experiences an indescribable sensation, when the one set of stars, to which he has been so familiar, gradually approach the horizon, and finally disappear: and nothing impresses more vividly on the mind of the traveller the vast distance to which he has removed from his native country, than the sight of a new firmament. The grouping of the larger stars, the scattered nebulæ that rival in lustre the milky way, and spaces remarkable for their extreme darkness, give to the southern heavens a peculiar aspect. When the traveller sees the phosphorescent clouds of Magellan, or the great constellation of the ship rising in the horizon, he need be no astronomer to percieve that he is in a new region: the earth, the sky, and all their garniture assume an exotic character."

The brilliant *Sirius*, though seen at the north, is a southern star, and the brightest of the north is faint beside it; but there are others nearly as beautiful that can only be seen in the southern half of the world, particularly the gem-like Canopus. But the southern cross is generally most praised by travellers, and we have read many vivid de-

scriptions, and heard glowing apostrophies in admiration of this star-shining symbol of Christ: but, apart from its associations, I could not think it more beautiful than the constellation of Scorpio including a part of Libra, with Saturn in the midst and Antares at one end, as it appeared, when it seemed over our heads to guide us across the Atlantic. It is generally compared to a kite, but I think it as much like a cross as the southern cross, which is simply four bright stars at the angles of a lozenge or diamond.

The namers of constellations, however, and particularly the catholics, who first classified the southern stars, were not very acute observers of resemblances. They had something of the courtier, perceptions of the good lord in Hamlet, who could see a whale as readily as a weasel in the shape of a cloud, so that it pleased the prince.

It is not always however, excepting at the dead of night at sea, that we may thus abstract the thoughts from meaner objects, and fix them upon things above; for as the poet, in a fine frenzy wrapt, may be brought down by a twinge of the tooth ache, or other vexing cares, so, on board ship, we are often called from lofty musings by some ludricous incident, or moving accident, or some mischievous jest.

About this time, a serious accident happened to one of our men. We were at general quarters, at which time the preparations and work go on, as if for an engagement in battle. The gratings are placed over the hatches, and all but a little hole for the head of the powder-monkey, is covered with tarred canvass. The breechings of the guns are loosed — the lights are put out, the magazine opened, — the officers and men are sta-

tioned in order, and the lighted matches, the fire-buckets, boarding-pikes, cutlasses, et cetera, are all in readiness. Thus was it on the day of the accident, when full charges of condemned powder were to be used. At the word "are you ready?" a general bustle commenced all over the ship. Officers were vociferating their orders, or growling like Cerberus; the marine guard were running, repelling and kneeling about the deck; "ammunition," or "passing-boxes," were rumbling up the shoots of the magazine; men were springing at the gun-ropes as if the cats were on their backs; and the rolling in of the heavy ordnance became confusing. They ram home the charge, they point the guns—"Fire," says the commander; and the lurid light flashes from gun to gun, and thunders roar along their iron mouths, and clouds of smoke curl over the rigging. Twice they had gone through this routine, and with an increasingly hurried manner—the perspiration was streaming down from every pore of the hardy workers, and fear shaking many a nerve, when at the third trial, a gun failed to go off. There was one holding the torch, who was so excited and agitated, that he did not touch off his gun in time, nor in the right place. "Give me the match," said Jennet, an active smart lad, who held the powder horn. "Stand aside you lubber, and let me touch off the gun, or you'll have us all thrashed!" But this was scarcely done, before the powder horn caught fire, blew up, and shattered poor Jennett's arm in a most horrible manner, sending one of his fingers flying in the air.

It was said afterwards, that one of the officers near by, had cursed a man for not priming his gun, at the same time the charge was rammed home.

But men are fond of spinning yarns on such occasions, and this was probably one of them. Now it appears to me, that a little self-control among the officers and more discrimination, or moderation in their manner of governing, might initiate and improve recruits for martial discipline, as easily as any pell-mell system, and with much less noise and danger.

Cato, the loblolly boy, attended upon the doctors while Jennet's wounds were dressed, and having caught a few words and wrinkles about surgery on other occasions, he began to think that he might, even as the doctors had hinted to him, one day or another, become a surgeon himself, in a small way; so when he came to the galley among the cooks and waiters, he talked largely on his acquirements, described what he had seen, and thought he might operate pretty well himself on a small dog or the like. Cato was one of the ugliest negroes to look at, in the ship, and when he stretched his long lips from ear to ear, into what he called a porpoise mouth, and turned up the white of his eyes, buttoned his ears back, and snapt his teeth, he was really frightful; but he was as good and faithful as he was ugly. Cato, by way of accounting for his hideous looks, used to say that he had once been inoculated for ugliness, and that it broke out all over him. Jemmy Ducks standing by, had heard Cato's surgical vauntings, and proposed that Cato should try his skill on a sick pig of his that had a swollen foot. Cato put on all kinds of grimaces to look wise, he felt the foot, and without hesitation pronounced it the disorder that doctors might call the "specie of dropsy, or a white swelling like." "Now if it was a white man, I'm thinking" said he "I'd poultice

that thing, and perscribe a dose o' salts, but with pigs it's different, though I have hearn doctors say that hogs is very much like human creturs. Now I should be thinking that thing might be tapped, as because you see, there's more there than what's natural." So they concluded to tap it, and Cato got one of the old lancets from the "bay," and pushed the dull point up to the bone. The leg bled freely, and Cato could'nt stop it. "Ah!" says Cato, "that's it; this post-mortal work shows the pig has broke a blood-vessel, and could'nt live any how." So they put it back with plenty of bandages, and the pig died; and Cato gave up his surgical boastings. Now would it not be well if quacks generally would follow Cato's example, make their experiments on pigs first, and after failing, retire with a good grace, and keep to their duty? The pig happened to belong to one of the steerages, but before morning it was reported dead to the ward-room mess, and one from their pen had supplied its place among the steerage pigs, with its ears and tail cropped to the uniform mark, for it is an established mystery all the world over, that a midshipman's pig never can die.

As we were approaching close to the equator, one afternoon a sudden squall came up with heavy rains; and, as it struck the John Adams first, which was then on our larboard beam, we had a beautiful view of her buoyant and graceful working. The crew were certainly very expert, and under excellent discipline. They scrambled up the shrouds, and lay out upon the perilous yards, till they covered them, like a flock of birds. The vessel plunged and pitched with the angry billow,

"High dashed the spray, the bows dipped in the sea;"

and while not a lift or brace steadied the yards from surging in terrific sweeps, the wind blew stronger, the rains plashed and pelted, and yet those dauntless and active lads held to their work, defying the elements, till the ship was scudding before the wind, with every rag of canvass, excepting the double-reefed topsails, hauled or brailed up, and furled.

It cleared away before night, and just as the sun was setting, a little Genoese brig, that had been ahead of us two or three days before, hove in sight on the eastern horizon, and her swollen canvass became so lighted by the setting sun, directly opposite, that she appeared like a figure of gold, in basso-relievo, upon a sapphire dome.

We began now to be looking for the line, which was formerly a great bug-bear to the green horns: but none of our youngsters were caught mistaking the hair in the telescope for the line. In days gone by there was not a ship that crossed the line without a ceremonious visit from old Neptune. An old, athletic tar was generally appointed for the purpose; and, being dressed in a close suit of sheep skin, with a swab dangling down his back for the hair, and a squillgee or a harpoon mounted for a trident, he generally made his appearance hailing over the bows, through the pipe and coiled hose of a fire engine as a trumpet. On the forecastle he was received upon an old gun carriage, drawn by six or eight painted negroes. In this car of state, as the music struck up a quick step, he was rolled along to the quarter deck, attended by his barbers with their buckets of tar for lather, and scrapers for razors. A muster was demanded of the commander, which was seldom refused. The strangers were selected, blindfolded, and placed on

a plank, over a huge tub of water; they were then duly shaved—asked a question or two, and salt water squirted into the mouth as quick as it was opened, and the frightened novice soused in the cauldron. This ceremony is seldom practised or allowed now. The young gentlemen are quite too dignified and refined; and such rude jests are as rapidly getting out of fashion, as are the like sophomoric tricks at colleges.

The day passed calmly with us, and the green ones went to bed very quietly, and congratulated themselves that they had escaped old Neptune's grasp, although they would have been glad to see his worship complimenting any others. But before the dawn, I was aroused by the violent imprecations of two or three innocents who had been roughly touched up with tar, by the sons of Neptune, as they peacefully slept in their cots. Our long doctor Tiptoe, was unfortunately the subject again, and a green middy was his fellow sufferer. They swore vengeance, and heaped all manner of opprobious epithets upon the perpetrators. "Lord, Lord," said the doctor, "what have I done to be singled out for such mean tricks? If I find the scoundrel out, he'll suffer for it, I'll assure him." The other victim called for the villain who did it to step out, to show himself if he dared, and he would treat him as he deserved. But he was told that of course no one would come out under the name of a villain; and nothing very *serious* ensued. It was three or four hours after this noise, before I saw the injured party, and there sat the doctor, in the cockpit, scraping the tar from his face, and trying to save his whiskers, that had been so roughly lathered, by an application of lard and strong suds. The doctor was very still about

this affair, but every one perceived that they had gone far enough with him, and that he was not to be trifled with. The middy for many days tried to find out the jesters and workers of iniquity, but all in vain; for nobody knew who did it; the cabin sentry was standing near, at the time, and the master-at-arms passing by, and both of them saw two mysterious persons busy about the troubled premises; but it was none of their business to see to the officers; and they could not know anything about them, upon their honour. One day in the cockpit, we were laughing at the doctor about the trick upon him, and partially excited his sensibility again. "Very well, you may laugh," said he, "and think as you choose, and so will I: but I insist that such an acrid application might have ruined my skin, and might have permanently impaired the capillary vessels."

We spent the 4th of July, for the first time, south of the equator, but with no less feeling of patriotism, than if nearer home. Our chief punster, Punny, thought we ought at least to have a *decoration*, but nothing novel came up. All hands were called to "splice the main brace," that is, to take an extra tot of grog, and several indulgences were allowed, according to custom. The officers confined their festivities to the common mess fare; and while, through our native land, the welkin rang with the national jubilee, we simply added to the Saturday toasts for, "Sweet-hearts and wives" —"The land we loved, and left behind us!"

But the day did not close with the calm pleasures with which it began. The sunniest life seems always to be chequered with clouds; and I often think when uninterrupted joy has cheered me for a while, that it cannot last long; that I

must soon look for the reverse—the bitterness, the dregs of the sweet cup must come soon, which I must drain before I taste another; for thus is it designed in Providence, that we should learn to appreciate the blessings granted us, by contrast. On the day, to which I allude, the reverse was slight, as there had been no excess either way; but it was enough to check the current of calm pleasures for a moment. It was early in the evening, and very dark, when we were suddenly startled by that most thrilling of cries that are ever heard at sea, "A man overboard!" A general excitement sped through the sturdy shipmates, and the natural sympathy of humanity, that seldom dares to expose itself on board a man-of-war too anxiously, for a moment was getting the mastery over discipline; but it was suppressed, the life-buoys were cut loose, the ship brought to, and the quarter-boats of both vessels lowered. Nothing could be seen of the lost man, nothing had been heard of him since the first plunge, and the gurgling gasp a moment after. The breath of the lookers on was choked in suspense, till the joyful cry greeted us: "The man is safe, and aboard." He had caught a stray line, as he came above the waves a second time, and soon after appeared climbing over the chains into a port-hole, as well as ever.

A few days after, beautiful gulls were skimming the sea about us, and graceful gannets flirting in the same circle. The water was becoming perceptibly greener, and changed from fifty to twenty-five fathoms in depth. Of course we were near the shore, and about sunset we actually saw the misty outline of high promontories ranging far along the horizon. Two islands appeared to the southward, which induced us to suppose the

prominent point standing out beyond them to be St. Anthony; but we found it was too far to the northward and must be St. Thomas' promontory with the isles of St. Annes. The next day, however, we doubled St. Anthony's Cape, with the bold heights ranging to Cape Frio full in sight, and before dark, caught a fine glimpse of Sugar Loaf Mountain at the mouth of Rio harbour, and Lord Hood's nose in the rear—which is a singular conformation, representing upon the top of lofty mountains, two thousand feet high, a striking resemblance to a Roman nose upon an up-turned face.

CHAPTER XI.

"Là, tous les champs voisins, peuplés de myrtes verts;
N' ont jamais ressenti l' outrage des hivers,
Par-tout on voit mûrir, par-tout on voit éclore,
Et les fruits de Pomone et les présens de Flore;
Et la terre n' attend, pour donner ses moissons,
Ni les vœux des humains, ni l' ordre des saisons."

VOLTAIRE — *La Henriade.*

ON the morning of the tenth of July we had arrived before an opening in an abrupt lofty range of rocks, that, like a palisado, fronts the ocean. The opening was not more than five thousand feet wide, and old Ocean had hollowed out a channel there, through which its searching tide-way sends an arm that stretches up among the hills and mountains full thirty miles or more. This was the entrance to Rio de Janeiro, the noblest harbour in the world, and so named, by mistake, as every reader knows, because the Portuguese, under De Sousa, in 1532,* first noticed it upon the feast day of St. Janarius, or the first of January, and, thinking it to be a river, accordingly christened it "The River of Janarius."

Before this inlet, we came to for awhile, not however for any pilot, for none is required to traverse the open channel that widens and deepens as you enter. It was a delightful morning, and with the prospect of entering a new port, it was

* This harbour was first discovered in 1516, by Don Juan De Solis.

pleasure to pause awhile — without asking the reason why — before that noble portal which Nature has so beautifully and happily fashioned there. On the left stood the bold and singular cone of granite, called Sugar Loaf Mountain, rising abruptly to nearly a thousand feet; and immediately opposite, on the right, rose another more declining mountain, though peering quite as high, from the foot of which the bastions of Santa Cruz looked frowningly upon our ships. They appeared like two giant sentries, of whom we must ask permission to pass. Then a short distance within, and nearly between the two, an inner stationed sentry, the little fortified islet of Lagem, divided the channel, while it equally commanded the central passage, and protected the lovely half-concealed cove, opening behind it, called Bota Fogo. Oh! it was a cheering, exhilirating sight, after being wearily tossed upon the waves for five long weeks, to see the varied beauties of terra firma, once more, and to inhale the refreshing odours of vegetation. It is a general rule in a ship of war, when entering a port, that no one shall expose a head above the hammock nettings, excepting the commodore and the lieutenants at their several stations: but who could resist the breaking of so difficult a law, when tempted by such enticing charms of Nature?

With a gentle breeze we steered inward, perhaps three or four miles, into the beautiful bay which expands to form the harbour of Rio de Janeiro. Islets dotted the waters, and distant mountains, verdant with laurels and palms, and gardens, successively sloped towards the margin. Along the western shore stretched a tongue of land, nearly two miles long, upon which stood the city with its domes and turrets, amid seven hills,

like Imperial Rome. Neat white houses garnished the lower margin to the water's edge, and every visiter exclaimed — even those who were recently from the Mediterranean — "there is no harbour in the world, not excepting that of Naples, to rival Rio de Janeiro." We were saluted by the American sloop Fairfield, and the several British and French ships of war, in the harbour, before we had dropped our anchor, and by the Brazilian fort shortly afterwards.

Opposite to the city, across the elliptic bay, perhaps three or four miles, were the hamlets of Praya Grande.

Toward the north, like artificial spires among alpine steps, rose the Organ Mountains; and behind the city the lofty Corcovada Peaks, shot up among the clouds two thousand feet. But there were two or three islands near the shipping that more immediately elicited the attention of the curious. The fortified Ilha das Cobras, or Snake Island, appears to jut out from near the northeast end of the city, at a right angle into the bay, upon which isle stand the government store-houses and barracks; and just off the outer end of this, stands a flat naked spot, called Rat Island, rendered rather famous or infamous, as the rendezvous of duellists; then on the lower end of the city, a few rods from a bold southeast prominence, is a singularly castellated islet, called Ilha do Villegagnon, concerning which many romantic and stirring incidents of historic adventures are woven.

It was taken at an early period by one Nicholas Durand de Villegagnon, a native of Provence, holding a high rank in the French navy, and a Knight of Malta. The ostensible object of Ville-

gagnon, in taking and fortifying this little granite islet of Rio, was to provide an asylum for the persecuted Huguenots of France. This very plausible project excited much interest in many parts of France and its borders. The powerful Admiral de Coligny patronized it largely — the church of Geneva sent two ministers and fourteen students as colonists, and Villegagnon found himself in command of a considerable fleet of convoys and transports, with numerous dependants subject to his disposal. But no sooner were these deluded and miserable exiles fairly settled and secured within their isolated fortress, than the villainous design of Villegagnon was unmasked, and he began to develope his fell purpose of making all the colonists become servile dupes to his own tyranny, and the means of establishing for his personal benefit a transatlantic France.

This treachery became known to the governor of the province, the humane Mem da Sa, who immediately gathered forces, and, with the aid of Father Nobrega, that constant benefactor and justly called Apostle of Brazil, he succeeded in dispossessing Villegagnon, though with much bloodshed, in 1560. That same governor, Mem da Sa, founded the city of Rio soon afterward, and, in honour of his success over Villegagnon, and of the saint on whose day the action took place, the governor named the city St. Sebastion — a name which it still bears in many records of travels.

As the night closed in, the lighting up of convents upon the hills, and of the churches in the oblong plain beneath, and the added illumination, of rockets and other radiant fires, in every direction, ushered in a nine days feast of the catholics; and as the evening gun was fired, and the night

watches set, there came a melody of sweet sounds from a band on board the French frigate near us, that charmed and soothed the feelings to a calm repose.

In the morning, we conferred the honours of providor upon one Joseph Vedell, a bum-boat man, with full confidence; for old Joseph — a Genoese by birth — was noted in his humble capacity, and, by honesty and industry, had amassed a fortune of several thousand dollars. Our bodily necessities being thus provided for, a party of us set out for the shore. We will say nothing of the steamboats, and other objects lying in our course, that marked the civil advancement of this young empire, as they only differed from those of North America by their additional tinsel, and their sluggish crews.

Directly before us the Paço do Palao, or Palace Square, presented a sea wall and parapet of granite, extending one hundred and fifty yards in front, with a narrow quay in the middle inclining to the water. There we landed, and suddenly found ourselves in front of the Palace nearly in the busiest part of Rio. We were in a pretty square, for a Portuguese city — kept in tolerably neat condition, although built without order or taste. Near the centre stood the palace, or a certain prison-like building, dignified by that name, having a granite base, and a yellow story above, with arched windows and gorgeous lanterns; about which a few idle mulatto guards were patroling or sleeping. This palace extended back, perhaps thirty yards, and by an arch over the Rua Direita, a street in the rear, it was attached to a range of chambers, once a Carmelite convent, that stood at right angles with it.

Near by on the Rua Direita appeared the Royal Chapel, very rich within, but simple without; and next, adjoining on the same street, stood the grand cathedral of Rio, with a wooden fence close about it. On the south of the palace in the square, was the House of Assembly, which no one would suspect for such a purpose, unless informed of its name. Then at one corner of the Royal Square, stood the Hotel du Pharàux — a dingy block of brick, but kept in Parisian excellence — and at another corner, was a fish market; between which, on the water side, a neat pyramidal fountain plays, about which vagabonds were incessantly crowding to fill their vessels with water to vend through the streets. Having crossed this royal square diagonally, we entered into the Rua Direita, which runs parallel with the water, upon which are situated the different shipping houses, with a custom-house and a neat exchange. Here the vastly disproportioned slave population of Rio first attracted our attention. The street seemed to be darkened with the sable throng — all of them nearly naked, and actively busy in various labours.

The most of them were in gangs, trotting rapidly, in a single file, with each a bag of coffee on his shoulders, while the leader sounded a rattle or castanet, and doled out a plaintive quick step, to which the others chimed in with an occasional note to lighten their burdens of care. Other slaves were harnessed to small trucks, upon which they were laboriously dragging huge hogsheads of sugar, or spirits. And others again were calling purchasers for their fruits and cakes, which they displayed by the way side around them. Probably no population of labourers could

be found more busily engaged than those appeared to be; but, although the lash is always before their eyes, and kicks and buffets often applied, it is justly asserted that no slaves, not excepting the nominally free dependants immured in British factories, enjoy so many privileges. It is at the option of every slave in Rio de Janeiro to command his own services by paying twenty cents per day to his or her master; and if by any means one can acquire his marketable value, ready to pay his master, he can demand his freedom, through the authority of a magistrate: and, if once free, wearing a coat and shoes like a white man, he is from that time nearly, if not quite, the white man's equal. He votes, and may even be a member in the House of Assembly. He holds military and civil offices, and may be seen, as it often happens, on Change, attended by *his* slaves, or in trade and fellowship with the most respectable whites.

From the Rua Direita we turned up the Rua do Ouvidor, the Broadway of Rio — though, withal, extremely narrow, without walks, badly paved, and filthy.

It is however, supplied on either side with attractive shops of fancy goods, all gaily adorned in Parisian style, with coloured silks and cloths, and flowers and feathers, and tasteful embroidery. But surpassing all, to a sailor's eye, among its jewelry were the smiling Mademoiselles of *La Belle France*, who, with the peculiar *humeur et bonne grace*, of their happy nature, presided at the counters, winning the wayward customers. Ah, yes, it is the sailor alone, after being absent as he often is, for weeks and months, from the presence of endearing woman, who can fully appreciate

her cheering attractions. To him woman is a new creature, the fairest object he can meet with in a voyage; and, when contrasted in his mind with his gross companions of the ruder sex with whom he has weathered the seas, he is enraptured, and the first fair one, in whatever garb, that meets his eyes, appears to him like a perfect houri — and he eagerly gazes at her and at all of her sex, with an open soul of admiration swimming in his eyes. Of course, the attractions of the Rua do Ouvidor, made it for a time, the rendezvous for our jolly tars, even of the finest cloth. But, in that narrow, crowded street, wo betide the incautious stranger, who should be walking where no recess or retreat is open for him, when the heavy old-fashioned *cabriolet* of some hidalgo, with two mules attached, comes thundering along. Generally, such an equipage, is attended by two liveried outriders, booted to the knees, and heavily spurred; also a postillion riding upon one of the mules, and a footman in cocked hat and plumes perched upon a high seat behind. In this style they dash through the street as rapidly as the mules wil go, giving but slight warning to any, and often, quite heedless of the poor foot passengers — so that if one does not like a tight squeeze, he must pop into a shop, or jump upon the other side of the street, as soon as he sees or hears one of these establishments near him; for a vehicle of the kind occupies just half of the street, one side rolling in the central gutter, and the other nearly rubbing the sides of the houses.

Across the middle of the Rua do Ouvidor runs a street, parallel with the Rua do Reté, called the Rua du Ourives, or the jeweller's street, which is also an attraction. It is more than half a mile

long, and almost entirely occupied throughout by jewellers and silver-smiths, who display a rich variety of gold and silver work — with the gems and brilliants of different countries, and the many dazzling stars of nobility. A few print shops, and fancy stores here and there interrupt the glare of jewelry, and not infrequent:

> "The Jewish pedlar of perfumes is there,
> With all th' obsequious manners of his tribe."

The American reader, however, must not imagine that this display of jewelry is arranged as in the mirror-glazed windows of Broadway, New-York; for the shops of the Rua do Ourives are little better than alcoves or stalls, that might almost be filled from the boudoir of a Brazilian Marchioness: nor is there any other trading street so good as those named. If one wanders out a little from the bustle of business, to the rear of the city, he may there meet with many quiet open squares, about which the low tenements of the humble, and the almost castellated mansions of the great stand in juxta-position — the former are seldom more than one story high, and each one has a single front window, screened by a lattice blind, swung at the top. These blinds open slightly from the bottom, and afford an excellent covert, and the only one among the Portuguese, for bashful lovers to meet by the star-light, and exchange their soft endearments, *tète a tète:* and such is the general custom brought from the old country, for all their courtships. The mansion of a great man has a high wall on either side, enclosing a court yard and garden. The barricadoed basement, occupied as a stable, and for the carriage or palkee rooms, has an arched

entrance in the centre, secured by massive double doors, opening into an ample stair-way, or a still ampler court yard. But, almost without exception, it is remarked, that a Portuguese in Brazil, or elsewhere, is much more ambitious about the richness of his equipage, and the grandeur of his castle gate, than he is about the castle itself—its interior convenience, or its furniture. But there is every exterior appurtenance to the in-walled mansion, in the shape of close blinds and iron bars for the windows, to indicate that the proverbial Portuguese jealousy, both of neighbours without and of the family within, still exists among the many in Brazil, to mar, if not to deaden, their social pleasures. It is said, that among the old Portuguese and Brazilian residents, the female portion seldom visit singly, or even as friends without much parade. It is expected that the house of one visiting a friend will be closed, and her whole family and retinue of negroes in attendance upon her. This train, often quite long, if the person be of high rank, follows my lady, as she is borne in a rich palanquin, through the streets, moving rapidly, to the African quick step, as it is sung or mumbled by the bearers. In this manner, entering the house of a friend, they certainly must exclude all other visiters for the day, and most assuredly secure the undivided attentions of their hostess.

In the evening, we took horses to accompany Mr. Hunter, our Chargé d'Affairs, and his son, to their chacra, situated a little out from the city, at Eugenho Velho. The ride is about three miles over a delightful road, constructed by imperial means, mostly over a marsh, and extending from the city to the county palace of San Christovâo,

where the emperor generally resides. The village of Eugenho Velho, or the "old mill," as the name signifies, is near the palace of San Christovâo, upon an extensive, level valley, which appears to have been once the bed of a lake or bay, but now plotted off into pleasant gardens with neat hedges, and country seats, called *chacras*, which are now mostly occupied by a few American merchants. One of these, near to the palace, was the residence of Mr. Hunter, where we were freely welcomed by the family, and assured in the most cordial manner, that the hospitalities of the house should at all times be open to our officers. Indeed we were highly gratified there with all that we met or saw or heard, for it was a delightful relief to meet with a family so urbane and intelligent — to sit and converse with the accomplished Mrs. Hunter, and with her beautiful and interesting daughter, after so long an absence from similar society at home. Mrs. Hunter's entire family had been invited that evening to a dance at Mr. Wright's chacra, one of the American houses, near by, and they insisted that all their guests were also included. So, according to our invariable custom in such cases, we consented and went to the soireé. Good cheer and vivacity gave wings to the fleeting hours, and the night passed rapidly away before the agreeable assembly dispersed, and our little party of officers commenced their return to the ship. But one thing in particular during the evening, had surprised me. I had selected for a Spanish quadrille, a young fair senorita from beside another person, whom I supposed to be her mother; and afterward, when speaking of her as such to my fair partner, she told me, smilingly, that the lady was

her sister, who was just married, and still quite young. She appeared to my eyes, notwithstanding, full thirty-five or forty years of age—wrinkled, fat, with moles on the face, and lazy. But it is said by common observers that among the women of Portuguese origin, when once married, or past twenty years of age, they fade rapidly into the appearance and habits of advanced age.

Returning into the city we were several times met by horse-guards, patroling the roads, and loudly hailed by sentries stationed on the way: but we were assured, that in case of an attack, if either one of us were alone, he would have little aid from those gentlemen in arms, who so vociferously hailed us; and if robbed or murdered, it would cost our friends full fifteen hundred dollars to execute the perpetrator even after detection and trial: so lax and inefficient are the means of justice in Brazil. Yet, comparatively, but few robberies occur, and not many assassinations—probably not two in a year, excepting for revenge, or to prevent the success of an opponent at court. It is said that formerly human life was taken, both in the passage-boats and on the roads, by night and by day: no person's purse or watch was safe without the defence of side-arms, and fell malignity could always secure its victim's death, by placing a few dollars in any reckless negro's hand.

To prevent the frequency of such crimes, a law was enacted a few years ago, to punish severely any negro who could be detected with armour of any kind about him; this, with other influences at work, have nearly dissipated these dangerous evils; but the law is sometimes evaded even now,

and if it be important to any one, he can easily engage a bloody hand to assassinate the person whom he will point out in the walks of Rio de Janeiro. The negroes now carry each a sharp wire, effectually concealed about the person, which causes death to the one stabbed by an extravasation of blood within, and is almost unfelt at the time, by the doomed and dying man.

There was once in Rio, a formidable band of theives and murderers, who sustained a dreaded power for a long time under the appellation of the "Fish Market Gang," as the fish market was their daily rendezvous for picking pockets, and concerting measures by signs for the evening. It is thought by a few, though without much foundation, that this gang is still in existence unsuppressed; but we could hear of no depredations excepting upon the poor drunken sailors, who were there, as elsewhere, constantly exposed to the filchings and abuse of low vagabonds that lie in wait for them. But such is the ignorance and debasement of the common people, and the corruption and inefficiency of the government, that we may justly wonder why crime and immorality wear not a bolder countenance.

CHAPTER XII.

"Chief Justice Popham, when he was Speaker, and the house of Commons had sat long and done in effect, nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him 'now Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Commons House?" He answered "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."

APOTHEGMS.

"God made the country, and man the town."

COWPER.

UPON another excursion about the city, we made an early visit to the Camera dos Deputados, or Chamber of Assembly, in the palace square. It was then in session, and by yielding our side-arms to the door-keeper, we were allowed free entrance. It was a semi-circular apartment, in which the commons were assembled, and in nothing attractive, or peculiar, excepting a large platform behind the speaker's chair, upon which was a throne for the emperor, handsomely screened off by a drapery of green silk suspended from the lofty ceiling. Senor Aranjo Viana was presiding, and appeared very much like the distinguished American senator, Calhoun. Senor Andrada Machado, was addressing the chair, when we entered, upon the subject of introducing foreign troops; but as in a similar bear-garden of America, there was more noise than sense; each one was looking out for himself, and very little attention paid to the speech, though it must be confessed, it appeared to be a very tame one.

We thence proceeded to visit the Camara dos Senados, or Senate Chamber, situated far out on one side of an extensive parade ground, called Praça du St. Anna. On our way thither we had an opportunity of noticing the National Library, once a valuable collection of thirty thousand volumes established by the liberal and tasteful, though absolute and irresolute Don Pedro 1st; but now dwindled to about ten thousand neglected, dust-covered books, which are soon to be taken from a careless illiterate community, and deposited in the palace. The English and Americans have a respectable library of their own; though at present it is of little interest. As we passed on beyond the shops of the Rua do Ouvidor, into a square at the head of that street, our attention was called to the mouldering walls of an extensive building, designed and commenced seven years previous, for a University; but not yet, and probably never to be finished, for that purpose; and in *good sooth*, why should such pearls be thrust before a race that cannot value them?

It was Don Pedro the first, who projected this Institution, which to his credit, should in part counterbalance his inefficiency and imprudence as a statesman and ruler. He also liberally patronised the fine arts; and there is now standing complete a retired and neat structure, extending the full length of a short street, about one hundred and fifty feet, which has a classical portal and dome in the centre, with many fair specimens of painting and statuary within. It was erected under Don Pedro's patronage, and exclusively dedicated to the improvement of the fine arts.

But Don Pedro's patronage of this, and other places, only increased the cry against him, for an

extravagant use of revenue extorted from an impoverished people. The Academy of Arts is at any rate, worthy the stranger's attention, and he should not omit to visit it. M. Grandjean de Montigny the principal architect and artist, superintends the affairs of the Academy, and on Saturday, the apartments are open, and the accomplished Montigny himself, is ready to receive visiters; he is universally polite to them. Historic and panoramic paintings are generally to be seen there, and a very accurate full length portrait of the sedate young emperor, Don Pedro II. belongs to the Academy and is an excellent likeness. Having visited this building, we passed on toward a neat and large edifice built by Don Pedro 1st, for the encouragement of the opera, where, it is said, the best European singers, and a grand orchestra were employed, and mostly supported by the emperor, to gratify his luxurious taste, and to foster a fondness for the same among his people. But the opera arrangements have now given place to the buffooneries of mere mountebanks, and, although the front boxes are always reserved for the royal family, yet even the present youth upon the throne seldom attends the theatre; and the reserved part is kept screened by a rich green velvet curtain.

At length we arrived at the Senate House, in good time, for the finale of that day's session. The building was a small, and very ordinary structure, stuccoed in imitation of marble, with painted Corinthian pillars, and the chamber had gilded capitals supporting its simi-spheric arch; wherein were barons and marquises, who had risen more by loans to government than by any noble blood, or personal merit; but they wore no insignia of nobility, and appeared in the simple garb

and manners of true republicans. It fortunately happened for us, that two of the best orators were in argument, when we entered; the Marquis de Paranagua, a dignified old gentleman, the Cato of the assembly, was opposing with a mild and winning eloquence, the declamatory vehemence of Senor A. Alberquerque, upon the question of increasing the navy.

We stopt but a short time, for the debate was in a foreign tongue; being more attracted to a museum on the opposite side of the square, which we were informed, was open to the public only on that day, Thursday of each week. We found quite a crowd of fashionables there, belles and beaux, young and old, promenading as if it were an established social exchange. The several apartments, six in number on one floor, were well supplied with specimens of Natural History and the Fine Arts. The birds and minerals of Brazil were represented in detail; and in one apartment were two upright cases, having small alcoves, in which were exhibited the process of working the gold mines, and the gathering, grinding, and polishing of diamonds, and in fact, all the useful arts known in the country. In another room, were the dresses and implements of the Brazilian aboriginals; which, in most particulars, were like those of North America, though more abounding in the rich plumage which nature has always lavished in rich profusion there as the most common of ornaments. There was also, a wooden cannon, bound with iron hoops, very ancient; and an elastic mass of sandstone; and among other objects, I was gratified to notice a neat portrait of Washington, hung conspicuously among five or six of the most distinguished generals in history,

showing the high esteem in which his noble character is publicly regarded in Brazil.

On our return into the city, we strolled aside from our course to notice the meat and fruit shops that, in one street more than elsewhere, form a market. Very few meats, however, and those butchered by the government, were exposed; but all the tropical fruits of the season, were in the greatest profusion. The venders of the latter, were mostly slaves, with slashed, or tatooed faces, which, with a stern countenance, distinguished a peculiar class, or tribe of slaves, called Minas. Of this class of slaves, both the men and women, are remarkably stubborn, impatient and proud, but industrious and very aspiring. So proud they are, that it is said, they will rather suffer death than endure any undue castigation. Many of them have been known to kill themselves when imprisoned, and deprived of other means, by turning inward the end of the tongue in such a manner, as to choke themselves to death. One instance occurred not long before our arrival. A stern Mina slave had been threatened with a severe punishment, and managed to attempt his escape into the water. He had proceeded far out toward a resting place, before he was discovered and nearly overtaken by the boat of his pursuers. He then immediately plunged beneath the waves and endeavoured to hold himself beneath by a rock, till death might release him; two or three times his hold was disengaged by the prying oars of those above him, and as often he regained it; but when nearly drowned, his strength relaxed, and he was taken to the shore to suffer his tortures in aggravated degrees. It is from this class of slaves, that many rise to freedom and prosperity, and their

young successors are the principal guards of the empire. But the Ashantee, and other tribes of negroes, retain all the idle, bestial habits of their nature, only relieved by their proverbial fondness and taste for music and dancing, in which they indulge even in the midst of the rarest privileges, and inducements to improvement. I saw in a public street, as the idle hours of evening brought them out, parties of such negro women, old and young performing the most obscene dances that could be conceived, or were ever practised at the Spartan Feast of Virgins. Yet were any negro to be industrious like the Minas, he could easily gain from a half to a whole dollar a day. The manioc flour, or farinha of the jatropha plant, mixed with black beans, which is a favourite Brazilian dish, or made into a mush, or into bread called "*pan de tierra caliente*," is the common food of the slaves, and is sold in great quantities about the markets; the manioca is from the same plant that yields the tapioca, which is now in high repute every where as a mild and nourishing diet. I noticed another article in the markets which is much used by the negroes for butter. It is an oil pressed from the fruit of the Cocas Buteraca, and resembles a mixture of stewed pumpkins, honey and oil, which certainly might rather sicken than tempt a stranger, who had ever taken rhubarb. But it is much relished by the slaves, and is said to be not unpleasant as a succedaneum for oil with fish. From such cheap and wholesome provisions, with a plentiful supply of fish, fruits and vegetables, the frugal labourer may rapidly gather the goods and means of comfort about him, to rival those of his more indolent lord.

As we once more passed into the Rua Direita, that

peculiar Rio halloo, sounding like the call, "*scist, scist!*" greeted our ears, as if intended for us. We turned around and found sure enough, our friend Mr. Wright was hurrying to overtake us, at whose chacra we attended the pleasant soireé. We were to dine with him on that day at his bachelor rendezvous of the large commercial house of Maxwell & Co. of which he was a partner. It is a common custom for the Rio merchants who have families in the country, to have a domestic hall established over their store for the accommodation of friends and customers. And such were the ample apartments to which Mr. Wright escorted us. There was a large party of gentlemen there, but, when ushered into the spacious dining hall, and the covers were removed, there was ample provision for every taste and appetite, and beside all, for our sakes, dishes of Brazilian beans and farinha, with which we were much more pleased than we anticipated. A jovial spirit circulated with the generous wine, and we were quite convinced, before we adjourned, that the Rio merchants are not exclusively absorbed with the maddening chime of dollars and cents.

We were all to attend a ball that night to be given by a club of gentlemen at the Bota Fogo settlement, mostly in honour of the American officers. It was a pleasing compliment, and of course, every officer would be there in full uniform, if he could be spared from his ship. We therefore left our friend's table at an early hour. When our naval party arrived at the dancing hall, the guests had generally assembled. There were the dignitaries of different diplomatic corps, and the Brazilian nobility whom we had seen that morning in the halls of legislation, now decked for the

evening in their gems and brilliant stars of office; and among these were the emperor's chamberlains with the golden key suspended at the hip. There the older portion of the party, were mostly engaged in the ante-room at *ecarté*. But our stately and affable commodore, quite as attractive as any, and more dignified, set the better example of mingling with those who could see and half enjoy the pleasing graces of the younger persons engaged in the twirling waltz, and the gay quadrille; the ball passed off, as all such must, with the gay and dancing youth most happily, with the old winners delightfully, with the losers feverishly, and with the lookers-on and gourmands tolerably.

The following morning, though quite fatigued, and reluctant to leave the fellowship of a good pillow, Mr. T. and myself were early on the alert to meet an appointment with our good friend Lt. G. We were to visit the botanic garden, situated about seven miles to the southward of the city. A barouche was quickly in readiness for us, and our Jehu, with four greys in hand, and a postillion, drove us rapidly out under the arches of the Grand Acqueduct that supplies the city founts, and along the crescent beach of the beautiful Bota Fogo bay. There was the attractive mansion of Baron Fereno, one of the richest nobles in Brazil, and the more splendid chacra, in the luxuriant garden of M. Bretz, the Danish minister, and other dwelling grounds of nearly equal beauty.

It was a sunny morning, and the undulating, smooth road, now tracing the water side, and thence winding around the base of the Corcovado range, was hemmed in on either side by the hedges of gardens, or lofty walls of masonry, above which

hung the rich fruits of palmate and other tropic fruits with flowers of the jessamine and honeysuckle, scenting the air. We arrived before the sun was far up, at the only shelter, a miserable shantee, that is open to visiters at the garden, and the only one seen near its precincts. We immediately alighted and proceeded within a very common enclosure, including a plain of about sixty acres, in which the botanist has tastefully arranged the places for the rare plants indigenous to the country, of which they have a few specemins, and a few more exotics, which seem to thrive with native vigour in the open air. A large part of the ground is occupied by a plantation of tea. The emperor Don Pedro the first, introduced this plant into Brazil in 1816, and with sanguine hopes of its success. He had near his palace at Santa Cruz over three thousand tea trees in flourishing condition, and with imported Chinese to tend them. But the experiment failed, although it is believed if they had been properly managed after the departure of their enthusiastic protector, the plants would have soon become acclimated, and probably have been extended to supply at least the city with tea. The other parts of the botanic garden, are plotted off into groves and flower beds, artificial mounds, and broad gravelled avenues, meeting like radii at a central jet-'deau, that plays into a circular pool formed of granite.

In the groves were the dark olive, and the crotons, that adorn every coppice in the vicinity of Rio, and the crescentia, which grows quickly, and bears a great calabash, which probably entitled it to claim descent from Jonah's great gourd tree, that grew in one night; then there is the caram-

bola, an eastern tree, bearing an excellent sub-acid green fruit, as large as a duck's egg, and full of juice, and the cinnamon and red pepper and clove trees of the east all in fruit. The avenues are shaded by the dense rich foliage of the mango tree; and the coffee, orange, and jaca trees; and the bamboo and plantain; the marmosa or papaw, and custard-apple, and the crimson flowered coral plant, are interspersed. But in the variety of flowers, this garden does not surpass those visited in Madeira, nor is it to be compared in beauty or rarity, with the private garden of Mr. Thomas Russell, who expends a large amount annually, and with great taste, in the cultivation and improvement of his rich estate upon the beautiful Gloria-Hill, situated about a mile out of Rio.

In our rambles about the groves of the botanic garden, we chanced to meet our commodore with captains Wyman and Mayo; and after the compliments of the day, it was condescendingly arranged that we should dine with them at the little shantee near by. Notwithstanding the meanness of the exterior shelter, the provision of the host within was ample, and much more agreeable than we had expected; but whether it was really so, or that the good spirits of the company, or the wine made it so appear, I cannot say; for jests and anecdotes forbade disgust, and Capt. Mayo, with much humor entertained us with incidents of his late cruise at Bahia, from which he had just returned. The reckless denizens and soldiers of Bahia had revolted under the insidious instigations of an ambitious doctor. At the interesting period when Capt. Mayo was there, with the Fairfield, the port was closed by a Brazilian blockade, and though the rebels were nearly star-

ved and subdued, there were frequent skirmishes, and many a shower of balls scattered about the anchorage, when Capt. Mayo gallantly sported his nation's flag, and in more than one instance rendered essential service to American ships, which had been sent there before the blockade. He convoyed the brig Roscius through the informal but opposing blockade, and brought her cargo of flour to an eager market that yielded a high per centage; and at another time, cut out an American schooner from the side of a Brazilian frigate; thus did our Capt. Mayo sustain the valour of his nation, protecting his countrymen from being injured by either party, while strictly maintaining the neutrality of his government throughout the affair.

We arrived within the city, in time to visit the queen's garden, which, though small, is a pleasing and fashionable retreat from the dust and bustle of busier scenes. The whole ground does not occupy more than three or four acres; but it is neatly enclosed by an iron paling, has a variety of trees, and, being open to the sea on one side, it admits at all times, the pure air freely. The magnolia grandiflora, is there, and the Brazilian cassia, the capsicum frutescens, and the peculiar silver-leaved myrtle of Brazil; then, there is the imperial laurel, adopted, like the Irish shamrock, as a national plant. It grows in the garden only as a low shrub, but it is very pretty, having its beautiful green leaves marked with yellow stripes. Twigs of this plant and single leaves are universally worn by loyal subjects, on every 7th of April, in celebration of the Brazilian political reformation, when a single leaf is sold for a shilling. In the midst of the plants stand two pyramidal mon-

uments, rising from elliptic pools, upon which is inscribed, I know not by whom, but certainly with good intent, and fitness: —

A	A
Amor	Saudade
do	do
Publico.	Rio.

Next the water is a raised terrace, upon which idlers may lounge, or lovers prómenade in cool comfort. The ascent to it is quite tasteful. A double flight of granite steps embrace and wind around an artificial rock, at the base of which in front are couched two bronzed aligators — from whose mouths jets of water constantly play into a large granite basin.

Not far south of the garden, if one will submit to traverse the dusty way, may be seen the Lapa monastery of Carmelites, where the lazy priests, in white flannel wrappers, and broad slouched hats, are often sauntering about: and, near by, stands another large monastery, wherein once lived many, and still are a few of those old bearded rascals — the Franciscan friars — who used to go about preying upon the substance of the poor, far more and oftener than they prayed for their spiritual sins. But the Sant Ajuda convent, in the same vicinity, is more conspicuous than either. It is a very extensive pile of bricks, and has a large garden attached. The chapel, is said to contain the embalmed corpse of the first Brazilian empress, which, on a certain day of the year, is visited by the people with devotional reverence. Although this building is called a convent, and really has about twenty-five old nuns in it, yet,

it is confessedly sustained almost entirely, as a matrimonial prison, in which jealous husbands may confine their wives, when about to go abroad for any number of days.

CHAPTER XIII.

"To climb the trackless mountain, all unseen,
With the wild flock that seldom sees a fold;
Alone o'er steeps, and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude: 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms and view her stores unroll'd."

BYRON.

IT is certainly a lonely and fatiguing pleasure to thread the defiles, and clamber over the rough crags to the top of a high mountain; and, notwithstanding the musings of the noble poet, the pleasure of the ascent is certainly very much enhanced by the presence of a friend, with whom to express the emotions excited by varying scenes. Under this social prompting, I had endeavoured to induce a companion to try with me a pedestrian excursion to the summit of Corcovado; but when the appointed morning dawned, I was left to attempt it alone, or relinqush my object. On I went. It was not yet sunrise; and, as I hurried through the streets of Rio, I noted the signs of evil that man may do under the curtain of night. At the door of the foundling hospital, cradled in the cold hollow of a piece of granite, lay two little responsibilities, just thrust into a world of trouble; while beyond, my eyes fell upon the disgusting corpse of a negro, that had been thrown out into the gutter, like a dog for the scavenger; and this is said to be a common occurrence in certain parts of Rio.

My course lay along the city aqueduct, that takes its supply from the heart of the mountain, about three miles distant. The noble "Acqueducto da Carioca," enters the city over a deep valley, upon a double tier of granite arches, about eighty feet above the streets that pass beneath them. There are about thirty-eight arches in each tier, which present at a little distance a grand appearance. It was constructed by order of Vasconcellas, in 1744, and is said to be in imitation of the celebrated aqueduct of Lisbon, which was destroyed in 1755, by the great earthquake.

After a good view of the aqueduct arches, I surmounted the first ascent, a hundred feet high, or more, to where the gloomy convent of Sánta Theresa stands like a grated prison.

As I stood gazing at the old sepulchral pile, there were several veiled women from the city passing into the outer chapel, and shortly after the matin bells were sounded:—

"The convent bells were ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the gray square turret swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing.—"

I approached the chapel to hear the chanting more distinctly, and was beckoned in to take a seat. It was like any other catholic chapel, excepting that one end was nearly divided into two immense windows, bristling with close double gratings of iron bars, with long sharp pikes projecting in front from each intersection. Within the lower one of these gratings I could just see the forms of a few nuns joining in the morning service. But a day

or two before, at another church, I had observed the ceremony of initiating a nun to her final seclusion. The devoted one, after the usual church mass, during which she knelt with a long taper burning in her hand, and, after her vows, laid down in a coffin, where, with her gayest trappings upon her person, she was laid out in the fashion of one dead, as if about to be buried with all the pomps and vanities of the world. Prayers were pronounced over her — a kind of funeral service was performed — and she was borne within the living charnel-house. When within the grating, she was seen to awake, and then, being disrobed of all her gayeties, and clad in the sanctified habiliments of a nun, she sang loud praises to complete her typical resurrection to a new life. But this scene was not so gloomy to my feelings, as the quiet matins, when few were present, and I could see the dull prison itself to which such enthusiasts or misanthropes consign themselves.

Leaving the convent, I traced my way along by the aqueduct till I came to a narrow pass upon the acclivity, guarded by a few soldiers, who boldly presented at me the not very offensive arms of welcome and refreshment, a cup of good coffee, with fruits, of which they were partaking, and which most effectually stopped my progress for awhile. There were other guard-houses beyond, and a few dwellings; but nothing intervened to interest me within two miles of the city. Thence, at a turn of the path, I had one of the grandest views in the vicinity of the extended plain beneath, including the Engenho Velho, and an isolated, singular hill, rising like a pyramid from the centre of that plain, as if a work of art; and, in the distance beyond, against the mountains, the

palace of San Christovao, appeared like a picture. Still pushing on, a deep, dark valley opened among the mountains on the opposite side of my path. A few white cots stood clustered together in the hollow below like squares on a chess-board, among which the sparkling rivulet danced along; and amidst the dense foliage of the opposite mountain, were copses of trees (Cecropias) with subpellicles, so white that as the breeze stirred the leaves, they appeared like sheets of fretted silver. Just beyond I came to the entablature, which intimates the Madre d'Aguas, or mother of the waters, a place where a little cascade has been arrested in its course down the mountain, and quite near to its source diverted into the reservoir that supplies the aqueduct.

The last mile to the summit of the Corcovada was steep and difficult, and long before I reached it, I wearily gazed upon a topmost rock that promised rest. There are two small table peaks at the summit, which were formerly connected by a frail bridge, but this has been broken down long ago; and I was content to sit upon a single peak, without clambering through the deep defile to reach the other. As it was, I was amply repaid for my fatigue. Like all mountain views, it presented the whole country, round about, as in a miniature or model: the city — the far-extended wide-spreading bay, dotted with islets, and indented with points; the pretty undulations of hill and dale, the peaks of the Organ mountains, and more distant ranges, and even a portion of the sea on one side. But the pleasure of such scenes cannot be described nor even sketched. I stopped but a short time in the cool bracing air, and descending to the bridle

path, sought a new direction to the city. My way led me, not along the ridge, as before, but through a valley which I had only looked into, as an eagle from a perch. There was a greater variety in this path; and it soon widened into a road, winding around the ridge of hills which I had first crossed. Gardens and rich mansions with lofty enclosures, adorned the sides, and an old college nearly deserted was standing afar, elevated and alone, as the last mark of the mountain road. It was not late when I reached the hotel; but I had rambled far enough for one day, and towards the evening, quite indifferently, strolled out to witness the Grand Finale of the nine days festival at the cathedral. It was ushered in by fire-works in profusion, and the ringing of bells. The cathedral is a quadrangular building, and in general arranged like an opera-house, though without regard to any special order of architecture. A lofty arch compasses the nave, upon the entablature of which is represented, in bas-relief, the worship of the Magi at the manger of the infant Saviour. On either side of the auditory were two ranges of richly drapered boxes, inserted all along between niches that enshrined as many saints: and these good saints, of other lands I presume, were strangely Spanish in their contour and fashion; each one wearing the Imperial mustache and whiskers, upon a thin sallow visage, with black, languid eyes, and long, black locks. I know not the authority for fashioning all saints alike in this Spanish mould, and modern fashion; but it matters little, perhaps, in what body they may come, and they may as well be left to the fancy of the artist. Within the chancel, or inner portion of the church, were assembled numerous sacerdotal corps, in rich of-

ficial robes, chanting their "Ave Maria! ora pro nobis!" in a blaze of at least two thousand lights, a thousand times reflected, besides that of the massive silver lamps that were suspended over them. As I listened to the chaunt, and the responding choir in the orchestra, the chorus of the latter had died away to the noble barytones of a leading voice, when a soft treble voice poured upon the ear, a sweet harmony, as feminine and variable as it was *unique*. I turned to see the fair creature who could warble so delightfully, and, lo! it was a great monster, in the shape of a bass-viol-like eunuch. I could scarcely believe my senses — the one belying the other; but I remembered that the church does not allow females in the choir, and therefore rears these gross, beardless monsters for the sake of their truly soft and sweet voices.

In a little time a rich curtain was withdrawn, in graceful festoons, from before the altar, and a still greater glare of lights shone thickly from the successive steps to the altar, that rose far back, nearly half way to the ceiling. Then, amid a flourish of music, a higher, and richer curtain, of crimson velvet, was lifted from the holy image of the blessed Virgin; and, about that most central object, a halo of intense light appeared almost too dazzling to look at. The wandering Jew, or rather one of the olden Egyptian time — might have fancied himself at the Feast of Lamps, and worshiping Isis, in his own city of Sais. The Virgin image being unveiled, the whole mass of worshippers — the priest-ridden, and the priests, fell down together to praise and adore; and I hastened out for more air and less light — and then, finding my ears assailed, even in the streets, by constant

volleys of squibs and fire-works, I escaped as rapidly as I could to the retreat of a hotel.

My next day's cruising commenced with a visit to the "Misericordia." This institution is the noblest monument of Brazilian munificence. It was established by the liberality of the Government as a general hospital for the sick of any nation that might apply for its benefits, so that foreign sailors as well as native invalids might find an asylum there, in any time of sickness, free of all expense. The building is a neat and extensive structure, commodiously arranged, and standing upon a little point that is partly open to the sea breeze. The institution is most amply endowed, and the medical and other attendance, and the provisions, are the best which the country affords.

The morning that I visited this place, I met with an officer of his Britannic Majesty's brig Rapid. The Rapid had taken a slaver, having on board, when it left the shores of Africa, four hundred and eighty-nine slaves, of which, the number was reduced by smallpox and other evils, in the voyage of three weeks, to two hundred and sixty. The English officer whom I met was master of the prize, and had then in charge five or six of the cramped, emaciated victims which he had conducted to the hospital for relief. They bore evident symptoms of the smallpox upon them; yet they were readily received — clean clothes were put upon them, and very comfortable beds and kind nurses were assigned to each of them. Two or three of the younger ones — who had been almost immovably jammed upon their haunches in the ship's crowd of their fellows, in what is called spoon-fashion, and been nearly suffocated for weeks together — when they saw

the kindness of their new master, threw their arms about his person, and wept tears of gratitude. He told me that he had lodged in that hospital fifty other blacks from the same slaver, all then doing well in different stages of that most loathsome of all diseases; and yet, in his English spirit of monopoly, he complained in most ungenerous terms, that they would not allow fifty more of his patients to be there, to take the place of other applicants.

The wards of the hospital were all spacious, well ventilated, and generally perfumed with fragrant leaves. We judged there were upwards of three hundred beds in all the wards, and mostly occupied. There is a burial ground in the rear, to which not only the dead from the hospital are taken, but four or five every morning from the streets of Rio.

The mode of burial appeared to us as revolting as that of the catholics at Madeira, or more so. If no body be required for dissection, for which there is a close room built upon the ground, they are all thrown together with a quantity of lime, into a pit about six cubic feet in dimensions; and, when the pit is full, a little earth is thrown over, and pounded in with the mass: another pit is then dug, for the next day, through a fathom or so of skulls and dust; and, in the course of six months they are all re-opened, filled, and closed in like manner. This may be necessary, and all proper for the place, but it is exceedingly unpleasant to witness.

From the hospital I sought a little fresh air, and strolled away to an opposite part of the city, toward Conceiçao hill, whereon a fort and the bishop's palace stand. It is a conspicuous eleva-

tion, and commands an excellent view of the city. Here, more than elsewhere, we could notice and realize the presence of a dense population. It has been estimated, that the population of Rio, including probably 180,000 blacks, amounts to 220,000; and from this hill I could begin to understand where they were crowded together: along the steep sides and in a part of the city beyond the hill which I had not before seen, the little cabins were densely huddled, and swarming with poor wretches mostly black.

It was now near my appointed time for another visit to Engenho Velho, a frequent and favourite resort, for the social attractions there, rarely enjoyed by seamen, were too tempting to be resisted. The younger Hunter and myself were soon upon the road, and with our sprightly nags passing the dust of the omnibus, (which, by the bye, had just been established, and was the first of the kind in Brazil,) we were soon breathing the fragrance of the verdant and flowery plain. My object in riding to the village this evening, was partly to see the palace grounds, which open quite near to the consul's chacra, and then to visit the Falls of Tejuca, about eight miles further out. There are two entrances to the palace, one in front, and the other opening upon rear grounds of about two hundred acres, the latter of which is considered private, and generally guarded, but, with my friend, we had free ingress. Near the gate stood the dwelling of the imperial Major Domo, or chief chamberlain, and four other chamberlains likewise, thus honourably housed within the royal enclosure. Various avenues traversed the extended area in different directions, all over-arched, umbrageously, by the luxuriant

mango trees. Patches of the long capin grass were here and there waving in the breeze; and interspersed were groves of pepper, cloves, orange, and guava trees, with many other exotic and native plants. The surface of the ground is generally level quite to the base of the Tejuca mountains that bound it; but although three hundred negroes are employed to keep it in order, it appears to be much neglected, excepting about the groves where the young emperor resorts for his evening exercise. There are two or three favourite spots where his little highness sits after dinner, and he may be often seen about them towards sunset dallying with, or playing tricks upon, an old sycophant padre that hangs about him as his chaplain. Sometimes, it is said, he will make the gouty old man run a race for his amusement, and when he gets out of breath, and is holding his sides, nearly exhausted, the royal boy will knock the wig from his bald head, and jeer him for not running faster. The palace itself of San Christovao stands upon an eminence eighty or ninety feet high, and is far retired, but it is a patched-up private mansion, without order or comeliness: the rear, however, appears somewhat imposing, on account of standing just on the brow of the hill, which descends precipitously to a large artificial pool beneath.

On the border of this pool, we noticed two little forts, which the young Pedro caused to be made that he might enjoy the expensive, though certainly, royal and splendid amusement of witnessing by night a mimic fight with fire works: he had even taken an active part in these fights.

In the front of the palace there are spacious grounds, but not in comparison to those already

mentioned. The public portal is of course the more highly adorned, and comparatively grand. Two paved avenues curve from it around an elliptic area of considerable extent, and meet within an ample square, beneath three triumphal arches. There is a fountain in the centre of the upper square, having a *jet d' eau* that springs six feet from the top of a marble pillar. The pillar rests upon a marble tablet or base, which is supported in an upper basin by six more pillars. The divergent jet spatters and sparkles upon the tablet before it reaches the first basin, and from the sculptured sides of this tumbles into a wider basin of marble a few feet below.

We had still one more place to visit before the night, or rather I had so determined it for myself, although from the fatigue of my companion, I had to accept quite a junior in his place. We had quickly passed the enclosing hedges, and the few lordly gates of the valley chacras, and commenced the first ascent of the Tejuca hills. Here and there were extensive coffee plantations. Indeed coffee is the principal article of importance that is cultivated in Brazil, being both profitable, and more easily cultivated than sugar, or any other article. Its quality is esteemed third rate in the United States, and Rio exports annually about fifty millions pounds of it to the United States alone. The road toward our object became more and more steep, as we advanced, and for a long distance shelved around the face of a mountain that rose abrubtly and high above it on one side, and fell as rapidly on the other. As we were turning a sharp angle in this path, my companion, whom by this time I found to be a very intelligent and agreeable youth, advised me to look

back upon the valley which we had left. I turned myself in the saddle, and to my surprise beheld a most beautiful prospect. The whole valley lay before us, and an inlet of the bay with sails upon it; while the palace and the city — with the softened light of the declining sun, multiplying the objects and beauties of the picture by lights and shades strongly contrasted—formed a picture that I could long have gazed upon with delight. Not far from this prospect point, as it is sometimes called, we stopt at the Chalybeate spring, which Don Pedro the first discovered himself, and caused to be supplied with marble founts for the public good. There it stood by the open road-side free to all, and we alighted to taste it. It was not very strongly impregnated, but much like the Chalybeate waters near the sweet springs of Virginia.

Again on our way, we soon arrived at a bye-way to the falls, upon entering which, and passing over the ups and downs of the bridle path, we found the object of our ride about a quarter of a mile from the main road. One rides suddenly upon the view as the forest opens, amid a deep glen on the right, and reveals the little torrent of Tejuca. It is scarcely ten feet wide, dashing irregularly through trees and rocks down a granite precipice of two hundred feet. When standing at the foot of this cascade, near the dash of its foaming waters, and looking along up its perpendicular flood, it has a shuddering, but grand effect. It appears as if it were about to pour upon you its lofty column, like an immense shower bath.

But there is another fall about four miles beyond the one I visited, which is said to have a larger volume of water. It is wider and deeper, and breaks over two terraces instead of one,

though it is not in all above one hundred feet high. One may spend a day or two very pleasantly, by visiting these two falls in the morning early, of course with a party of agreeable companions; first, to take a sight of Penhà Church which is not far from the falls, and curious on account of being elevated upon a granite rock, ascended by two hundred long steps cut out of the solid mass; thence to continue by the pretty Tejuca lake, which is not more than four miles distant, and so on around to the Corcovada peak, or the botanic garden, by a good road, and pleasant scenes, will amply compensate the rover for the little fatigue he may experience.

CHAPTER XIV.

"All hands unmoor! unmoor!
Hark to the hoarse, but welcome sound,
Startling the seaman's sweetest slumbers,
The groaning capstan's turning round,
The cheerful fife's enliv'ning numbers;
And ling'ring idlers join the brawl,
And merry ship-boys swell the call,
All hands unmoor! unmoor!"

During the time we had been at anchor in Rio bay, beautiful as our ships were acknowledged to be, they had attracted very few visiters excepting the public functionaries, and ministers, who were by official courtesy expected to honour us; and it was thus accounted for. The Independence then on this station, had been several months at, and about Rio, delighting the inhabitants with the unrivalled music of a grand Copenhagen band, while we, very unfortunately for our popularity and pleasure, had nothing of the kind; and with ample funds had in vain tried to procure one.

I would not say that we had no music; but of this, another time. We were now ready to start once more upon our cruise; but not with the same companions with whom we entered the harbour. One of the best, the most efficient and intelligent of the lieutenants in the Columbia, and a universally beloved lieutenant — the noble little

S. of the John Adams — had returned sick to the United States, and others had supplied their places from the Brazil squadron. Our young doctor, of the fore-top memory, had also left us, and the place of one reefer in the Columbia had been supplied by two young gentlemen from the Fairfield, who gave promising signs of figuring largely in the sports and honours of the ship.

Thus changed and recruited, our anchor was atrip quite early on Sunday morning of July 31st, and all our canvass spread to a very, very light breeze. I say *our* canvass, but it was only that of the Columbia. The John Adams had been sent ahead several days previous, to touch at the cape if convenient, at Zanzibar at any rate, and to meet us again at Muscat or Bombay.

The breeze was quite too light to waft the Columbia with a perceptible motion, but through the politeness of foreign commanders in the harbour, we were supplied with ten or twelve well manned tow-boats, which led us as gracefully out as ever did the swans attached to Cytherea's car. Just out side, the breeze freshened, and we sailed so rapidly from the verdant shores of Brazil, that in a few hours Cape Frio and the Sugar Loaf could not be distinguished from the clouds, and the outline of the "main-mast table-land," had nearly faded away.

For several days the wind continued strong and favourable, with frequent rains, which with the seas we shipped, or, as more poetically remarked, the frequent "laving of her lips in the briny waves," kept our ship very wet. Nothing however very special occurred, and we will now leave the ship to her course, while we turn our attention to the affairs within.

I propose to introduce the reader to the school-room, which I regard as one of the curiosities of the ship, although it is seldom an interesting attraction on shore. It is past two-bells—that is, nine o'clock A. M. — quarters are over, and the canvass screen hooked up to include the space between two aft guns on the half deck, which is allotted for the school. Within are two schools kept in operation, one for the young gentlemen, and the other for twelve or fourteen rude apprentice boys, placed under the care of Finch, a bookish sailor, who was formerly the ship's lawyer, and prior to that, as the galley story goes, a missionary in the Pacific. The six or eight midshipmen are seated on camp-stools around a crazy table more than half cut up and broken, and shaking to pieces whenever there comes a lurch of the ship or a heavy swell. A part of these young gentlemen had refused to attend school at all where the noisy, indecent apprentices were; but of those present, two or three are writing letters or journals, others reading novels or drawing, while the remainder are restless and impatient, or half dozing over the worn but unstudied pages of Bowditch.

"Is there any need," says one, "of studying all this Geometry in Bowditch?"

"Certainly," says the teacher, "and it were better for you to study a complete course of Geometry."

"But I can't fix my mind to such dry stuff in a wet noisy place like this; besides I've got to muster my division, and fill out my quarter-bill directly, so I must quit now at any rate."

Directly another breaks out in the same strain, "Well its no use, I can't study here; but I know how to keep the dead reckoning, and I can take

the meridian altitude, and work chronometer sights already; and is'nt that all I need to get excepting to work a lunar sir ?"

"Why I presume you know nothing of the principles involved in those problems. Perhaps you cannot even tell me the difference between the azimuth and the amplitude of the sun; nor what is meant by the arithmetic complement of any number ?"

"No sir, I cannot."

"Do you understand the difference between Mercator's, and middle latitude sailing ?"

"I think I understand it, though I can't exactly explain it. But I can learn all those things better on shore at the naval school."

So this student also escapes to seek a seat in pleasanter company. Directly a messenger comes in inquiring for Mr. R.

"What now ?" says Mr. R.

"The officer of the deck wants you, sir," and Mr. R. goes. Thus they successively disperse.

But let us take a look at the apprentices. They are huddled up in one corner, squatting upon the deck in a little circle about Finch. The latter stands erect in the placid dignity of the pedant, deep and dull, grave without thought, overflowing though not full. Boy Berard is standing at his elbow, with his slate thrust nearly against Finch's nose, while he is gravely pronouncing a laughable word for little Jack, who has waggishly spelt it aloud as if ignorant how to put it together. The slate however, against Finch's face, diverts his notice from the laugh occasioned by Jack's joke. "Put that slate down, you dirty puppy, or I'll put *your* head down, and if you stick anything in my face again when I'm talking"—

"Well, may I do it when you a'n't talking, Finch ?"

"Hold your tongue, sir, or I'll report you and make you kiss the gunner's daughter, and marry her too before long."

"Where is the gunner's daughter, Finch ? I'd like to see her now," says Sullivan.

"Come here, Sullivan, and stand up there, alone."

"Well I say Finch, I wish you'd look at this sum."

"What is it about ? it's in fractions, is'nt it ? Now do you know what a fraction is?"

"No, sir."

"Boys ! can't one of ye tell Berard what a fraction is ?"

"No," says one ; — "I can't,"says another ; — "I never hearn o'such a thing," says a third.

"Well keep silence all of ye, and I'll explain it, so that you can answer better next time."

As Finch was thus preluding a short lecture in fractions, a part of the boys were setting their eyes upon Finch with fixed attention, while their hands were busy in pinching their neighbours, or making paper-balls ; and Sullivan, who was ordered before to stand behind the speaker, was playing all kinds of mimicry and grimaces to amuse the company. Finch proceeds in his peculiarly formal and nasal manner : "You know boys that fractions is of two sorts ; there is in the first place, the vulgar fraction, which I may have spoken to some of ye about before. It is so called, you know, because it *is* vulgar ; which means *precisely* the same thing, as the word common ; that is to say, the vulgar fraction is the vulgar or common way of using a fraction with a denominator, written be-

low the line." Small white paper balls were flying about, and one hit Finch on the hand. "You better stop your mischief now, or I'll be into some of you," said Finch, and all became as still as a church again for the remainder of the lecture.

"Now I'll go on," says Finch; "I've told you about the vulgar fraction, then there is the *decimal* fraction, which is by no means vulgar, you know, or in common use — all-though, as the *lit-e-rat-i*, would say, it is a *de-side-ratum*, that the decimal fraction should be the common one."

Here Finch was again interrupted by Berard poking at his elbow with his slate.

"I don't care anything about the plaguy fractions," said Berard. "I want to know how you do this, Finch. If it takes twenty thousand bricks to build a New-York chimney, what will it take to build a whole house? That's what I want to know."

"Go and sit down!" said Finch, "and find it out, you young scavenger. If you dont know any thing about fractions, you know how to be *fractious* that's certain. But all you are fit for, is to swing on a New-York gate, and *loaf* all day, and then be a supernumerary in a theatre. That's what you'd like I know."

"May'nt I go to the scuttle-butt, Finch, ?" bawls out Hickey. "I'm in a hurry — can't wait Finch."

"Well go along then."

"By jiminy," says Davis, suddenly shutting up a book that he was reading, and slapping it on the table. "By jiminy, that Mr. Crusoe was the greatest man that ever lived."

Davis was a marine, about eighteen years of age, of strong natural powers, but never cultivated, having just learned to read.

"What are you talking about there, Davis?" said Finch.

"About Mr. Crusoe, sir."

"But who was he?"

"Who was he? why he was the greatest man I ever heard on: he was shipwrecked on an island called Juan something or other — and he was there alone, as naked and beggarly as the first man that come into the world; but he did more, and made more out of nothing, than half the world can do with plenty of tools."

"Ah," says Finch, breaking in upon Davis' pleasaut delusion, with a display of his erudition, "that story to which you allude, is supposed by scholars to be a factitious production. It is said, and I think *myself* that it was made up by a man called *De Foe*. But it is supposed that he had a true story to start with, concerning one Alexander Selkirk, who it is supposed was really shipwrecked somewhere on that island, and probably he knew something about those parts. Now Mr. De Foe took the account from Mr. Selkirk, and arranged it into somewhat of a consecutive shape, and called it Robinson Crusoe: but it is however supposed to be a fiction."

"Now Finch! you are a cursed old fool," said Davis; "you see I've just read that book, and its written by Mr. Crusoe himself, every word of it, and it's all true, there's no supposed in it."

"I say," cries Jack, "I'ts seven-bells: Finch, don't you hear it? — ding dong! ding dong! ding dong, ding! Shall we all go now?"

"Yes, but mind and not take the slates with ye for foot-balls, you careless devils."

"Just look out at that port, Finch," said Hola-

day, as he snatched a sheet of paper to draw on; "by George there's a whale, I seed him spout."

"You fool," said Finch, not knowing that the boy had gained his object, and was out of hearing. "That's a porpoise; don't you know a whale from a porpoise yet, and have been in a man-'o-war at sea these four months?"

Thus passed the school hours in the first part of the cruise, presenting one of the many curious scenes, of more interest to the reader, constantly occurring in different parts of the ship — but which we will reserve for the present, while we revert to the progress of the ship.

We had been rapidly driving on before a brisk wind from the time we left Rio till the second of August, when the signs of the weather began to to assume a stormy aspect: and by sunset it was generally remarked that we already had "extremely dirty weather about us." The darkness increased with the hours — the sea rolled higher and higher — the winds whistled through the rigging, and creaking blocks — the rains began to pour violently, and the lightnings flashed athwart the dark conflict of elements, as the buoyant and staunch Columbia groaned and heaved from side to side through the boisterous waters. The ship scudded boldly on, under close reefed fore-sail and main top-sail; the water poured into the closed ports of the gun deck, and many a wave dashed over the nettings of the quarter. Every thing unlashed was afloat, and in a *chasse, de chasse* movement. Crash — crash! was now and then echoed through the ship, as the knell of departed crockery. The dishes, glasses, and decanters, and even the table in the wardroom were thrown into *pi;* all the frangible articles, with water and mid-

dies, were mixed in either steerage, and we found in the cockpit all the furniture capsized — a candle tossed into a youngster's hammock, hitting him in the mouth — the castors mingled in a salad of wooden tooth-picks, and sundry stores floating from side to side in fearful confusion. I was swinging in my cot upon the gun deck when the first tremendous lurch of the ship aroused me; and as I swung rapidly against the beams above, I thought the whole deck had given way over head, and was falling in upon me.

By the dawn of day, the gale had subsided — the sun was beaming clear and bright, and, though the sea was still rough, the contrast with the turbulent night, presented a pleasing variety. We had hoped to touch at St. Helena, but the winds had been too strongly averse, and that interesting island was now out of our course. There is a romantic story connected with this island, which adds another interest to the associations of the place, besides the historic incidents of Napoleon's confinement and final rest there.

It is said that the first settler of this sea-girt castle was Fernandez Lopez — a noble youth, but a rênegadó from Portugal, who, having lost wealth, fame and power — all that he prized, except honour — fled from the scene of his losses, to St. Helena. There he planted, sowed and reaped; he bore his lonely exile with a manly fortitude, and prepared the barren rocks for human comfort; Heaven smiled upon his efforts, and he returned to his native Hispaniola, with a renewed fortune, in 1498.

A few days after we had passed the latitude of St. Helena, it was still changable weather, the ship was driving on fast; and I was standing by the fore-

castle, listening to the ventures of Mills the boatswain; when I saw it snow. It seemed really curious to me that it should snow in the month of August, although I knew, it was winter time where we were; and we were nearly opposite the Cape — the Cabo dos Tormendos, or Cape of Storms, as itwas called by its discoverer, Bartholomew Dias. That very night, Saturday, August 18th, or in sea time, the 19th, we were off, and probably over the Telamaque shoals, said to be about 38° 30′, south, and 23° east, but we got no soundings. The wind had been blowing fresh, and the barometer, then become generally popular as a faithful monitor, had fallen suddenly low. We of course expected a little touch of a storm, and sure enough it came. The commodore remarked that we had seen squally weather enough for the week previous, to equal the gales of a three years' cruise on most stations; but it was coming on worse and worse; and at last the ship staggered so before the gale, and against the pelting rains and heavy swell, that we were obliged to house the guns and topgallant masts — to clue down and furl the mizzen topsail — to haul up the main and mizzensails, and scud along, under double reefed fore and main topsails and foresail. The ship rolled tremendously, and thumped against the billows as if they were solid banks of earth, and

> "At ev'ry impulse, the gigantic wave,
> Threatened the vessel's yielding sides to stave."

The next morning, the sea was still lashed with high surging billows, and the wind driving us on at ten or twelve knots, though we continued under short canvass. But the sun was out, and it

was delightful to sit astride upon the bowsprit and catch the bracing air, and the stirring spirit of the deep. The ship at times seemed to be leaping out of the waters — then she would dash into the midst of a mountain wave, with the playful frolic of a duck — she would bury her prow in a thick foam, that appeared like a bed of ermine, and lave her sides, her decks and shrouds in the frothy waves, and then bound again, shaking the briny gems from her wings. Far and near the heaving billows, threw aloft their snowy crests as if hurling them at the heavens, and the spray would be swept from top to top of the rival waves.

"Who thinks of earth when gazing on the sea?"

Once, from my proud seat, I saw two tremendous billows come bounding on, as if to overwhelm us, when, as they came nearer, bearing abeam, they appeared like two ranges of mountains, capped and skirted with snow, and between, for a moment, extended a long hollow, like a deep valley: but the next moment, the poise was loosed, and the liquid mountains rushed together in one wild mass of mingling foam. The cauldron beneath Niagara, in all its roaring rage --its prismatic clouds of spray — and deep grandeur cannot surpass such scenes at sea. I could gaze for hours upon the ever-varying beauties of the agitated sea, and never be satisfied, with its roar, its incessant motion, and kaliedescopic tints.

We had suffered little from the gale, otherwise than parting the peak haulyards, and fore spencer gaff; but in the first part of the night we were in great danger of being taken aback, which, in

that raging sea, might have been fatal. The commodore was on deck at the time, as indeed he always was on such occasions, and perceiving that conflicting winds were working against us, and rendered it difficult to keep the ship before them, he took the trumpet himself — sent the lieutenant of the watch forward, and acted as officer of the deck in person, throughout the danger.

By the early part of the 21st inst., we found that we had completely doubled the cape, being in lat. 36° 52′ south, and in east longitude 33° 24′, having run from Rio, by the log, over 4,214 miles in 22 days. Large flocks of the plump, web-footed pigeons of the Cape still hovered around us; three or four of them, exhausted and driven by the wind, became entangled in our rigging. Within the same circle with the pigeons, were beautiful albatrosses, poising and minueting with them in the most pleasing fellowship. The swan-like form of the albatross, with its white body, and long jet black wings, appeared beautifully, as it curved through the air with scarcely an effort, or gracefully folded its plumage upon the turbulant waves, and rode buoyantly there with the ease of a nautilus. It is said that this bird is often detected sleeping upon its wings. It certainly spreads them broadly and safely enough, but we saw none asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

"And lo! the island of the moon displays
Her vernal lawns, and numerous peaceful bays;
Where halcyons hovering o'er the waves are seen,
And lowing herds adorn the vales of green."

CAMOENS.

FROM the southeast side of the Cape, the Lagullus banks run out nearly 260 miles, and over them an immense number of codfish hold their meetings, if not their homes. These codfish, it is said, are so numerous and voracious, that they snap at a piece of red flannel, if thrown over to them. We caught a sight of three or four right whales (Balæna mysticetus) not far off upon the banks, and were highly amused with their frolics. They kept a long time in our wake, and every now and then, two glittering spouts would be sent straight up like jet d'eaux; and as they descended and spread in the sun's rays, they became resplendant with rainbows. It seemed a pity, and it was a disappointment to all of us, that we could not have the opportunity to see some light swift boat just then in chase — the rowers pulling lustily, and the bows-man standing on the alert, with his glittering harpoon or lily-pike poised over his head — then the nearer contest — the eager darting of the sharp bright steel — the splash and struggle of the monster as his red blood streams into the air and colours the sea — then his agonized dash into the deep for escape — the swift run-

ning out of the interminable line from the boat, and the anxious man at the bow standing in attitude, to cut the cord lest perchance it drag them under, while others watch to see the next rising of their prey, to keep clear of his vengeance if unexhausted — then at last, the triumph and cheering from boat to ship and from ship to boat, as the victors tow their huge prize alongside. But crews in a ship of war have no chance or time for fishing of any kind, and seldom meddle with such sports.

There are usually a great many opposing currents and variable winds about Lagullus, but we were soon passed their reach, and for several days enjoyed the contrast of pleasant weather. But our gunner insisted upon it, from the first fair day, that it could not last long. The gunner was inclined in some particulars to a belief in signs and omens: he was one of those persons who seem to seek for mysterious agencies upon which to rest their faith. He might have been made a religious zealot had he been led to the track, for he had a soft, persuadable disposition, too easily wrought upon, and was not at all irreligious. He used to wish he could see a fortune-teller — he had confident presentiments about coming events, and always consulted the dream book concerning his night thoughts. The gunner was one morning on the forecastle, just after we passed the Cape, and meeting his consulting friend there, Mr. C., who was the junior officer of the deck, he very seriously declared that something bad must happen to us within a few days; we should either have a severe gale, or some accident, or something unpleasant before a great while.

"Why so, Mr. M.?" said the officer, "What has started you on that tack? You must have been reading that dream book of yours; or, have your guns got spiked?"

"Ah, sir!" says the gunner, "It isn't either of those things; but these flocks of wild birds flirting and flapping about us so, are bad signs — I don't like them. But that's nothing, though, of any account. What troubles me is, I never like to see black-coats in the rigging at sea; it always bodes evil, and I never knew it fail. Now this morning, do you think our parson, was seen climbing up the rigging, and I *do* say it was no place for him. He aught to keep below — a parson's head should never be seen above the hammock nettings."

"But with all this gravity of your's you must be joking, gunner! You don't believe in such superstitious notions?"

"Indeed I do, though; for I have seen and known too much of sea life not to believe in them; and you may ask any old sailor afloat, if these are not true signs of evil. Now you may call it, sir, what you like — joke or no joke; but if ever I get to sea any other day but Friday, and with neither a black cat nor a parson aboard, I always think myself a very fortunate man, and feel perfectly safe for that cruise. But mind — mark my words! something bad will happen to us sooner or later. And now I think of it, I suspect Tom McClean's ghost came for the same warning. You know he died about a week ago, and he has been haunting the ship ever since. I havn't seen him myself, but his messmates and several others insist upon it that they have seen him every night. He comes just bef re the morning watch, and

looks very pale, and in his night clothes, as if just turned out. Then he seems to move without walking some how or another, but very stiff and feeble; and when he stops where his hammock used to swing, he appears to be feeling about for his old frock that he used to keep there. Now the sailors say McClean comes back because he didn't like it when the doctors opened his head and chest after death. But I don't believe he cared a snap about that. You know ghosts must have a much better chance of looking into things than bodies have, and, as he died of dropsy, he must have known it would be a great thing for the doctors to look into his good for nothing carcase, and see exactly how it was. So I don't believe he cared any thing about that; but I *do* believe that spirits is always benevolent, and McClean only showed himself in that way to warn us against some trouble."

"Well," replied Mr. C., "You appear to be pretty well convinced about the matter, and I'll agree as far as this; if you should be taken off in a water spout, or if all hands of us should get wrecked in deep water, and the ship falls over board, I shall call you a prophet."

I will not pretend to say whether the gunner's omens had any influence or not, but about this time, a diarrhætic and billious fever which had attacked some of the officers before we reached the Cape, began to spread; but worse than all, a certain other anomalous complaint which had appeared in a slight form, became identified as the horrifying small pox. There was no escape from this fatal judgment upon us, as the gunner called it — there was no warding off a secluded lazarhouse for the infected, as on shore. All were ex-

posed to the dreadful pestilence, and each must stand his chance solely depending for escape upon the antidote or ameliorating influence of vaccination.

To relieve the reader from credulity, I think these evils that came upon us may very naturally be accounted for, without resorting to the omens. In the first place, from the accounts of all navigators in the southern seas, from those of Magellan, Drake, Cook and Vancouver, down to the frigate Columbia and the sloop John Adams, billious and diarrhœtic complaints have run through the crews which have passed the Capes during the months of July, August and September. I presume it to be attributable to the sudden damps, chills and changes of temperature to which the voyager is exposed in passing from the tropic heats to the winter of the Capes — and which I dare to presume might be generally obviated by using the non-conducting, sure protecttion of flannel next the skin.

Then, in the second place, respecting the small pox, it is very probable that some of the many who were exposed to it, in different parts of Rio, became infected, and brought it with them on board.

The wind had thus far favoured our course, and we had stood up a little more northwardly in order to pass to the eastward of the Isle of France. On Tuesday the 29th of August, we got into the invariably variable winds and counter currents off Fort Dauphin, which checked our course, and directly we perceived the high undulating range of mountains that extends through Madagascar, of which the fort forms the southern point.

For two days we strove in vain to weather the opposing winds of this point, which Indiamen call the dolphin winds, probably because of their changable character: but we gave up the attempt at last, and stood to the eastward for a chance of the monsoon influence.

For my own part, I would have been glad to stop at Madagascar, Bourbon and Mauritius, while we were so near, even if we had spent several entire days in the attempt. Bourbon has no other attraction to the curious than its volcano at the southern extremity, which is said to eject smoke and flames even to this day, almost incessantly, with a roaring noise, from holes and crevices in its sides, appearing like fiery cascades. But Mauritius or the Isle of France—standing a little more to the eastward, is noted for the tombs of Paul and Virginia, and of Mrs. Harriet Newell. It is a healthful and productive island, and, since it was taken from the French by the English in 1810, it has become a busy and profitable place of trade. Concerning Madagascar, or the "Isle of the Moon," as the natives call it—the London Cyclopædia says, "that no region of the globe is more luxuriant in vegetation; but the smiling scenery is unfortunately overbalanced by extreme unhealthiness, which renders it almost a certain grave to Europeans."

This island, we may justly say, is a continent in itself, including a territory nearly equal to all the Atlantic States of the American Union; with a surface diversified into fruitful valleys; and mountains, rising above 10,000 feet, all rich, and teeming with useful and precious minerals.—Moreover, the testimonies of French and other visiters quite refute the stated objection from the Cyclo-

pædia, by affirming that the climate of Madagascar is very salubrious for any and all; and that, if it were only in the hands of a commercial people, with a politic and liberal government, it might become one of the greatest marts in the East.

It is supposed on account of the Mosaic rites which the natives practice, although they have no temples or regular worship, that they were originally a colony of Jews from Arabia. The Portuguese discovered them in their first visits to the East, and the French took the island in 1641; but the native princes recovered it again in 1652, and still hold it in barbarous subjection. It is, however, thought that the Sultan of Muscat and Zanzibar has his eye upon the acquisition of Madagascar, if he has not already made it tributary. Certaily it is desirable, that the Sultan or some other civil power should soon possess and open this rich mine of wealth for the service of commerce.

By Sunday, the second of September, we began to get beyond the influence of the dauphin winds, although squalls and rains, and light breezes still annoyed us. This bustling, dull, depressing kind of weather had gradually subsided, and the comparatively idle crew were once more resorting to the books of the General Library for recreation. I think, by the by, I have not before alluded to this source of amusement provided for the sailors, and all hands. There was on board, a library of three hundred and sixty volumes, purchased by a general subscription among the crew and officers, but whether it was any benefit to them, remains to be told. While it was a novelty in the ship, the books were taken out often by the men, and well used; but they must have a grumble about

the library, as well as everything else. The murmurers complained that the wardroom officers used their library as an ornament for their apartment, where the sailors seldom could see it; and that in some instances, those officers monopolized the best books.

But a far worse fate seemed to attend the books in their own hands when coming around the Cape. Many were taken by the winds from the tops, others were neglected, and floated into the dirty scuppers, and more of them were torn or dropped overboard. Nevertheless, as we coursed quietly along toward the east, the readers who were not on the watch, were idling over the remaining books —the thrifty being seated about the decks *a la Turque*, busily plying the needle, or braiding sinnet hats for themselves and others, while the more careless and improvident were playing drafts or whackets.

I was myself idling an hour or two, after a few showers had sprinkled the ship, with a pleasant messmate, upon the bowsprit, my favourite position; and as we were looking about for the wonders and beauties of the deep, and the soft shades of a moon-lit evening spread around us, we beheld the rare and beautiful phenomenon of a lunar rainbow, faintly arching the horizon. We moved to the cat-head out of the way of the sails, to get a better view; and the watch on that station told us very simply, that when he saw the bow first it was as round as an O, and then it slowly spread and brightened at the sides, till the ring broke into the pretty arch which we saw resting upon the horizon. His view of the phenomenon, embellished by an illiterate fancy, was certainly prettier than ours, and, as in such a case, ignorance is bliss, we

did not mar the harmless hallucination. Our friend M. interpreted this bow of promise as an extraordinary token of good weather; a sign good enough, perhaps, to overbalance the bad one named before.

By the eighth of September, we were well nigh in sight of Diego Rais, or Rodrique Island, having passed not far from Enderby's Land, and Crozets, St. Paul's, and other uncertain islands, and made the seventy-fourth degree of longitude, in latitude thirty nine degrees, before we bore to the northward with any propitious winds. And why, it may be asked, did the Columbia miss the opportunity, when anywhere near them, of determining exactly the position of those uncertain islands? I answer as I think; in mercantile phrase, it was not in "*her line.*" Our ships of war traverse the different seas, with special instructions to touch at this and that well known port, and they take the quickest course to them, unfurl the stripes and stars a week or two in each place, and with all despatch return home. They seem to fear, if they should deviate a little from the almost grooved wake of traders, that they might really meet something monstrous strange, or be on a shoal or rock before some wrecked merchant top-mast should present a beacon for them; or at any rate, there would be great probability of stretching the period of their service, and possibly of missing the times of gayety at cities to which they steer.

What have our public ships done for science? what have they discovered or surveyed? or what contributed to the cabinets of natural history? Comparatively nothing: I acknowledge that during the last war our armed ships did gloriously, and

enwrapped themselves with honours, that have long veiled their later negligence from the eye of scrutiny; but in a time of peace, and in an age of scientific research, something more might be expected from public ships, than simply to follow merchant vessels, and to display our banners in peaceful waters. Something more may be done: even our whale ships, in their common voyages, find time to gather curiosities; and they with other merchantmen, have made all the discoveries and surveys abroad, of which our countrymen can boast. I was much amused with an anecdote which our consul at Rio, communicated to me on this topic. An English captain, while a guest at his house, was describing an incident that happened to him on a cruise about the south seas. He had penetrated with much difficulty, beyond the seventy-fourth degree, which was made by Capt. Weddell of the English Service, and considered to be the utmost southing of any navigator. He was cruising still farther to the southward of that parallel, in the nearly open sea noticed by captain Weddell. "And I," said the captain, "was about to record that adventure to the honour of my name and my country, when a small sail was descried from the mast-head, far down to the south on the weather bow, bearing toward us. Soon after we hailed her, and she run up American colours."

"What ship is that?"

"Ship ——— Salem, ——— one year," were all the words we could hear, for the wind was blowing strong between us.

"How far south have you been?" cried we.

"Degrees —— seals," was all we could catch before he had swept by, and was too far off to be

heard. "But we were satisfied," said the captain, "that the little yankee whaler had cut us out entirely, and we concluded to put about and make no boast of our exploits toward the Antarctic."

This is undoubtedly, but one of many similar enterprises by these adventurous and shrewd navigators. It is to whalers that we are indebted for all we know of Terra de Natal; and to captain Endicott, an old Salem trader to Sumatra, the commercial world owes the most recent and only correct chart of the western coast of that island. It is needless to specify cases where there is nothing on the opposite side to balance them. But if small whaling crafts in the economical pursuit of trade and oil, can attend to these things, then certainly our regular cruisers can do as much, and contribute our country's share to the mutual stock gleaned by every other civil nation for the advancement of science. If our ships had accommodations for philosophical instruments, and for cabinet specemins, and if our government would offer, as the French now do, simply a passage to a naturalist, agreeing at the same time to purchase his collection, there are very many competent persons who would accept the office without a salary, and be glad of the opportunity. In that manner, every squadron in the most common cruise, might contribute to science, as well as to the protection of commerce, and be an exploring squadron besides.

We past to the eastward of Roderique, and about noon it bore abeam, rising from the sea, six hundred feet or more, like the crystal of a watch, regularly sloping to either side. It is said to be fifteen miles long, and seven wide; but with nothing attractive to the voyager, excepting good water, and a plenty of crabs and turtles. Mathurin

bay is the only port, and stands near the middle of the northern side. The entrance is marked by a prominent peak made to bear in a S. by W. direction; but coral reefs, and other dangers, lurk on either side. In 1810, when commodore Tiddeman wintered his squadron on the island, there were three French families, and forty slaves residing upon that lonely spot. Horseburg says that the fish caught in deep water about this island, are poisonous — and we are inbebted to him for nearly all that is published concerning these seas.

It was a long run from Roderique to Galega, or the Saint Roguepez shoals and islands. As they were in our course, we bore up for their vicinity, as near as we could ascertain the position by Norie's chart, and Owen's too; but where we thought they should be, they were not, and we missed them altogether.

Horseburg says that at this season, and in that vicinity, hurricanes are very frequent, and occasionally a *Tafoong*.* This greatest of gales blows from all quarters within a little time, and darkens the waters, that roll furiously with the hollow roaring of breakers for twenty-four hours before; and then the winds blow still stronger, and continue to increase for as many more hours. Hereabouts says he, in 1810, the Bengal and the Calcutta, the lady Jane Dundass, and the Dutchess of Gordon all foundered, and went down in one gale. And here and there, this, that, and other ships, with their freights of human beings were suddenly engulphed under terrific circumstances.

It was becoming dark and cloudy with us too,

* Tafoong is the Chinese word, meaning a very strong wind.

and our barometer had again been falling fast. The commodore was often upon deck to see that all might be secure and ready for the worst. On Wednesday, a gale did at length seize us with wanton power, and propel us furiously through that day; and all the night we continued to see

> "The hoarse gray surges rolling,
> With a mountain's motion on."

But it proved to be more terrific than violent; and the next day, with here and there a flying cloud, the burning rays of the equatorial region through which we were traversing, were let down upon us. A drenching pependicular rain poured torrents toward the night; but before the darkness curtained our view, the day closed with one of the most brilliant sunsets we ever beheld.

We know that readers are often annoyed with accounts in detail of beautiful sunsets; sunsets in the Levant; sunsets among the lakes of America; Italian and tropical sunsets. Still we were so delighted in the Columbia, with this, that we must try to convey a part of our delight to the reader.

I have said it had been raining, and the clouds were dispersed about the heavens, when we saw a large, dark nimbus cloud rise from the waves just beneath the sun. It was conical, and as it approached the half clouded orb, the top of it gradually kindled as with living fire till it appeared like a blazing and melting volcano. The sun came down, as the cloud lifted slightly from the waves, as if to veil it; directly a few veins of light glowed through the cloud: a line of the horizon became lighted around the base, and the whole appeared to us as if the volcano had exploded. The molten lava was still running down its sides,

and a lake of fire encircled it. In other parts of the horizon the clouds stretched out like ranges of mountains, with peaks, and valleys, and rivers of light. Then these clouds rose up again toward the zenith, and met to pour another shower upon us; and again before the twilight ceased, the dark mass broke asunder and softened into paler hues, till the sky was mottled with every rural scene and poetic form that fancy could devise; and then it became resplendent toward the west, beneath the purple clouds of the centre, with every beauteous shade and all the softly blended tints that the fleecy vapours could prism. There were fields of orange and vermillion, and draperies of roseate and purple, and fleecy scarfs like lace — all studded with gems, that were rich and rare.

That night, the weather being more settled, we found it agreeable to resort to the forecastle and waist, where it was customary for the men to lie about the deck in groups; and, with limbs so intermingled, that it might be difficult for each sometimes to pick out his own. But one could not saunter among them long, between eight and eleven o'clock, without hearing a good song, or an interesting yarn. That night I chanced to get near a larger group than usual. They had even roused up from their recumbent position into that of tailors, and were gathered in a double circle, and with singular attention around one of the number. The situation of the ship in a sea and season of hurricanes — the stories of foundered ships and the late gale, had naturally turned the current of the forecastle-yarns upon the subject of storms and wrecks, and a lad by the name of Joseph Thomas was relating a real one that had occurred to himself.

It was quite an interesting account, and, although a rather digressive episode in our cruise, I have concluded to serve it up for my readers, from the manuscript narration of Thomas himself, which he lent to me.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Many go down to the sea, and behold the wonders and majesty of God's works, yet know not that there is a God."

It may be that Thomas's story was more interesting to myself and shipmates, who were tossed at the time upon a sea of dangers, than it will prove to others; yet if it be not equally so to landsmen, it will at least present another picture of the perils of sea life. "It is a little more than a year ago," said Thomas, "since I shipped in the schooner 'Good Return,' Captain Brown, bound from Edenton, with a cargo mostly of lumber. It was fine weather the day we started, and it continued for two days, till we got well out to sea; but the third day it began to blow heavy, and a blustering roaring storm came on before night. We shortened sail as much as we could to keep the ship steady, but as she heaved and rolled over the sea, her beams seemed to twist and groan as if they were coming to pieces. 'Sound the pumps!' said the captain. Just then the schooner moved very sluggishly, and we all feared something was not right, but when we heard the man cry out from below, 'the vessel has sprung aleak, sir, and is filling fast,' how horror-struck we felt! We thought every minute we should go down. But our captain was calm. He took in more sail, and made us stand at the pump and keep her free. Another night came, and it blew tremendously. We laid the schooner to under close reefed foresail, and partly

stopped the leaks. About the fourth day, it moderated a little; but the leak was worse, and the next day it began to blow as hard as ever. Our only chance was to make the nearest land, so we got up a small staysail that we had on board, and reefed it and set it; but it wasn't up five minutes before it was all in rags.

We now began to feel in the greatest distress. The salt water had ruined our provisions below, no sail or land was in sight, we could keep no canvass on our craft off the wind; one man was sick, and the rest worn down. About this time the captain called all hands aft, and asked our advice what to do. We all agreed it was best to throw the deck load overboard, and put the ship before the wind. Accordingly, we went to work to do so, when, all of a sudden, a flaw struck her, and in spite of all the captain could do, for he was at the helm, she broached to, and went over on the starboard side. The cook and one man were in the cabin at the time, and we called to save them, and, at last got hold and helped them get to the weather side of the vessel. There we lashed ourselves, as well as we could, expecting every sea would sweep us off.

The jolly boat was still aboard when the vessel went over. The mate saw the boat going and he caught the painter, but in his fright and danger he let it go again, and, with sorrow, we saw that good boat go which we thought was our only hope; but it might have been our certain destruction.

Then we cut away the weather rigging, in hopes the masts would go by the board; and, in about twenty minutes, they did go with a tremendous crash, and the vessel righted. We cleared

the deck as well as possible, and cut up pieces of canvass on the quarter deck to cover our bodies. Once more we lashed ourselves about the heel of the bowsprit, where every sea made a complete breach over us, and there we were four days in the most terrible suffering, in which every hour seemed like a day, and every minute an hour.

"The next morning one man loosened his lashings for a minute, and before he could catch his hold again, he was swept off and drowned. And directly after we saw a sail standing towards us, and we all thanked Heaven that we were safe, and only felt regret that poor Jones should be lost just before our rescue reached us. The ship came within a mile, and then passed off without noticing us. Oh! if our despairing curses, that followed that ship till the last glimpse of her topmasts was lost, could have had any effect, her master and crew would have suffered more than we did.

"About ten o'clock of the day that we saw the ship, the bowsprit was carried away and went off about two feet forward of the nightheads. As it was going, with a lurch, the rigging came across the captain's lip, with such violence, that it cut it off at once and scraped his breast almost raw. Then from the time of the schooner's righting, the weather had continued bad, and we had been unable to get anything to eat or drink. But the fourth day was more calm, and one man went down the forecastle to see what he could find, and succeeded in slinging a barrel of pork, which we got on deck. We felt hungry enough to devour barrel and all, and each of us cut off a large slice, and eat it voraciously. But it proved worse than nothing: it only increased our thirst to perfect

madness, and we had no water to quench it. Our two casks of water on the quarter deck and one on the forecastle were washed off, when the vessel first capsized, and we only had one left, which was jammed in the cabin. The next day, the sea was so smooth that the mate ventured down to sling our last cask of water; but the poor fellow got jammed in with it, and before we could get him up, he was dead. As we threw our shipmate over, we saw the sharks, which had followed us in great numbers, seize him instantly, and he was devoured before our eyes, almost as quick as he touched the water. The following morning we made out to get the water-cask out; but, with another sad disappointment, the good water had mostly leaked out, and what remained was very brackish. It lasted, however, two days for us, and then left us worse than before.

"That same day the poor cook died, raving for water; his limbs were raw and parboiled, by constant washing of salt water and the blistering of the sun; his whole body was swollen up, and his eyes stuck out, half glazed over with death, and his tongue hung out of his mouth, rough and dry, and swelled. In this state he died lashed to the tafferel rail, where he had been raving horribly for two days before. The next day another died, groaning and raving near us, and the captain and myself were now all that remained on the wreck; the cook's fate seemed to be staring us in the face. We were both failing and losing our reason very fast; particularly the captain, whose wounds had weakened him very much. But then that horrible, sickening figure of the dead cook, still hanging by the lashings to the tafferel, seemed worse than all. Every moment as we looked around

for help, our eyes met that disgusting, terrible corpse, and yet we could not go to plunge it in the sea where the hungry sharks might take it from our sight.

"On the eighth, from the capsizing, we saw several sails, but at such great distances that there was no chance of their seeing the wreck. We were very nearly starved, when we happened to think of overhauling the jackets that lay near us; and, having found a pin in one of them, we made out to form a hook of it which we fastened to a piece of thread. With this we caught a few little rudder fish, which almost satisfied our hunger. Any person on shore would be astonished at the fact, and perhaps many would not believe how much sustenance we could get from those little raw fish. We first would suck their blood, and then divide and eat them. Though this was all the food we could get, it seemed to revive the exhausted captain very much.

"On the 9th — oh! how slow the time passed — we saw two sails very far off, and we strained our eyes long and eagerly to see if they might not come towards us; but they passed away. Our tongues were now parched and swollen, and our bodies twice their natural size, our feet awfully sore, and we were nearly distracted for water. Another day came and passed without any relief, or even a hope, or any object to excite one, excepting a single sail that just appeared in the distance and was gone. Again we lashed ourselves for a sleep from which we never expected to awake. But with the dawn we commenced another day of trial. Oh! I shall never forget that day as long as I live. We prayed for death — we felt it would be a relief, and we expected

it every hour. Still we kept our eyes open for sails. The sun was about two hours high, and we were once more getting ready to sleep. But just before closing our eyes, (as we supposed for the last time,) we happened to look astern, and to our great joy, saw a sail evidently standing toward us. We knew that she could not pass far off, for she was close hauled on the wind. We indeed felt thankful that in this last moment, Heaven had sent a rescue for our miserable lives. But we were yet in suspense. The vessel might not get near enough to see us before dark, and then there would be no hope for us. Just as the twilight faded, however, the wreck was seen — the barque Favourite was along-side — a boat lowered for us, and we were saved.

"The Favourite was bound from Baltimore to Rotterdam, and the commander, Captain Conine, although a foreigner, treated us like brothers; and to his care and generosity after we were with him, we are perhaps as much indebted for our lives, as to his having providentially snatched us from the jaws of death."

Such is the story of Thomas's shipwreck, which, though plain, in his own words, is a true picture of the dangers that always encompass the seaman, and the suffering which he must sometimes endure.

The Columbia once more passed the equator on the 17th of September, and was so near the vertical line of the sun's declination, that at noon a ramrod marine would cast little or no shadow, and the deepest part of the ship that admitted a ray was as light as if quite open to the day. Even the cockpit then admitted day-light enough to read by. But calms — calms annoyed us ex-

ceedingly, though we managed to wile away an hour or two of the general tediousness with various sports. One morning the commodore allowed the men to bathe, and all hands were piped to swim. The lower studding sails were spread a few feet below the surface of the water along the larboard waist. In a few minutes, about two hundred men and boys were seen plunging, sporting and floating like so many frolicsome naiads. But they had not been swimming long before the watch in the mizzen-top called out, "A shark! — a shark right astern!" Directly we could see the marine tiger coming stealthily and lazily along by the starboard side. He had no pilot-fish with him, but he soon discovered the mistake, that he was on the wrong side. He appeared to be about six or eight feet long, green and hungry; and as he came around toward the larboard quarter, in sight of the still fearless swimmers, the plashing and noise seemed to alarm him, and he stopped short. Directly he sheered off outside of the party, who were then scrambling to get up the sides; and, at a little distance off, we saw him shaping his course for one, who had ventured far out alone. The most of the party had got safely on board, when the shark was seen bearing for this lone prize. Voice after voice warned and urged the hurrying man to swim faster. He was yet twenty yards from the ship, when the shark was nearly upon him, and gaining fast. But just as we thought it was all over with him, and the shark had turned upon his side, just underneath him, ready to cranch him in his thick-set jaws, the man gave one lusty stroke — caught the haulyard of the sail that hung outside, and suddenly hoisted himself from the water — the eluded

shark passed beneath him, and having slowly turned about a few times, while the man held himself suspended above! passed astern toward a piece of pork thrown over to attract him, and the frightened man, once more dropped into the water, and got on board sound and entire. The old tars said there was no danger from any shark, if one could watch his motion; for all sharks are very slow in their movements, and if the swimmer has a knife, he may fearlessly dive under the belly of any one in pursuit of him, and kill him before he could turn upon his side to bite; but I think very few of the most confident would make the trial.

A part of the time during the swim, I was puffing a cigar by the galley, where the commodore's cook, Paul Bedan, was dividing his attention between the pots and the swimmers. Paul was a thin, short Frenchman, true to his native blood and occasionally witty; I was asking him why he did'nt join the swimmers.

"Ah! me likee de *sheep* very much; sposee me in de water, and no have drown too much; ah ha! [winking his eye] monsieur shark, he catch one scent of de French cook, he say very good — he all same for shark; so he no wait for de *sauce à la mode*, but he make one snap," [at the same time cranching his fingers to illustrate the idea,] "and then de commodore must have get one more cook. Sposee he only lose one leg, or de wing, he Frenchman no be very good crab for makee he leg come again. No, no, me do very well in de sheep; monsieur shark no catchee me in de sea for his *table d' hote* this time. But spose Paul have him, that shark at de galley, he all same for Paul, me cook him very good — h ebrain make all

same one oyster pie — and he flesh all same like veal."

The boatswain had been near, and having heard Paul speak about losing a leg or a wing, he assured him that a shark would swallow him whole and not let him touch either side of his jaws. "Why," said the boatswain, "I was boatswain's mate once off St. Thomas, when I lost one day a beautiful sailor's whistle, that was given to me for having saved a drowning officer; I would'nt have lost it for any six other whistles I ever saw. Well that same day we caught a shark, and I'll be dogged"———

"*Catted*, you mean, boatswain," said one near by.

"Well, any how" said the boatswain, "I would be triced up to the main-yard if we didn't find that same 'call' of mine in that shark's belly as bright, and whole as ever."

"Turn the hands to, boatswain!" said a midshipman from the deck.

"Ay ay sir!" and the boatswain piped all hands.

We still coursed on, or rather were ready with all sails spread for any breeze that would start us from the spell of calms. The voyage had already been long, and it seemed longer while we were restrained by those lethargic breezes. Our mess stores were getting stale — water bad — and bread wormy, and our usual sources of amusement becoming monotonous. We seemed to be affected by this weather, and the spirits of the merriest were as stagnant as the elements around us. About this time, a religious influence came over one or two officers so strongly and suddenly, as to make them appear more zealous than sincere. There had been several very pointed sermons addressed to the officers against swearing and dissi-

pation; and as such practices were denounced on the ground of being disgraceful to any gentleman, they seemed to touch our officers in the tenderest point. Certainly there was less swearing afterward, and a few, who were deeper stirred by religious anxieties, when they did rip out an old fashioned oath at the vexing crew, would curse them again for making them swear so, against their principles. There had been a Sunday school got up by the older brethren, and the new converts were easily warped in to teach the apprentices to follow a way which they had scarcely found themselves.

I am myself a decided advocate for Sunday schools on shore; but whether this one at sea, was beneficial or not, the reader may judge as well as I. The apprentices were all asked to attend the Sunday school, and they did; for they knew it would be as needless to beg off from such a request, as it would be for an officer to decline the commodore's invitation to dine. For a request, or an invitation, or any advice from a senior officer in the service, must be always received as an order, or the recipient who dares "decline the honour," may have the order with a cross reprimand immediately after. It is not often, however, carried to that extreme, to which captain Bradshaw of "The King's Own," enforced the system at his cabin dinners.

Well, these apprentice boys went to Sunday school as they had promised regularly; whether for good or ill, I know not; but as often as they were released from their holy exercises and instructions, they were ridiculing and mocking their teachers, and the old sailors were laughing at their lessons, and subverting every religious thought.

I was on the forecastle one evening, and heard one of the scandalous tirades of old Fry and his gang against all that is sacred and good. Old Fry was our armourer, but in figure and stature as fit for a Hercules as a Vulcan. He was such a libidinous, yarn-spinning old talker, that he always had a crowd of laughing, encouraging listeners about the anvil where he was wont to sit, when the fire was put out for the night, ready prepared to rivet the hearts of his auditors.

Fry had evidently vented a long volley of vituperation against priest-craft and bigotry, before I was within hearing; but the subject was turning upon Sunday schools, when I sat down near by upon a gun slide to hear what old Nicholson had to say, who was an occasional competitor with old Fry, and that night was posted on the tool-chest with his chin between his knees.

"Why old Nic," said Fry, "did you know they had a hypocritical d—d Sunday school screen around them after guns last Sunday?"

"Yes, I did so," said Nic, "and it isn't the first time they have taken the shine off o' them guns, in that same way too, with their cursed saint palavers; but I shall be glad if they don't convart the guns into '*quakers*' before they're done."

"I expect," said Fry, "that the next time that after gun is touched off, she'll roar out the Lord's prayer, and all the hills will answer back in reg'lar church fashion. But that wouldn't be a bad plan though, would it? If we could just get that gun to go through the prayer business, we could set the chaplain adrift; and have no black coats in the service. I knew a boatswain once that had a large gray parrot that would whistle and call 'all hands' as well as he could; then he had a

clock-work concern that he could wind up, and make it tuck a dozen of the cats into a man's back in most particular order. But the devil of the parrot was, he'd pipe all hands sometimes without orders. Now if we could make the gun-preaching work well, we should have no trouble at all; we could give her a small, or a smaller charge, and touch her off when we wanted; but I'll be d—d if any officer in the ship would like to see her charged heavy with that kind o' condemned ammunition that they call religion."

"It's my opinion," said old Jeffrey, another railer in the party, "that these religionists intend to keep the men's library to themselves, and barter it away for bibles. Then you may be sure that every one 'll have to read a varse or two at quarters night and morning."

The library had been so used and managed in the wardroom, that it had been left for many days before in their hands, and none had been issued to the men. The men easily turned their thoughts to other things, and resorted to playing, yarning, and even to gambling, till whipped for it; but on all sly occasions, they ventured complaints about the deprivation of the library.

"Well," said old Fry, "I'm glad the library is stopt; what the devil has a sailor to do with books? If Jack gets ashore, he never thinks of a book, not he! Let him alone, and he'll make a straight wake for some old silly Sally — spend his money in a day or two, get drunk, and ship again. And then he wants a book, does he? I never knew one of these soft, sappy, readin' sailors, that was not a shirk. They are never ready to strike while the iron is hot."

"No, that's true," said old Nic, "they must al-

ways be finishing a chapter or a sentence, if they are out of the way, before they go to work. If I had my way, or if I only was a skipper, and mounted two swabs, which thank God I don't, and I had to take a ship's library along, I'd tow it astern ready preserved in good brine for them that likes em."

"That'll do for you to say," said a young parsnip marine, "but if you knew how to read your name, you'd go as strong for a library as any body."

"Shut your clam shell, you foul-mouthed tadpole," said Fry, "If you knew a truck from a kelson, or a bow-line from a gaff, you'd have no time for books, and might earn your grub, you lazy lubber. Now belay that, and swallow your white livered words, if you've got any more coming up."

Such are the associates and conversations to which school apprentices are exposed; and can it be expected that any wholesome, religious influence will be extended among boys where such blasphemers as these are in constant juxta-position? There is a Persian adage, that says very truly and aptly: —

"A seed sown in an ice-house never wakes to life."

CHAPTER XVII.

"How calm and clear,
The silent air;
How smooth and still the glassy stream!
While stars above,
Beam lamps of love
To light the triumph of devotion."

J. G. Percival.

Thus far we have made no very rapid progress in our cruise, and the reader must be as anxious to receive some hint of land, as we who really experienced that prolonged and tedious voyage.

It was calm, and it still continued so, as I remarked in the last chapter, and the usual pastimes and avocations in the ship went on in a peculiarly dull manner, like every process or transaction in that lazy, languid, tropical region. With this remark, I would gladly sum up the story of the voyage, and for the reader's sake, and mine too, advance at once to a sight of Arabia Felix. But scenes intervened, and occurrences happened, and they must be written.

Now every reader knows that on the fourth of October, (sea time) 1838, there was to be, and there really was, an eclipse of the moon. This phenomenon is much more important to mariners on the ocean, than to many landsmen who simply gaze at it as a curiosity. By it the seaman can very accurately determine his longitude, and with lunar distances at the same time, he may correct

his chronometer, when he has but one to depend upon.

The evening of the fourth in lat. 14° 12′ N. was a clear, calm, and delightful one, so that we had a fine opportunity to observe the eclipse with common spy glasses, which were all we had. The central eclipse seemed to be darkened full as much as 11° 30′ and the emersion was completed by our time, at 8 h. 50′ 31″ P. M. By this, we reckoned our longitude to be 66° 41′ east, which agreed very nearly with our chronometer account. It occurred to me at that time with special force, as it often had before, how truly advantageous it would be, and what an important discovery, if we could only have the means to notice the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. It is true that the accuracy of chronometers has nearly equalled our highest hopes in ascertaining the longitude at sea, and has superseded every other method in a great degree. But if we could only read the dial of that celestial chronometer that can never err, what a blessing would it often be to seamen, and how far better than lunar distances, as a correction!

We are able to observe these eclipses on shore with sufficient accuracy, and the only difficulty at sea, is the rocking motion of the ship, and of the observer. The swinging chair, invented by Mr. Irwin was nearly successful. Cannot some of the mechanical and scientific geniuses of America come forward, and achieve this desirable object for the nautical world? God grant that it may be done, and that the honour may speedily fall upon some gifted American!

On the morning of the fourth, after having sailed thirty or forty days without meeting a single sail, or scarcely an object above the water, a par-

tridge hawk was caught on board for the cabinet caterer, and was pronounced to be an Arabian falcon; but whatever it was, we welcomed it as a harbinger of land, although we were still baffling with calms which might keep us off for days even if we were in sight of its shores.

The night of the fourth was one of the calmest I ever saw; the sea lay like a lake of oil, only now and then disturbed by some long feeble swell, which passed like the heaving of a sigh, and then the drowsy waters slept again. The clear sky seemed to hang over us with a leaden cast, and the full moon looked pale and melancholy. Not a breath of air stirred to break the general stupor of the elements; and the ship seemed to be spell-bound in their midst. The men on deck were all asleep, excepting the solitary watchmen at their posts, and scarce a sound interrupted the deep, pervading monotony around us, save occasionally the lazy flapping of a sail against the mast, or the creaking of a spar aloft, like the chirp of a cricket on a summer's hearth. Once in a while, a basin of water might be heard to patter over the side, or some other sound, usually unnoticed, would startle the ear with its uncommon distinctness. Nothing indeed, seemed to escape the contagious languor of nature, and a dreamy influence seemed to be spread over all.

"The sea and air were silent, the pure sky,
Relieved alone by pale clouds floating by;
The summer's moon, in her soft majesty,
Was pouring silver on the sleeping sea.
Such are the hours when love, deceitful sprite,
Steals with its magic through the shades of night,
Giving in lover's eyes a holier smile,
Unto the beams which kiss each leafy isle;

Unto the firmament a softer mood ;
Unto the sea a deeper solitude."

I had been pacing the deck that evening with a young friend, and had leaned with him against the Jacob's ladder of the fore-shrouds. It was near midnight, and we were quite alone. Yet we had scarcely spoken, except in monosyllables for a long time. It was too calm to speak, or even to whisper; for it seemed as if we might almost hear each other think, if we would only listen. After awhile, however, my friend broke the reverie into which I had fallen. He was one who had kept himself aloof from the frolics and familiarities of the younger officers, and at times was so reserved, and nervously sensitive from indisposition, that many thought him morose, though he was naturally of a kind and excellent disposition.

"Do you not often feel," said he, "particularly at such times as these, certain musing reflections arise, which you long to communicate to some one who will lend an ear of interest, and a heart of sympathy for tender thoughts?"

"Oh yes," I replied, "I believe we all have a natural yearning for sympathy in our thoughts and feelings, which is one of the best traits of humanity. It is that which prompts the catholic penitent to whisper in the ear of the friend urged upon her by the church, the burden of her soul — that which she feels cannot be released by prayer only, or be confessed alone to the exalted God. That which constitutes the highest privilege of matrimony is, that we have a companion, a counterpart, fixed and bound to our interest by every earthly and eternal tie — one in whom we may

confide, and who will indulge our anxious confessions with kind sympathy and faithful counsels : one who will share the burden and the pleasures, the cares and delights of the heart, as a second self."

"Yes, I often think so too, and the very topic upon which I have been pondering, is of that character — the want to myself of another's trustful sympathy. I do not now mean exactly a matrimonial sympathy ; but "—

"Well, what then do you mean ?"

"Why, I am almost afraid to tell you what was almost upon my tongue to say. I was about to make you my father confessor — advising friend, upon a subject, which often occupies my thoughts when perhaps I should be otherwise engaged. But if I were to tell you, I fear that you might think the topic unworthy of a thought, and perhaps ridicule my weakness, instead of yielding any sympathy."

"Speak on," I answered, "I will promise sympathy, for I love it myself."

"I will tell you then, for my head and brain ache with the subject, and it will be a great relief to talk with another who will sometimes listen to my foolish doubts and anxieties, and counsel me. This night has had a peculiarly pensive effect upon me ; it has stirred up in their fullest strength my inmost retrospections and deepest reveries. It has made me think of home, and of one being in particular, who has haunted me like a shadow, like a mono-maniac's thought, for weeks and months. It is about this being that I wish to consult you. It is a soft, boyish tale, but I am possessed by it. I need counsel in it, and you must listen, though it be a tale of folly."

"Well, proceed."

* * * * * * *

I need only say to the reader, without any further initiation into the romance, that I was entertained with a feeling recital of the doubts and pangs, interspersed with the hopes and fears of a love matter, for which my sympathies were awakened, and my counsel desired. But the delicacy of the subject, and a touch of mercy for the reader, forbid the introduction of the tale in this place, and I have simply alluded to it thus far for two purposes. First, because it is often said that religion and love never pass beyond five fathoms deep of water; and secondly, to testify that in this case at least, there is evidence that man can love as fervently and constantly as woman. Religion may not find a welcome reception upon deep waters, but as Venus was born from the foaming ocean, she appears still to be partial to it. The instance that I have mentioned is not the only one, even in the Columbia, that has borne to my knowledge, the assurance that love sits not more lightly in the bosom of a mariner, than in that of the most devoted chevalier. Our fair friends then who languish at home, may take comfort in the assurance that they are as deeply and truly remembered at sea, as the most flattering protestations can signify.

That night, as my friend and myself were separating to repose, I accosted a young middy who was pacing out his mid-night watch in very lonely mood. "You have a very pleasant night for your watch," said I.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "it is pleasant enough; but I would rather be in my hammock. Ah! sir,

I shall be glad when to-morrow comes, I shall have a sleep in it then."

Almost every one has more or less felt the deprivation of a nightly repose, and many have fully appreciated the old expression: "God bless the man who first invented sleep." But to see a young lad away from home, one who has never before been from his mother's eye, in silence walking the deck with a forced watchfulness, touches the sympathies, and makes one value more than ever, "tired nature's sweet restorer."

"Ah, sir," said he, "if we could only be in four watches, instead of three, we could sleep in, every third night then, as the lieutenants do."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:"

* * * * * *

"Where are we driven? our reckoning sure is lost!
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!"

GOLDSMITH.

SCARCELY had we exhausted the interest excited by the lunar eclipse, and the calm scenes that followed when we were attracted, on the following day, to the frenzies of a lunatic. Poor Jose Maria Solano, was a slender body — a soft, smirking musician, of Portuguese origin, who was shipped at Madeira, to play "roast beef" for the wardroom diners; and, when in port, to usher in the dawn, by winding through his bugle, loud and clear, "behold how brightly breaks the morning!"

He understood but little English when he came on board, and much less of the ways they have, and the tricks they use on board an American man-o'-war. He must necessarily mess with the sailors, and they regarded him as a womanish booby — a fit subject for every dog "to run" down like a hunted stag. They could not bear to see one among them who could not handle the ropes like themselves, and they thought it was worse than nothing to "play bellows to a bugle." They could not talk with him, and they ridiculed and

mocked his lingo, his amiability, and his calling. On every occasion, every sailor, man and boy had a pick at him. His hammock was cut down a dozen times: his messmates left nothing but bones for him, and often no water, at his meals; and pretending to be friends when he was acquiring a little English, trained him to pronounce offensive sentences, which he was to convey, as messages, to some bully of the ship, who would fist him for it. Poor Solano often wept, but no officer understood his broken complaints or noticed his distress, till at last, the men took such a fiendish delight in vexing him, that the tormented creature became excited into a brain fever — and was in this state, raving like a madman, when we saw him on the morning to which we allude. He was emaciated, sallow, and cadaverous — he had taken his black neckerchief and tied it over one eye, which had been hurt — his matted black locks were pushed back, and with his bare arms, and open breast, his starting eyes, vehement gestures, and wild rage, he attracted a crowd about him; but kept even his friends at a distance, from the gun behind which he had fixed himself. He raved much about "La frigata 'mericano — more better have stick one knife in my heart — Solano — me — de Funchal musico — oh me! more better me make music in Madeira; ah my poor wifo, Solano have give grand music for 'mericanos, and he catch de fist-fist, de kick-kick for all de music." Our most facetious young Galen came along after a while and was moved pitifully for Solano, but could not lose a chance to pun upon his condition. He concluded that the bugler must have taken a *horn;* so he consigned him to close confinement, and administered accordingly.

If Solano had done as another recruit did in a like position, he might have turned the run upon the runners: this companion in misery was surly, and not easily depressed. His messmates had imposed upon him often, and settled the office of cook for the mess, as a title for life, upon him. The eaters complained often about his indifference and threatened to keep all the water from him if he did not cook something different. He took the matter coolly. He liked hot drink himself, so he concluded to put mustard in their water and tea: they'd have a variety in that, and as his throat was lined he would be sure to have his full share of beverage. He too was reported mad, but there was too much method in his madness.

Among other characters on board the frigate was one Hassan, a Bombay "mussol" or attendant, who shipped in the Peacock to visit America, and was then returning with us to the land and idolatry which he had disloyally and unfaithfully deserted.

Hassan was a short swarthy Hindoo, of a lean though muscular frame, with quick little eyes set in a broad angular face, which was shaded by coarse, matted black hair. He had much of the French vivacity in his disposition, and readily acquiesced in all vicissitudes; yet he was evidently one of that vagrant order of beings, who never learn that happiness thrives only in the virtuous mind, and is never found wild in foreign parts, or to be gathered by the way-side — that is to say, he was one of those who vainly seek in every clime for ease and contentment, like an old lady rummaging a whole house for the very spectacles that rest upon her head.

Hassan had three times, in his short life, brok-

en the ties of a dependent family, and the injunctions of a rigid faith, to wander abroad; and he had lost his caste each time, which is a very serious privation in India, since it excludes the sufferer from every decent avocation. Hassan's caste was indeed not a very elevated one, being about equal to the rank of a coach footman in America; but there were porters, and scavengers, religious and common beggars, and two or three still lower grades, all of which were quite beneath the notice of his caste. It was therefore an object for Hassan, each time he returned home, to regain his caste even under the penalty, inflicted for such offences, of swinging in the air, from the end of a high pole, by two hooks fixed in his flesh.

It was Hassan's intention to remain in America; but when he arrived in the land of liberty and christianity he found nothing congenial to his taste. His shipmates had begged, borrowed, or demanded for services, nearly all he had received from the purser; and the landlords on shore soon got the remainder. He was sick and in distress, yet found no good Samaritan or christian brother to help him as he expected, and in disgust with all he saw, he sought employment in the Columbia to return again to his native land.

One Saturday night — a night on ship-board generally devoted to fond pledges, in "potations pottle deep," to "sweet-hearts and wives" — the middies had adjourned their jovial, singing, bibbing, toasting meeting, as the "master-at-arms" announced "two-bells," and doused their lights. They had gathered around the galley and the bridle ports to eke out the cheeriest hour of the day in a social smoke; and one of the "greenest" of their number had "*piped* all hands," as their

punster phrased it, when old Hassan made his appearance, coming down the forward ladder, in a state of almost native nudity to get into his hammock.

"Well Hassan! how are you? Aléikûm Salâm!!" cried out one of the middies.

"Me very well, master!" said Hassan, "Salám! Bram! Bram!!"

"I suppose, Hassan! you've been looking out for Bombay to-night. We are very near there now; but I suppose you mean to go back to America with us, don't you, Hassan?"

"Oh no, master! my like me country very much. Me glad my come back. Me have two young wife — one child — one old mother — they wait for see Hassan plenty long."

"But what will the Brahmen do to you, when you get back, Hassan?"

"Oh! Brahma make me lose caste; but spose me give Brahma some little moneys; or, spose Hassan swing on de hooks next "Kiss-miss"* me have caste again all very good."

"But won't that hurt you very much! Hassan?"

"No too much hurt. Me have swing two times," and he showed us the scars made by the hooks. "One time me no feel nothing — Brahma that time like me very well; another time, not so: spose me no make good prayer, and he heart no speak true — den Brahma no like, and he make too much pain for Hassan?"

"But you are turning out moustache lately: what's that for Hassan?"

"All mussòl-man have moustache — spose he

*A holiday.

no have moustache, and he no have turban, he all same one American man, what no have one coat on."

"Then you are determined not to go back with us, and be a christian?"

"Ah, me like my country; me like Hindoo custom; plenty good thing in my country; me no more go away. Too much cheat in America; too much work; too much rain; too much cold; me lose my money; me no get more; me sick; America no good. My country have plenty fish, plenty banana, cocoa, yam, rice, toddy, all good thing; no too much price. Hindoo man have two wife — have two children there, all same as Hassan, den forty dollars in one year plenty money; in America in one month all gone. Ah, Hassan no like America; my country more better."

Thus strangely, though happily, we find the tastes and affections of the common people wedded to their country; to the magic associations of home; that sacred name which seems to hallow every thing connected with it; alike cheering with attractions the palm huts of Congo and the icy cells of Spitzbergen, the wigwam of Missouri, and the floating habitations of China. So custom or nature moulds our feelings to the conditions of home, that whatever it be, it is the dearest place on earth.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Though fetters, and barbarism await one there, and liberty invite us away to its asylum of freedom and plenty, if one be true to nature, he will fondly and steadily cling to his home. So was it with Hassan.

That same night, a sail had been long in sight on our larboard bow, and toward the mid-watch, we bore down for her. In the course of an hour afterward we had overhauled her, and were passing rapidly by, within the toss of a biscuit, a lug-sailed craft, resembling the Arabian däus or bagalahs, with a high poop stern and sharp declining prow.

We hailed the craft, but received only an unintelligible guttural answer; and Hassan was sent for as an interpreter. Up he came, hurrying from his hammock into which he had just dropped — and appeared before the commodore and all upon the quarter-deck, in the same pristine attire in which he had honoured us at the galley. He took the trumpet in hand as he was directed, and perched himself conspicuously upon the after-end of the hammock nettings, to hail the craft then dropping fast astern. Hassan was unable to get a distinct answer; but, during his exertions on the nettings, with his head bare, bellowing through the trumpet, and his single garment all in the wind, he was a ludicrous figure, and "the observed of all observers."

The next morning, another sail was seen far down, and it was thought it might be a vessel bound from Bombay to America; but when the ship bore up for it a little, and made more speed, the officer of the deck discovered that the sail which he had in chase, was simply a cloud, or a morning vapour, that *looked* very like a ship.

We now began to notice schools of water-snakes, varying from one to fifteen feet long — of a blueish cast, with dark bands: they were true snakes — sometimes coiled, and at other times extended in curves. Hossburg alludes to them as being peculiar to the neighbouring waters of

Bombay, from which we were distant about five hundred miles.

Every watch now presented new signs of approaching land. Birds were more and more numerous — boatswain's birds with a long feather in the tail, one or two of the fly-catcher species, and a partridge with yellowish stripes on the back, and hawks, and other birds. We now began to see the old familiar stars again of Ursa Major, and his comrades of the north. By the twelfth, we were fully within "Oman's Green Waters." We spoke a bagalah, only three days from Muscat, which reported that the American big ship had left there five days before. This first Arabian craft which we had spoken and boarded, was of great interest to all of us: it supplied us with oranges and fresh dates, and a sweetmeat of fruit, honey and candy, called *holwah;* furthermore it seemed to give assurance to our senses that the long, dull cruise from Rio was nearly at an end.

The next day we passed in sight of land. It was nearly calm with us, but Cape Ras-al-gad was astern, and the Devil's Gap and Cape Kuriat were near by. Ramsay says the Persian Gulf is like Chesapeake Bay, and we can say nothing to the contrary, since we could see only one side.

Our sailing-master was here not quite so successful as usual in his land-fall — or rather in supplying the place of a pilot, to ferret out the little crevice, as it were, in the long rough cliff of eastern Arabia, which forms the mouth of Muscat cove. We first saw the land on Sunday, and did not see the little island called Fahil, which stands ten or twelve miles to the north-

west of the cove, till Wednesday morning. Two rockets had been discharged the night previous as a signal, and about ten o'clock, A. M., a turbaned and dignified Arab came over the side. Presenting himself to the officer of the deck, he pressed his hand to his heart, and made his salam as our pilot. He had no sandals on, and in general wore the costume of a Turk. A loose cloak, or wrapper, over full pantaloons, was gathered about the waist with a long ample sash, which, being wound several times about his body, fell over the hilt of a sickle-shaped dirk, called a khunjur.

When Hassan saw the Arab take his station on the horse-block, he began to feel that he was in the East again — and he was eager to resume the signs of his eastern origin before the stranger, who was to him as a familiar neighbour. Hassan was quite popular with the men, and he hurried among the friendly lads like Richard for a horse, crying — "A turban! — a turban!" The officers of the quarter-deck, and men about the fife-rail, were curiously gazing at the strange pilot, and his brother Arab who had joined company; and several were discoursing upon the dignity of the Arabians — the striking grace in all their gestures and motions, and the high facial angle, and Grecian outline of countenance, even in that lower order — when suddenly, the attention of all eyes was drawn to Hassan, who now appeared on deck in full eastern costume, and with evident pride, to act as interpreter for the pilot. The mirth continued irrepressible, while Hassan was advancing, with excessive complaisance and politeness toward his new friend. He was just commencing his Hin-

doo-Arabic salute—"Salam!—Bram!—Bram!" when he was speedily sent below, and ordered to change his dress for the uniform of the nation under whose flag he was serving.

The eastern shore of Arabia ranges nearly north and south, and one naturally expects the entrance of a port to open eastwardly: but after making Fahil island, the only one on the coast worthy the name from the Mazeiras upward, the cove of Muscat opens northward, with a castle fort on one side of the entrance, and a redoubt on the other—both having been constructed by the Portuguese, who took the place and built the forts, besides two churches, in 1508.

The whole cove is not more than a mile wide either way: it is nearly a parallelogram, with three sides formed of precipitous naked rocks of granite, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high. The water appears to be deep in every direction. Besides the large clumsy Arabian däus, and numerous bagalahs, there were three or four of the Imaum's ships of war built in English fashion. Among these vessels, and many dinggies or canoes, we dropped anchor, and, about two hours before sunset, moored ship. When all things were made fast and snug, we were not a little surprised to notice almost a solid mass of small fish about the chain cables, which actually concealed them within a foot of the surface.

CHAPTER XIX.

"'Tis but as yesterday, since on yon stars,
Which now we view, the Chaldee shepherd gazed,
In his mid-watch observant, and disposed
The twinkling hosts as Fancy gave them shape.
Yet, in the interim, what mighty shocks
Have buffeted mankind — whole nations razed —
Cities made desolate — the polished sunk
To barbarism, and once barbaric states
Swaying the wand of science and of arts:
Illustrious deeds, and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of gray Tradition voluble no more."

H. K. White.

Of all countries in the east, Arabia, for the English reader, awakens the liveliest interest. What lady has ever sung the Farewell to Araby's Daughter, or what youth, of either sex, has known the bewitching tales of Arabian Nights, or read the fascinating story of Lalla Rookh, and not felt a dream of romance, and a thousand pleasing associations, conjured up by the mere mention of Arabia? But at the sight of that legendary land, an epitome of historic retrospections, from primeval time, rushed through our minds.

On the morning after our arrival, half aroused from dreams of home and the sea, I thought to myself, --- as I recalled events, and dispersed the mists of sleep, and once more assured my doubt-

ing senses that I was really in Arabia—this then is the ancient inheritance of Ishmael, and we are actually within its boundaries, wherein his predatory descendants still range the desert, with their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. It is said that this was a part of the first monarchy in the world, and in its pastures the shepherds of Abraham fed their flocks. And here the patriarch-sheiks of nomadic tribes, to this day, picture the scenes of ancient days, in the use of tents, camels, and asses, and the simple habits of Nimrod's time. And this too was probably the land of Uz, so celebrated by the inspired epic of the godly Job. Then again, on one side of it Christianity and Judaism were cradled; while on the other, the Fire-worshipper arose, and the vain Mohammed waxed strong enough to usurp the birthright of the Saviour, over a third of the human race.

Then again, while all Europe slept in the lethargic darkness of ignorance and superstition, the learning of the world took refuge and was fostered in Arabia alone. Ibin Korrah and Ibin Musa, and a school of philosophers, then and there discoursed upon the most esteemed sciences and learning, which have been since transmitted to us with their valuable additions; and to them every school child is indebted for the ciphers which facilitate his arithmetic operations. It was the improvisatores of Arabia who introduced the attraction of fictions,—the romance of liteture,—that first drew all men to its fountains. And Israfil here sang "his ravishing songs," till poetry became, as it still is with Arabians, the reverenced sign of inspiration. And who does not know that the oriental splendour of the Abbas-

sides,—the Moorish court at Bagdad,—was unrivalled throughout the world, except by the Ommiades of Spain, its own rival offspring at the court of Cordova? And who does not remember that the learning, elegance, and accomplishments of the Arabians were borne onward and transfused by the vast conquests of Al-Manzor, and the glorious reign of Haroun al Raschid, to the remotest west, till they became the leaven of European genius?

Such were the reflections, with a train of episodes, that naturally passed through my mind at the simple thought of being near Arabia; for we had not yet touched foot upon its soil. There, as we sipped our coffee from the fragrant berries freshly gathered, we could not but gratefully remember, that to Arabia we were indebted for that beverage, which has become the daily cordial of the civilized world. A story of its discovery, which was told to me, is somewhat curious, and bears relating. It is said that Omar, the Arab sheik, was driven from Yeman, about A. D. 630, and fled to the wilderness. He soon found it very difficult for him to procure food, and seeing the coffee-berry, resembling somewhat a cherry, he was tempted to try it. There was a very thin pulp, scarcely more than the skin upon the outside that he could eat; but he hoped to soften the inner kernels by boiling them, so that they might be edible. In the course of the process, such a delightful aroma greeted his nostrils, that he was induced to taste the decoction, and found it much more invigorating than the solids which produced it. And thus the immortal virtues of coffee, as a beverage, sprang to light and universal use.

But thus far we have only explored Arabia ideally. To be, however, upon the spar-deck, and to see the squalid, dirty venders of fish and fruits in the bum-boats, one would have no pleasing anticipations of the realities in Muscat. And oh! the sultry, infernal heat, that makes that cove from February to November equal to the fiery furnace that tried the purity of Shadrach, Meschach, and Abednego. There is not a vestige of vegetation to be seen — not a leaf nor a fibre to fan a breeze, and those high, naked rocks, embracing the little pool, seem to concentrate every ray of heat, like so many Archimedean lenses. When we entered the cove, it was so insufferably hot that before we could furl sail, one of our topmen — poor Clarke — died in ten minutes from the exposure.

But let us visit the shore, — the city of Muscat, — that seems to occupy before us a sandy plain, extending back about half a mile, to the base of a central granite mountain, which with the high lateral rocks, completes the ovenlike enclosure of Muscat and its harbour. All, however, that appears to the observer from the shipping, consists of only three large buildings on one side, having stuccoed walls, with few windows; the middle one distinguished by a green verandah, projecting oddly from the face of the wall over the water, and an airy cupola on the flat roof. These, we were told, which much resembled a range of cotton factories in a country village, were the palaces and harem of the sultan; and the odd verandah was the grand divan, for the reception of state officers and distinguished guests. Next to these dull walls, a little retired, behind piles of coffee and date bags, and a crowd of scales,

weighers, porters, and lounging officers, stood a many-arched basement, with a story above, called the custom-house. Thence to the base of the eastern ledge of granite, whereon towers a large fort, nothing but the dingy back of a shabby range of sheds margined the beach.

The face of the western acclivity, crowned like its fellows with two or three forts, suddenly terminates or recedes just before the palace range, admitting a small creek between, and an extension of the city for a half mile farther west, where the scorching precipitous rocks again sweep round, and with the opposite cliffs form the only glen or vista which opens for a road to the country.

In the cove, at the narrow opening between the palaces and the abrupt angle of the western heights, the short creek that sets in has been used as a sort of dock, and a stone foot pier runs out through the midst of rocks and small dinggies or canoes. At this place we landed, and close by the head of the pier found the residence of Captain Calfaun. This noble-hearted and accomplished Arabian, educated at the English naval college at Calcutta, was the chief counsellor of the Sultan until he removed to Zanzibar; and was the Governor of Muscat. The Sultan left Muscat to the care of his younger son, who now receives by courtesy the title of Imaum, a rank corresponding to the high priest among the Levites, and nearly equal in political and religious power to the Pope of Rome. Captain Calfaun has always evinced a special friendship for Americans, (he was deservedly praised by Dr. Rushenburgher for his attentions and kindness to the officers of the Peacock,) and although he

had resigned his important office in the government, and all public emoluments, he assumed and proffered the hospitality of the city and his nation to us on his own account, and freely opened his house, in lack of all inns, to our officers of every grade.

We were received, a companion and myself, with marked cordiality, and were much prepossessed by the dignity, intelligence, and urbanity of our worthy host. He was seated à la Turque against an ottoman, at the farther corner of a small room, upon a double mat, with his desk upon the floor before him, and the clouds of his long *Hookah* pipe curling about his head. A Persian rug adorned one side of the room for Arabian visiters, and two sofas and as many chairs supplied seats for European guests on the other. We had no loose sandals to leave at the door with their dust, like the Arabs; but our host rose to receive us and presented us to his brother, Abdallah bin Calfaun, (the present Secretary of State to the young Imaum,) who was reclining on the rug: also, to Mr. Marshall, the American consul recently arrived; and to the pretty little son of Captain Calfaun, Seeif bin Calfaun. We were very much delighted with this little fellow. He was only four or five years old, and was apparelled like his father, excepting that he lacked the long glossy beard, and wore a red silk scull-cap instead of an ample gray turban. A cluster of little rings pierced the middle of each ear, and jewels were in his nose; and about his neck were suspended a charmed bag of inscriptions from the Koran, and a few medals with the like holy inscriptions upon them, as talismen against evil thoughts and spirits. Still he was a child like any other, "pleased with

a rattle and tickled with a straw," but more than all, charmed with a little donkey, no taller than himself, that his indulgent father kept for him. And this little Arab, his father told us, was already beginning to assume the lordly bearing of his sex toward his mother and her companions in the harem, under whose care he is placed, according to custom, till seven years of age, at which time he has the right to command them all, and quits the harem, for the more improving society of men. His little cousin, his betrothed wife from infancy, also made her appearance at times, but coyly and seldom.

While we sat conversing with our friend, a dark Hindoo in a white wrapper and crimson turban, had been swinging over us the grateful *punkah* — a large muslin fan suspended from the ceiling. When we were sufficiently cool, after a few copious draughts of sherbet, we started for a walk into the city.

The western half of Muscat, with the exception of a few cabins, for silver-smiths and market stalls, was occupied with only four or five large stuccoed buildings belonging to the Sultan's family: but the bazaar behind the palaces comprised the eastern half within the high walls that defend the city. The rather open and sunny eastern side was seen at a glance, and we proceeded at once into the bazaar.

The caffre caste moslems, and a train of the maimed and halt followed us, begging for "*cherry marias*," or gifts; and lepers, and wretches possessed of divers devils and diseases, lay by the way-side; and very many who were blind sat in our narrow path, with hand outstretched, and head bowed to the dust, whining incessantly the

charity texts of the Koran; others were extended upon mats by the way-side, or, on light frames, which the patient might easily take up and walk.

As we advanced through the narrow, dirty, and devious paths, shaded by thatchings spread between the low buildings, we saw the busy trader and money changers and lean apothecaries, with their goods exposed about them, on the raised and open stalls, fronting either side of the passage. The better Arabians seem to think the chicaneries of traffic beneath their dignity, and therefore the Banyans, the Jews of the east, have migrated from India to banter for them. These Banyans have not the classic contour of the Arabians, and are generally more corpulent. Their dress differs also. They wear indeed the flowing trowsers, and long white frock, looped to the neck and gathered at the waist, which generally prevails in the east in more or less modified form: but then they have their forehead and chins lined with yellow clay, and wear an oblate turban of smoothly plaited crimson serge, with a singular knob or point in front, resembling the first shoot of a cow's horn. This people, it is known, are consummate cheats, second only to the Chinese in the most adroit deceptions; but, from their menial rank in Arabia and religious views, they are often subject to petty annoyances from the half-negro caste of Moslems. It is known that the Banyans, as a sect of Hindoos, believe in the transmigration of souls into different animals; and therefore they not only refrain from eating or killing flesh of any kind, but in truth, venerate and worship a cow as the form preferred by Brahma. The low Arabs take advantage of this; and when they can find a poor starved animal that can be had for asking,

they lead it before a rich Banyan's door, and threaten to kill the revered brute, that perchance has the soul of a relative in it, unless the Banyan pays a good price for it, which he generally does. These Banyans will call you, and thrust goods out to attract you; while the bearded, haughty Arab leans on his ottoman, puffing clouds of smoke through his nose and mouth, or chanting passages of a MSS. Koran, as he reads intently to himself, quite careless whether one buys or not. And the scribe is there, with reed pens in the folds of his turban, and rolls of parchment at hand. Then a party, or train of the lordly Bedouins saunters by you, their statures erect and noble, their matchlocks and long spears in hand, or double swords suspended over the back with the shield in front and a belt of cane joints for cartridges. Their deep, swarthy complexion, their simple garb, consisting of a tunic, leggins and a mantle, and their long jet ringlets dangling over their bare shoulders, remind the American of the proud lords of his own wilds. Here again passes an Arab of higher order, with his rich khunjur, beneath a richer girdle, and his fine cloth "*juma*" or wrapper, gracing his person; the loose fringe of his turban-ends hanging, in *recherché* mode, over one ear, his graceful beard shading his bosom, and a long Damascus blade swung over his shoulder. The Hindoo barbers were thickly seated astride of benches in the quiet places, dexterously shaving heads without lather, and plucking the straggling hairs of the beard: and in the denser, dirtier bazaar, hawkers were vociferating their last bid for a shawl or a slave in trail: and negro women, with close dominos, screening their sooty faces, in mockery of that jealous fashion of Mohammedans, were

tripping it coyly as if exciting the curiosity of foreigners to guess their beauty: and the makers and sellers of *holwah*, and other sweetmeats, and stalls of fruits, grapes and dates, and of parched corn, and piles of fish, including the *scolopendra*, the tormenter of swimmers but a luxury for ladies, who eat three of them fried in butter, night and morning, in order to produce the obesity which becomes an eastern beauty: all, and more than these things one meets in a short time, within the bazaar. But when the glare of curiosity is past, to see the rude cabins, stuccoed with clay and dirty chunam, that occupy the bazaar, and the more dubious filth that endanger the feet at every step, and to suffer the nauseous effluvia of various drugs, scented oils, assafœtida, senna, myrrh, and ottar of roses, and dried fish; and to hear the gutteral jumble of strange tongues, would soon incline one to adopt the opinion of the old English master, who wrote in his required journal thus:

"INHABITANTS OF MUSCAT: As to manners, they have none—and their customs are very beastly."

In the evening the Sultan's Secretary, Abdallah, induced us to venture again into the bazaar to witness the illuminations of Banyan houses; for it was their feast of "*Dewallah*," which continues three days in the third week of our October. As we entered I heard a voice of one crying from the house-top in a loud and plaintive strain.

"What dolorous song can that be?" I inquired.

"It is," said our friend, "the Muêzzin of this musjeed near by; he is crying from the roof, the customary exhortation to evening prayers:—"There is no god but God! To prayer — Lo! God is great."

It was not quite dark, and in various spots could be seen the faithful in the different positions of their worship — now standing erect, facing toward Mecca, with upturned hands, or clasped upon the breast — then kneeling, and bowing bown the forehead to the ground; and again, and again rising and repeating their genuflections, while they muttered rapidly their vesper prayers. Our friend was busy with himself, in the mean time, and undoubtedly was as devout as the humbler subjects around him.

We did not find the illumination in the bazaar so brilliant as we expected; but the houses were generally lighted in front with many wicks burning over the sides of brazen dishes; and figures of tinsel and red paint, adorned for eastern eyes the low walls. The Banyans politely invited us into their apartments, and in each we sat awhile with them upon the elevated half of the room, whereon they reclined, and above which at one end, was enshrined some image of their idolatry, some tutelar vice-agent of Brahma, Vishnu, or Siva, gaudily curtained and gilded, and enlightened by perpetual lamps. Sherbet, coffee, and sweetmeats, were offered at every place, and our pockets loaded with cardamoms, before we turned homeward. The sentinels upon the walls of the lofty fortresses were howling their doleful ditties to Allah, as we walked along; and I inquired if they had no better music in their forts, or in their souls, than to allow such as that. Our friend said it was customary for the sentry to sing such hymns through the night, to keep himself awake, and to assure others that he was not asleep. "The Arabs," he continued, "have a taste for music, or at least, a fondness for it, notwithstanding what strangers

have said to the contrary; but their religion discourages every attention to the fine Arts among men, as a waste of holy time — therefore they seldom sing, unless it be with the grave associations of religion; and they are thus precluded from cultivating a taste for music, which some occasions often show that they possess."

When a French ship of war, visited Muscat just before ourselves, with a grand band, the whole interest of the Arabians was wrapped up in the bewitching sounds, and nothing else engaged their thoughts for weeks after. "Oh yes," said our friend, "the Arabians are fond of good music, and we regret exceedingly, that the Columbia has not a band on board; for the Americans, as a nation, stand highest in the hearts of Arabians, and we could wish they might not be eclipsed in anything, by any people within the waters of Arabia."

CHAPTER XX.

"The kind affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By *Christian* hearts."

CAMPBELL.

* * * * * * *

"Afar a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales
To a sedate, gray circle of old smokers,
Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers."

BYRON.

UPON another visit to the shore, we proceeded immediately without the walls, which extend about a mile around the city, exclusive of the beach. On the southwestern side, where the deep glen opens into the country, there are a few rude huts of bamboo, partly occupied by weavers, makers of bracelets and bangles, by barbers, and partly by market stalls and cafés. A pack of dirty little Arabs quickly surrounded us as we approached one of the latter, each officious to lead us into the establishment for which he catered. We submitted to be shown into the nearest. It was a large booth, and at the farther end, two Arabs sat upon a stone counter, behind a range of coffee boilers, and piles of tiny cups; and on either side, upon stone benches sat or reclined perhaps thirty Arabs, from the downy, to the gray beards, sipping the fragrant coffee, or inhaling long

draughts of the "hubble-bubble," through vessels of honey and rose water, and then rolling it out in perfect luxuriance, through mouth and nostrils for seconds at a time. We were received with special attention, and a few of the old gray beards condescended to turn their heads and cast a curious glance at us.

One of the dreamers, who had perhaps completed his reverie, politely offered us his lounge, and appeared to be much gratified in explaining to us the names of objects, and the prices of articles about us, as well as his partial knowledge of English allowed. But while we were talking, there came to us, a one-eyed sly fellow, calling himself Mahmed, who insisted upon being our guide. He knew all the curious things about Muscat, would keep the tradesmen from cheating us, and could speak excellent English, in his own opinion. We consented to employ him to show us the Bedouin camp. Oh yes, he understood us at once; and, with many mongrel amplifications upon something attractive—which was probably himself, for we understood little of it—he led the way, and directly opened a bamboo gate and ushered us into a neatly stuccoed house in the centre of the yard. In the first hall sat an old haggard woman, like a withered apple with the skin shrunk upon the core; and near by upon a light pallet, reclined the figure of a young girl, in a robe or mantle of red and white striped silk. She instantly arose as we entered, and would have left us, when the old one and Mahmed drew her back. Beneath the mantilla, a loose spencer concealed all but the figure and motion of her heaving bosom, and a flowing skirt of silk fell to the knees, over full pantalettes which were gathered at the ankles with large silver

bangles. The feet in neat sandals, were adorned with rings on every toe, and the nails were stained blue. The hands were similarly caparisoned, with the palms stained red. In a little time she was induced to loose the silver chain that held an embroidered domino over her features. This unveiled to us more tinsel than beauty. The edges of her teeth were blued, and her eye-brows fancifully extended with sulphate of antimony. A jewelled button stuck in one side of her nose, and a ring pended from the end, and a row of rings fringed the outer edge of either ear.

It required but little shrewdness, or time to detect the character of that curiosity, and we speedily turned our steps. We were not however, displeased with the incident, since we were informed that it afforded us the only opportunity of witnessing the prevalent costume and taste of Arabian ladies. It is said that the best ladies of the Muscat harems, are known to resort stealthily to houses outside ; and that the old sultan recently dismissed a discontented Persian wife of his harem, for which he had paid eighty thousand dollars, because of her frail propensities. The wives too of Arabia, are so fond to a passion of jewelry and costly finery, that none but the wealthy can possess those of pure blood, untinged by the Caffre dye. Those who can afford to purchase and support them, may have four wives by law ; but the sultan now sets them a Christian example by owning only one.

We again explained to our guide the wish to visit the Bedouins ; and again he understood us well, and led us through other narrow lanes into a second bamboo enclosure. There we saw weavers busy, with antique looms, in fabricating

silk. The warp was extended over bamboo sticks, about a foot above the ground, for ten or fifteen feet. At one end weights were suspended in a hole, and at the other the weaver moved two treadles of a simple harness, and a smooth stick served for the reed to pound the woof compactly. We retreated again, and dismissed our guide; when another hailed us near by: "Shentlemen! shentlemen! me Jâhn — me good Jâhn — you wishee me, me show you." This fellow spoke better English, and wore a more honest phiz. He led us a mile or more over the rough, hot road, to the first copse, or even small tree, that we had seen in Arabia. Beneath its shade was a large city well; and one of the stunted, humpbacked oxen, used throughout Arabia, was tugging down an inclined plane, dug into the earth, to draw up a cow's hide full of water. From this well, several cultivated flats were irrigated, and porters were filling their goatskins to bear to the city. Many of the latter, in the long train we saw, were of the gang employed by the Imaum to water our ship.

The Bedouins were encamped just beyond this well; and it was said there were five hundred in all, ready to attend and guard a party of government agents and merchants over the desert. We found them encamped in temporary sheds, and we entered the larger one occupied by the chief. He was seated upon an elevated couch of matting, engaged in writing a passport for a messenger to the Imaum, who employs three hundred of the Bedouins as a guard. About the chief's *marquee*, if thus it may be dignified, twenty or thirty of his followers sat around the sides in grave assembly, with their arms, jave-

lins, matchlocks, khunjurs, sabres, and bows and arrows suspended behind them. They respectfully rose as we entered, and the silver-bearded sheik,

"King, priest, and parent of his roving state,"

received us with a gracious courtesy, and beckoned us to sit beside him. He politely conversed with us through our interpreter — entertained us with hot coffee, and fresh dates and grapes — and then, at our request, directed two of the young athletes in his corps to show us the Bedouin mode of sword fighting. The old man resumed his writing, while one knelt before him with his reed pens and ink, and two combatants entered the arena, sword and buckler in hand, advancing, retreating, sideling, and passing till they came to a picturesque closing position. One of them then passed the other's point — dropped his own sword — drew his short khunjur, and stood, holding the right arm of the vanquished, in attitude ready to plunge his curved blade into the heart. In the mean time, the women in the rear of the tent — whether native or captive we could not tell — had quitted their culinary labours and matbraiding, to catch a look at us and the combatants; of course, not to show their own faces less beautiful than those of the men, although they wore no dominos. The chief, after his writing, showed us his own sabre, which cost upwards of two hundred dollars in Arabia. It was of thin, beautifully polished steel, finely tempered, and quivered in his hand like an aspen leaf. Further civilities were offered us, but we declined, and parted happily pleased with our visit.

On our return, we met a juggler, with vipers

twined in his hair, like the frightful Medusa, and others in his hands. He was wagging his body in a laughable dance before a charmed snake, which obeyed him, while a youth played the tom-tom. And near the open space, where Captain Calfaun's house stood, we found ourselves in the midst of the slave-mart. Men and women, young and old, were there undergoing the indecent examination of merchants and triflers, and the hawking scene was in process, as it has often been described, when we joined the crowd. But the slave in Arabia fares better, and has greater privileges than in any place yet visited. Throughout Mohammedan countries it is truly said, the term *gholam*, or slave, is not one of opprobrium, and the adoption of his master's religion always conciliates great favour. Mohammed said in the Koran: "Unto such of your slaves as desire a written instrument, allowing them to redeem themselves, on paying a certain sum, write one, if ye know any good in them, and give them of the riches of God, which he hath given you."* And because they are not on a par in knowledge and civil privileges, they are also not liable, in the crimes they commit, to suffer half the penalty to which a free man is subject. "The Georgians, Nubians, Abyssinians, and even the Sedee, or Caffre, as the woolly-headed are called, are usually married; and their children, who are termed house-born, may often inherit a portion of their master's wealth, become, in part, members of his family, and not unfrequently, by marriage, may lose, in the family, all trace of their origin."† But the noblest

* Sales' Koran, vol. ii., p. 186.
† Robt. Mudie's Picture of the East.

birthright of every grade in Arabia, besides the surety of protection against injustice and oppression, is the right of addressing any superior freely. This is the Arab's peculiar pride and privilege: and it is not withheld from the slave.

When we arrived at Captain Calfaun's, the servants informed us that he was at his devotions, and for a while we were left to our reflections upon the singular strictness and fidelity to their religion, of a people whom Christians would stigmatize as infidels. How strange it must seem, thought I, to these plain-hearted, moral, and abstemious Moslems, when they see Christians, who boast of the only pure religion, living in open violation of every precept which they most laud and enjoin. They see them come to preach temperance where intemperance is unknown, and where the means to foster it are only found to meet the importunities and appetites of those who come from Christian lands. They see the very priests themselves, in all the pomp and trappings of pride and arrogance, urging the humility and meekness of the Saviour. They see the Christians come with all the implements and ambition for conquest, and a treacherous, overgrasping trade, while they insist upon turning swords to plough-shares, and preserving peace and good-will toward all men. They perceive, also, that without converting their own, they compass the world to make one proselyte; and after all, only wean him from a strict and prudent life, to embrace a dead letter — a formal ritual — that has no living virtue.

When Captain Calfaun returned, I could not but commend the rigid conformity of the Moslems to what they believe and profess to be their

duty. He replied, that Christians rather than to praise, generally preferred to blame their devotion as a mockery; but he presumed it was from ignorance of their belief, or from the olden enmity engendered between the Mohammedans and Christians, by the wars once sanctioned by Allah and the Prophet to establish the former, but which are now unlawful. "Mohammedans," said he "generally believe in the Saviour as a prophet, but likewise that Mohammed, adorned with every virtue, and the greatest legislator that has ever lived, came later to establish what the Saviour designedly left undone. Mohammedans believe that charity, temperance, hospitality, and mercy are essential virtues, and they practice them as such."

"There is a little item of belief among us," said he, "which you may perhaps regard as a foolish superstition, but it is generally adopted by us, and guards and prompts us in every thought and deed. We believe that every one has two recording spirits that attend him from his youth. One notes down the motives and deeds of the day that are good; the other those that are evil: and at the morning or evening prayers, as they sit ready upon either shoulder, the sincerity of that act is noted too, and they take their flight to Allah: and there the result of each day in life is deposited for the final summary."

There is a similar design, beautifully embodied upon canvass by the enthusiastic Blake, to which Bulwer alludes in his Ambitious Student. It represents a fair and pensive youth with an earnest countenance, sitting and conversing with a small, shadowy shape, perched at his knees,

while other shapes of like form and aspect are seen gliding heavenward, each with a scroll in his hand. The effect is said to be very solemn, and above the painting are these lines:—

> "'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
> And ask them what report they bore to heaven."

"I think," continued our host, "that we must be less quarrelsome than Christians, for we have no duels, nor any need of established courts of equity. Forbearance and peace are cardinal points with us; and, although you see us all wearing arms in defence, yet they are seldom used. The only assassination or murder," said captain Calfaun, "that has occurred within my memory, in, or near Muscat, happened in 1822. In that year a captain of one of these forts, an excellent and highly respected youth, by chance, became intoxicated in company with a bosom friend. It was a rare circumstance in the province for one to be thus; but when an Arab does pass the boundary," he added, "it is to a brutal excess. At night, when returning home through the city together, a dispute arose which maddened the inflamed and delirious passions of the young officer, and he stabbed his friend. He immediately recovered his reason — the body was thrown into a well — and it was long before the fate of the victim or the name of the murderer was known. Indeed, the latter might have kept the secret locked in his own bosom, and perhaps veiled forever, excepting from the all-seeing eye of God. But the accusing monitions of conscience nightly and daily tortured him to confess. He became melancholy — he resigned his military office, and sought a subordi-

nate clerkship in a cruising vessel, commanded by captain Calfaun's father. It had been long the general wonder, and was indeed strange, what had become of the lost young man: the young assassin denied that he knew aught of him after their parting from the fort, and there were no signs of the murder. Still the latter was suspected, and persons were sent to the departing ship to see if any suspicious villain had taken refuge there. The ship sailed, however, without any trace of the offender; but, by some singular fatality, before a port was made, the object of the mission was subverted, and the ship ordered back. The manner of the self-condemned now became so changed and sad, that his commander, ever his friend before, supposed that some troublesome thoughts must be weighing upon his mind relative to his lost friend, and questioned him closely; but all in vain. Others caught the same impression, and at length the sultan sent for him to appear in person at the divan for a private interview. He went, and the sultan with unwonted sternness called him by name to tell all he knew concerning the missing comrade. 'What have you done with him?' said he. 'I killed him,' replied the youth with resolute calmness, 'and I threw him into a well.' A guard was sent to the place, and the confession was verified. The paternal sultan addressed him with sympathy, and expressed his deep regret that one of noble blood and of holy faith should so dishonour his race, his family, and his God. He offered from his own purse the ten thousand mohammadee of silver, about nine hundred dollars, which is the customary fee of conciliation in such cases, to save the youth from a public death; but though

the relatives of the deceased were poor, they refused this competence for a life, and the order was given for his execution. Had he not confessed, he might have required five witnesses, of undoubted veracity, to prove his guilt; but he chose to confess unequivocatingly, and it was beyond the privilege of the Sultan to save him. He was taken to the beach, and a brave companion in arms, expert with the scimetar, was selected to execute the order of justice, as a favour. The condemned had fervently repeated his last prayers, and stood untremblingly erect, prepared for the final act of his tragic life. The chosen executioner had not heeded the last signal, and stood with downcast eyes, leaning mournfully against the scabbard of his sword, and permitting the delicate edge of the latter to cut the leather of his sandal or grate against the rough pebbles in the sand. From this sad and musing attitude, the condemned aroused his faltering friend. 'Why do you hesitate,' said he, 'so fixed in that melancholy mood? I have known you as a brave man — I have witnessed your unflinching nerves in deadly action — let not your strength and courage fail you now! for if you leave a fibre uncut by the first sweep of your blade, you have the curse of a dying man — the stigma of a trembling coward. Now strike like a man!' The comrade was himself again — the bright steel flashed in the air — the head rolled along the beach, trailing its gore—and strange to tell, the brainless trunk sprang, and ran forward full a hundred feet before it fell."

Other stories and illustrations of Arabian customs, our good host beguiled us with, till toward the evening, when we sallied forth with his brother

Abdallah, to visit the studio of the chief painter in all the province. The artist was absent when we reached his dwelling, and we had turned to go back, but we soon after met a sprightly Arab, with evident protrusions about the regions of ideality and colour, who at once accosted our friend Abdallah. "This," said the latter, "is our renowned artist, *Mooh-lar-bar-yarn*, who will now attend us himself to his house." We gladly consented to return. "*Tarik! tarik!*" cried the artist, as he opened the outer door, and stopped a moment to allow the women to retreat; then we were led through a little mud hall, and up a rude ladder, to a small room, supplied like other Muscat houses with an elevated platform at one end, to recline or sit upon, in the place of rugs and ottomans. There was a single window glazed in the Egyptian fashion, and tastefully stained; although the general inlets of light there, are openings guarded by bars or shutters. About the apartment, were the sketches and the masterpieces of the owner. But such libels upon all that is natural never disgraced an American schoolboy.

Upon another day, a small party of us chartered a well-matted dinggy, and, keeping close in the bottom to ballast the light bark, we proceeded to visit the town of Mâttrah, distant perhaps four miles by water, around bluff and craggy points of granite. This place stands upon a sandy plain, with a high wall extending over a long beach that fronts a tolerably large bay. The whole town contains 8,000 inhabitants, or two-thirds the number of Muscat, and includes about two thousand Beloches, a colony from the sacred Indus, who have seated themselves within the

heart of Mâttrah. But I need not repeat the reiterated descriptions of this place, which in general resembles Muscat: palm-reed huts; a plenty of blind beggars and fortune-tellers; a few trees outside, and laden camels ready for the desert; and a filthy bazaar, of drugs, putrid fish, sweetmeats, and parched corn, comprised all. We returned early to captain Calfaun's; and on this final visit were complimented by a reception in the inner parlour, adjoining the wives' apartment, which we passed, upon the rear verandah on our way. The room was richly supplied with Persian carpets, upon which we sat, *à la Turque*, to partake of coffee and refreshments. Large pictures of American naval victories, and other tokens of our host's esteem for Americans, were displayed about the walls. A musical box, presented by French officers, entertained us for an hour; and as we retired, Captain Calfaun showed us his own little bedroom upon the roof of the house, which was completely enclosed by a high lattice.

On the following Sunday, the young Imaum and his suite were to visit our ship. Our commodore, with his aid and one or two others, had officially visited his highness at the divan, and was received with special attention. His highness would not listen, since he regarded his father's approval, to any mention of American obligations, for the friendly offices which Arabians had freely done as a religious duty, and a pleasure of benevolence. His highness had also supplied the Columbia, and John Adams during their visits, with an ample quantity of bullock's meat, and goats for the crew, and choice fruits and vegetables for the officers daily; yet all that was only a part of Arabian hospitality. The gig and curricle were

sent at an early hour to meet the barges of the Imaum's suite, amid the responding salutes of the frigate, and the forts. The well manned train, with the crimson banner of Arabia, and the stars of America floating together, were seen, as the clouds of smoke rolled up from the waters, rapidly approaching the ship. The yard arms of the gay frigate were then manned in a twinkling, and at the signal call, three cheers resounded in chorus from the lofty spars; and the hats of the picturesque tars waved together a general welcome. All the officers were in full dress upon the quarter deck, to receive their noble guests, and as they came over the side, the little music that we had was in requisition to greet them. In a little time we beat to quarters, the better to exhibit the ship; and the commodore and first lieutenant, escorted the visiters through the several parts and departments. With these they were much pleased, and immediately afterward they retired to the cabin with all the officers, to partake of a sumptuous entertainment with the commodore.

The royal party, consisting of the Imaum, his three brothers, and a nephew, were all young, but dignified and reserved. They were quite unaccustomed to the use of a fork at their repasts, but appeared to succeed with us admirably, with an occasional hint from captain Calfoun, who insisted upon standing beside his highness, to serve him in person. After the entertainment, the Imaum retired for the third time during his visit to repeat his prayers. He then took his leave, followed by another salute of twenty-one guns, that reverberated over and over again among the rocky cliffs of the vicinity, for several seconds at a time.

One more excursion was made on shore to visit

the sultan's stud of horses in the rear of his palaces. There were nearly one hundred in all, generally of the second rate, of the Kadischi breed, small, but delicately formed and muscular.

We also wished to visit the sultan's gardens, which are situated nearly twenty miles out side of Muscat, and are said to be extensive; but we had not time, and on Friday, October twenty-sixth, toward the evening, our ship was unmoored and stood out to sea. Captain Calfaun remained with us to the last, till we were miles from land, and then like a warm hearted brother, bade us farewell.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Through ocean's perils, storms, and unknown wastes,
Speed we to Asia."

BOWLES.

THE boat that bore away our kind Arabian friend, was still seen as a speck in the distance, and we had just taken our departure from the Devil's Gap, and Fahil Rock, when the veil of evening was gently cast over the cheerless, but classic shores of Oman*—"peaceful land." The moon shone bright; yet, long before the morning dawned Araby the blest was present to us only in the retrospect, and we were fast increasing our separation, as a favourable breeze wafted us toward the shores of India.

There was little of novelty occurring in the voyage, beyond the common incidents of sea life, with which the reader is familiar. We should mention, however, that we took with us four of those pretty bright-eyed gazelles of the east—so fawn-like and graceful, which daily supplied us with a new diversion, by their playful capering over the decks. We were visited by a beautifully dappled, greenish brown hawk, supposed to be from the crags and defiles of ancient Persia, near which we were sailing. It was probably, we thought, one of the kind called *hubara*, which are used in that land of once immutable laws to hunt

* Oman is said to mean land of peace and security.

the swiftly bounding antelope. We also saw a peculiar species of woodcock, which we caught and caged. It was of a dun colour, having a long humming-bird bill, with a top knot nearly as long.

Time passed rapidly with us, marked by the usual routine of disciplines, disputes and pleasures, until at the expiration of six days at sea, we had logged over eight hundred and fifty miles, and were in sight of the long line of the distant Ghauts that stretches out in mural and tabular heights, behind the low and verdant shore of Hindostan, from Comorin Cape to the Indies.

We were indeed before the gates of India; it seemed as if it must be a dream. We were in sight of that ancient land, where the oldest monuments of architecture stand; where the hallowed Sanscrit, the oldest language ever spoken, was nurtured to maturity, and gave birth to the Hebrew, the Coptic, and all other tongues; we saw before us the utmost east of the ancient world; whence, it is said, even Egypt borrowed her arts and sciences; where the Phœnicians and Israelites procured their costly dyes and gems; and to which the poetic fancy turns for its pictures to embody the *beau ideal* of magnificence.

We came to, long before dark, off the high land of Tull, which lies south-west of Bombay. Three times we discharged a big gun for a pilot, but none came, and we were obliged to remain outside all night. The next morning, however, the first of November, we stood in, by the earliest dawn, for Bombay harbour, which opens southward between two embracing points about eight miles apart. The Bombay directory for 1836, says, "In going into the harbour, it is necessary to clear a sunken rock, lying almost due east from the

light-house, at about one and a half miles distant; and also a bank, called the middle-ground, lying nearly opposite to, and about one and a quarter miles from the southern extremity of the town."

Having passed Point Tull, and turned inward abreast of the opposite point, whereon the light-house stands, the broad expanding bay, of twelve miles span, opened before us, with the long low shores of Colaba and Old Woman's Island forming the western side, and the famous Elephanta and other islands, the eastern.

Afar off along the inner shore lay the fortified walls of the city, marked by a line of dusky vapour, that floated above them, among two or three spires. A camp of tents was seen on the plain or esplanade without, and in the distance the "whimsically shaped hills of the table land" forming a back ground.

A crowd of shipping, under various flags, occupied the intermediate waters — the huge Indiamen and men-of-war, with the cross of St. George — Däus, with the crimson flag of Arabia — merchantmen, some with the tri-coloured standard of France, and others with that of the five towers of Portugal — and one, proudly bearing the stars and stripes of America, which we were quick and happy to discern was the John Adams.

Our consort having visited Zanzibar and Muscat separately, arrived five days before our appearance at Bombay. And I need not say how great was our pleasure to meet that fair vessel again, and her band of brother officers; but it was not a little increased to see one of her boats, with two or three of the officers, coming out to greet us before we were half way to the anchorage. The officers had all enjoyed their visit to Zanzibar exceed-

ingly, and spoke in the warmest terms of the good old sultan, Syed Syeed bin Sultan.

I am sure the reader would be as much gratified as we were, with a description of the John Adams' visit to Zanzibar; and, as it was as much a part of our appointed cruise as any voyage of the Columbia, I will here insert a very spirited and accurate account of it, which was kindly contributed at my request, for the purpose. It shall occupy the next two chapters, and the reader may be assured:

> "If time permit, and candour will attend,
> Much satisfaction these essays may lend."

CHAPTER XXII.

"And there he went ashore without delay,
Having no custom-house or quarantine
To ask him awkward questions on the way,
About the time and place where he had been:"

* * * * *

"But to my subject — let me see — what was it?

* * * * *

There loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mode
Of living in their insular abode." BYRON.

ON the afternoon of July 26th, the John Adams, to which the writer was attached, separated from the flag ship of the E. I. squadron, and took her departure from the harbour of Rio Janeiro, with orders from the commander in chief to visit certain ports on the east coast of Africa, the Red Sea, and Persian Gulf, and then to rejoin him at Bombay. In consequence of the advanced stage of the southwest monsoon we could not visit, as proposed, either Mocha on the Red Sea, or Mozambique in Africa. The present account will be confined to an imperfect narrative of our observations at Zanzibar; as Muscat, the remaining port, has been visited by the Columbia in common with her consort.

In ten days from the date of sailing, the snow-clad summits of Tristan d'Acunha were discried at a distance of 90 miles. This group is a triangle, composed of three islands, viz: Tristan d' Acunha at the northeast point, Inaccessible Island

at the westernmost, and Nightingale Island at the northeastern angle. There are three or four persons living upon these spots, who make a comfortable maintenance by supplying the wants of whaling and sealing vessels that may chance to call. The highest peak is said to be about 9000 feet above the level of the ocean. From thence to the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope, and for several hundred miles beyond, we had fresh and favourable breezes, so that within three weeks from Brazil we had fairly entered Madagascar Sea. Through this and the still more hazardous passage of Mozambique channel, we happily avoided "scraping our keel o'er coral banks," and "the warning voice of the lee-shore speaking in breakers," which are dangers frequently occurring in this region of inhospitable storms and capricious currents, to many other good navigators as well as to the Connecticut skipper from whose soliloquy we quote.

On the third of August the landmarks about the ancient city of Mozambique were seen, and for a time there was every prospect of soon getting into harbour; but before night, a failure of wind and an opposing tide offered insuperable obstacles to immediate success, and time was too much valued to make any considerable delay. Mozambique is one of the many East India possessions added to the Portuguese crown by the valorous enterprise of Vasco de Gama, and one of the few remaining at this time in the hands of his degenerate countrymen. It only derives, in these latter days, an infamous importance from carrying on an extensive traffic in slaves with Brazil.

On the 7th we made the Comoro Islands. They are four in number, viz: Comoro, the largest, and

which gives its name to the group, Mohilla, Mayotta and Johanna. Our view of these was very indistinct in consequence of the haziness of the atmosphere. On the 9th we passed Lathem shoal, a solitary rock, about which myriads of birds were seen flying. Early next morning the island of Zanzibar was made, and before night we had arrived at our destination.

In approaching this land, the wonderful agency of the coral insect in adding to the extent of the earth's crust is clearly visible. Reefs of greater or less depth under water, stretch out in every direction from the shore, and are of such rapid formation as to defy accuracy for any length of time in the construction of charts. It is however, at most times, easy to avoid danger from them, by having "lookouts" stationed at the mast-heads, for the light greenish hue of the water covering them, is strikingly contrasted with the circumfluent dark blue waters.

At our anchorage we were surrounded by some Arab vessels of war, and several däus of a truly unique appearance to us. The town and island of Zanzibar was immediately before us, and in an opposite direction, at the distance of thirty miles the coast of Africa might be traced to the north and south as far as the eye could reach. The intervening channel, in which we were moored, was studded with verdant islets, and coral reefs, and through it, a strong southerly current sets during S. W. monsoon. The town itself, was far from prepossessing at first sight, nor did a more intimate familiarity improve our impressions. The houses are so jumbled together, as to present a seeming confusion of thatched roofs and mud walls, with no relief, save here and there a plas-

tered dwelling, (some of the few remaining relics of the Portuguese domination) or a towering palm that had escaped the ravages of man. The island is of coraline formation, rather low, and supports a luxuriant vegetation. Its distinctive appearance is derived from the abundance of cocoa-nut trees which form a thick grove along the whole coast.

We were not long without communication with the American residents, from whom we received the gratifying intelligence that the sultan of Muscat had taken up his abode at the palace of Metony, in the immediate vicinity ; which was the first intimation we had received of his having abandoned his former capital in Arabia. This was the more agreeable to us, as it would shorten our stay at Muscat, whose terrifying atmosphere, we had been taught to dread. The usual honour of a salute of twenty-one guns being paid to his highness' flag, it was promptly returned by the guard-ship. We say promptly returned, but we say it not with the scrupulous regard to accuracy, that we intend shall distinguish this narrative. There was to be sure, a flash of fire, exceeding by several degrees the intensity of a lightning-bug, also a prodigious evolution of smoke, and several persons favoured in possessing remarkable acoustic powers, assert with confidence, that an occasional report reached them ; but to dignify such a pyrotechnical exhibition with the name of a salute, would be introducing confusion into the English language. It had at least, the recommendatory quality of safety, however, for the wads were seen lazily to tumble into the water within a few feet of the muzzles of the guns; and had the latter been loaded with ball, the villanous saltpetre would

probably have found vent at the touch-hole. This was all attributable to the innocent quality of the powder, which had been brought from the United States on speculation, and sold to the sultan. The authorities, were therefore by no means at fault, for it was the best they had. Nor are we inclined to be severe upon our compatriot manufacturers; for—with a knowledge of its destination to the east of the Cape of Good Hope, where Asiatics, ignorant of the true mode of slaughter, *secundem artem*, were to have so desirous a commodity placed in their hands—did it not display a commendable spirit of philanthropy in the humane Messrs. Duponts, to have thus rendered the agent as harmless as possible?

The island of Zanzibar extends from 5° 43′ to 6° 28′ south latitude, and from 39° 8′ to 39° 23′ east longitude; being forty-five miles in extreme length with an average breadth of from ten to twelve. It stands from north by west, to south by east, and runs in a general direction parallel to the coast of Africa, from which it is distant from twenty to thirty miles. The population is estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand, about one sixth of them being contained within the city.

Zanzibar is under the dominion of the Imaum, or sultan of Muscat, whose possessions out of Arabia are comprised in this, and the adjacent islands of Kedree and Pemba, with the coast of Africa from Cape Delgado to Cape Guardafui. His territories in Africa are confined to the sea-board, in no instance extending any distance into the interior. By far the most important of these, both in an agricultural and commercial point of view, is the island of Zanzibar, which indeed has intrinsic qualities exceedingly valuable, and under

favourable auspices might be made to render a lucrative revenue to the state. Being eminently favoured with an excellent climate and fertile soil, with labour abundant and cheap, the most of the products of a tropical country might be cultivated to great profit, if the requisite enterprise and capital were engaged in it; whilst the trading advantages possessed by the port of Zanzibar, are numerous and diversified. The present prince being aware of these favourable influences, has for these reasons removed his residence permanently from the ancient and decaying capital of Oman to this improvable island; and no doubt the consequences will be beneficially and rapidly felt. By offering great encouragement to the advancement of agriculture, and the introduction of the useful arts, which he judiciously has done, the services of enterprising foreigners will be secured, who, by developing the resources of the soil, will set a fit example for his subjects to imitate; for such is the indolent character of the Arabs, that improvements have not hitherto advanced so rapidly as might have been anticipated. Not long since, he granted a large plantation to a company of Frenchmen from Mauritius, for the purpose of rearing the clove tree, which at first promised every prospect of success; but their operations were prematurely checked by the untimely death of their principal agent, whose fate some attribute to the effects of the climate, and others to the treachery of their attendant slaves, because they proved more rigorous masters than the Arabs.

Spices have, within a few years, claimed more attention than any article of agricultural produce, and most probably they eventually will supersede all others. The clove tree, the growth of which

has hitherto been monopolized by the Dutch, has been planted in considerable numbers, and its cultivation is annually extending. The tree on this island produces two abundant crops in the season, making the business exceedingly profitable at the present prices. There are many specimens of the sugar-cane, growing luxuriantly, but the processes of extracting and refining, are too expensive and tedious to tempt the cupidity of an Arab. Rice, and a variety of vegetables and fruits are cultivated only for domestic supply, or are yielded spontaneously. Among those "gushing fruits which nature gives untilled," we may particularize the cocoa-nut as the most important. When young its juice is admired as a most refreshing drink, and when mature an oil is pressed from it which is used for light, for cooking food, and for various domestic purposes, besides constituting an article of export to Bombay. The tree itself, furnishes materials for building dwellings, making matting, and cordage for ships, and is otherwise valuable.

The foreign commerce of Zanzibar is considerable, and almost entirely in the hands of the Americans and English. The American trade bears to the English, a proportion of five to one, and to that of any other nation, about twenty to one. The American business is generally held by the merchants of Salem ; a circumstance which has very naturally acquired for that town in the minds of these people, (and the same remark may apply to other natives of the east) a degree of importance superior to any city in the United States. In asking our residences, which is not unfrequent, the invariable question that follows is : "How far from Salem ?" The imports from our country, are do-

mestic cottons, and various other manufactured goods, as ammunition, household furniture, &c. By the late treaty between the sultan of Muscat and the United States, through Mr. Edward Roberts, the late diplomatic agent, our imports are introduced, subject to five per cent. duty, while exports in American ships are freed of the five per cent. duty, imposed on those conveyed in the ships of other nations. This has not resulted so favourably to our commercial interests, as was anticipated, in consequence of the manner in which the customs are collected, and merchandise bought and sold in their markets. As in most eastern countries, the sultan *farms out* the customs for a specific sum — here I believe for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum. The individual to whom this trust is confided in Zanzibar, is a Banyan, who is of course at all times ready to sacrifice his honour, or any principle that he has, to the advancement of a good project which may put money in his purse; for an honest and upright Banyan is almost as much *rara avis in terris*, as a black swan, or a traitorous Irishman. Jeram, for so is he named, being possessed of but little property, has no means of fulfilling his contract, if the customs are not paid to an amount sufficient to comply with it, and so much over as will defray the expenses of the "preventive service" around the island. The avowed functions of this officer are not confined to the simple labours of the custom-house, but every article of export and import is bought and sold by him at his own prices; for he is so favoured as to defy competition, and the sultan at the same time connives at his illegal exactions. It is evident that nothing could be more pernicious to the prosperity of Zanzibar,

than this unjust and outrageous mode of transacting business; and were this miserable policy of collecting imports abolished, and a system adopted, based on the principles of equity and common sense, the importance of the place would be immeasurably enhanced. Indeed Jeram is but the creature of the sultan, who though but a sleeping partner, is wide awake enough to be really the chief man in the concern. Through the agency of this firm, the late treaty is made abortive: the Americans being charged five per cent. more for the ivory, copal, and other articles of export, which the market furnishes, than the English and Arabians, not having the same treaty, are obliged to pay. This fact is notorious, and a common subject of remark among the English, who laugh at the result of a diplomatic mission, which has contributed to swell the octavos of two different voyagers.

The most flourishing and populous, indeed the only important town on the island, is the city of Zanzibar, situated on its western coast, in 6° 10′ south latitude, and 39° 10′ east of the meridian of Greenwich. It is built on a low, flat point, and covers a large surface of ground. The streets are excessively narrow and filthy, and run without any regard to order or regularity. The dwelling houses, with the exception of the few occupied by foreign residents, are built of bamboo sticks interlaced in a rude manner, and covered on the sides with cocoa-nut leaves, the interstices being plastered with mud; while the roof is a species of thatching of the same material, with a hole left in it to allow the escape of smoke. Nothing indeed can be ruder, or more barbarous, than the appearance and construction of these houses. Their external appearance bears a stronger resem-

blance to a fodder stack, and their internal comfort to a pig-stye, or a humble cow-house, rather than to the residences of human beings.

Public buildings there are few, and these hardly deserve a notice from any intrinsic beauty in themselves, but derive some importance from the wretched edifices around them. The most costly, as well as the handsomest, is the new palace now constructing on the water's edge in front of the city, under the direction, and for the use of his highness the sultan. It is a large, oblong building, three stories high, built of stone, and plastered with "chunam," a species of cement attained by burning coral stone. It is furnished with green latticed shutters, which make an agreeable contrast with the surrounding sombreness. This palace, on which native artisans are alone employed, will soon be completed, and will be a creditable evidence of industry and an improving spirit.

Not far distant is an old castle built by the Portuguese, and now called, *par excellence*, the Fort. It is in a state of dilapidation, and only used as a prison. In front of this fort, is an open yard, or street, containing some brass and iron cannon, and gun carriages, which is dignified with the title of the navy-yard. The custom-house is a large mud hut fronting the water, and constructed of bamboo poles, cocoa-nut leaves, and mud.

Near the centre of the city is a mosque of stone, formerly the Portuguese chapel, but now devoted to the worship of the false prophet. In the vicinity is a fountain where the pious Mussulman repairs to perform his ablutions before he enters the house of prayer.

The traveller will look in vain for the edifice

in which sits the court of justice; but we were fortunate enough to discover the court without the hall, since the latter had not sprung into existence. The session referred to was holden in the open street, in front of the fort. The judges were seated *à la Turque* on a stone wall, while the litigants were collected around. The lawyers used their toes as racks for their briefs, in lieu of the green bag, which Mr. Solomon Pell, or Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, would have sported on the like occasions. The judges were grave looking men, and discharged their high functions in a solemn and dignified manner.

The administration of justice is a much more simple process here, than in those countries where codes, and commentaries, and statutes, and precedents, multiply until they become too numerous for any one man to wade through Here the koran, containing,

> A lesson which is quickly learned,
> A signal through which all can see,

directs, by its letter and spirit, all good Mussulmen. In Zanzibar, all mooted points of importance are referred to the sultan, who sometimes decides upon them himself, but more frequently appoints arbiters to adjudge the case; when it is expected that they will comply literally with the precepts of Mahomet, as found in their sacred book. An instance of faithful adherence to the command which enacts that criminals shall be punished in the same way they have injured their victims, occurred not many weeks before our arrival. One of the sultan's slaves, in a quarrel with the slave of an Arab, inflicted several wounds on his body which caused his death.

Complaint being made to the sultan, he immediately ordered his favourite Abyssinian slave to have the culprit taken to the public square, where the order had been previously conveyed, and there, in presence of the multitude, to inflict precisely the same wounds he might find upon the dead body of his victim. My informant, master of an American merchant vessel, witnessed the execution of this sentence. These scenes are not uncommon, as the slaves of all are treated in this manner. But if a freeman causes, wilfully or otherwise, the death of a slave, he is merely required to remunerate the master to the full amount of his value, and in default thereof to be treated as an ordinary debtor, without any reference to the homicide, beyond its connection with dollars and cents.

The inhabitants of Zanzibar are divisible into three classes, differing from each other in manners, habits, origin, religion, dress, and caste.

The first and most important are the Arabs, who, with one or two exceptions, hold all the offices of trust and profit, and are in fine the lords of the soil; but as Arabia is their original country, the account of them more naturally falls under the head of Muscat.

The Banyans constitute the second class. These are the least numerous, yet the most wealthy and prosperous. Their numbers do not exceed four hundred. As they are found more abundantly in Muscat and Bombay, we need not anticipate what may be hereafter given with more propriety.

The third and most numerous part of the population are the blacks. The smaller portion of these blacks are designated *Sowailies*, because

of their origin from Sowaiel, a district on the east coast of Africa, a degree to the north of Zanzibar. At the time of the Portuguese conquest, this superior tribe had possession of the island. They are a very fine specimen of the negro stock, surpassing in their physical developements and intellectual endowments the natives on the west coast of Africa, from whom those in the United States are descended. In person, they are tall and well-formed, with a lighter complexion, and more prominent and regular features, or approximating nearer the Mongolian species, than the Africans from the interior. Independent of these striking peculiarities, they may always be distinguished by having a covering to their nakedness. The ordinary dress is a robe of white cotton cloth, extending from the shoulders to the knees, and confined about the waist by a girdle. This, with a white turban and sandals, which many wear, is far from unbecoming. When the Arabs overthrew the Portuguese authority, (one hundred and fifty years since,) the Sowailies were obliged to yield personal service to the sultan; but from this they are now exempt by paying an annual tax of two dollars a piece.

Some of them have embraced the Mohammedan faith, but the mass worship idols of stocks and stones, or else have no religion at all. Still, having conformed in many respects to the manners and customs of the Arabs, they live among them in seemingly happy fraternization. The respect entertained for them is frequently manifested in the regard paid to their superstition, an instance of which occurred a few days before our arrival, when the gates of the sultan's new palace were being raised. An individual, recognised

as a descendant of the royal family of the Sowalies, and familiarly termed their king, was heard to declare oracularly, that if a bullock was killed beneath the arches of this gate, and its flesh there cut up and distributed among the poor, the prosperity of the future occupants of his highness's mansion would be ensured. The oracle was conveyed to the sultan by the prime minister, who immediately ordered the offering to be made.

Such are the more fortunate class of the negro population. But by far the largest proportion of the blacks are those unhappy descendants of Ham, who are constantly brought from the interior of Africa, and are here held in a state of bondage. Their importations contribute materially to the revenue, as there is a duty of from fifty cents to four dollars a head, according to the tribe to which they belong, levied on each slave landed. Four days before our arrival there was an importation of one thousand. The number annually imported and sold amounts to at least ten thousand. Some of them are retained on the island, but the large majority re-shipped for a foreign market, generally to the Persian Gulf. Their price at Zanzibar varies from three to twenty dollars.

The curious can witness the disgusting spectacle of their sale, by going to the market-square, about five o'clock, on any afternoon of the week. A few minutes before this hour, different Arab dealers are seen wending their way towards the rendezvous with a number of negroes following in their train, but generally not more than eight or ten belonging to one master. These *chattels* are gaudily decked out in gay calicoes, their hair

industriously brushed into as becoming a fashion as practicable, and their persons shining and redolent with scented cocoa-nut oil. If the subject be a female, her head and neck are ornamented wi h coloured glass beads, and flowers, or vines.

Altogether, they appear to as much advantage, as could possibly be expected under the circumstances in which they are placed, and probably better than they will ever appear again. The purchaser is now observed to advance, and examine into the condition of the stock, and this he does minutely and unceremoniously, as if the article were a slaughtered animal, instead of an animated human being. His practised eye at a glance runs over the contour of the body, and his skilful fingers are rapidly passed over the limbs and joints. The slave is made to run, walk, leap, stand in various positions, and execute different motions, before the purchaser will make an offer; and if the wretch offered for sale happens to be a woman, the most disgraceful exposure is made of her person. On such occasions insulted nature invariably asserts her empire, and the blush of mingled shame, indignation, and modesty mantles on the ebon cheek even of the ignorant savage. Our feelings may be still when one of our own sex is subject to these insults; but when a female, with whom we firmly believe modesty to be innate, is the unfortunate object, our sympathies cannot fail to be excited, and we must condemn the revolting traffic as iniquitous and unjust, although prepared to defend the system as existing in the the United States, and to denounce the violent opposition of the abolitionists as fanatical and incendiary. "Still slavery, still thou art a bitter draught! and though

thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, still thou art not less bitter on that account."

When a bid is made, the sale is conducted by the auctioneer, in pretty much the same way that may be witnessed at many horse bazaars in the United States, by walking the slave around with him, praising the enviable bargain *à la Tattersal*, and practising such other tricks of the trade as auctioneers so well understand.

Numerous African tribes are represented at these marts, as evidenced by the variety of tatoos and disfigurations observed on their features. They are usually prisoners taken in their intestine wars, who are laden by the conquering party with elephants' teeth and driven to the coast, where they are sold with the burthens they carry; the latter, by-the-way, frequently bringing five or six times more than the captive. Coming as they do, in large numbers, an arrival never fails giving a stimulus to trade.

The slaves on this island are not treated harshly or worked beyond their powers, for it is universally agreed that the Arabs are humane masters. Two days out of the seven, (Thursdays and Fridays with us) being holydays, are appropriated to amusement and relaxation, and during the other five they labour very little compared with labourers in the western world; for one-tenth of the number of slaves owned in Zanzibar could effect more than they all do if kept as actively employed as workmen are with us. Their chief occupation is picking cloves from the trees and drying them, but this is done only during three months of the year. Their food consists almost exclusively of a farinaceous vegetable

called cassada, and the few fish they may chance to catch. The expense of their subsistnce, even in the city, is next to nothing, for two dollars will buy cassada enough to provision a slave for twelve months, while the high temperature of this latitude removes the necessity of clothing. It is a common occurrence for them to purchase their freedom and continue to reside on the island as independent denizens. The number of free blacks is near twenty thousand, and is yearly increasing.

Judging from the primitive mode of life seen among them here, we presume that it does not differ essentially from what they have been accustomed to in their native land. Their huts, constructed like the worst kind of those referred to, being exceedingly low, and without other avenue of egress or ingress than a narrow door-way, are frequently seen huddled together beyond the precincts of the city, so as to constitute small villages. In these wretched hovels, in the midst of a thick smoke arising from a blazing fire, the congregated family of men, women, and children may be found immured through the whole day in the hottest weather, when their pursuits are not so pressing as to demand their presence elsewhere.

The slaves belonging to the sultan's household, amounting to several hundred, reside in a village of a better kind, which is built in a cocoanut grove, within a few hundred yards of the royal palace. At this village we witnessed an interesting and characteristic spectacle. It was on one of their great gala-days, when several hundred of the slaves clad in their Sunday best, which left but a moiety of their persons exposed, were assembled beneath a gigantic mango tree,

and were participating, in all the enthusiasm of their s avage nature, in the rude dances of their native Africa.

Two of their number were beating, with open palms, upon the head of a tom-tom, or the kind of drum made by nailing raw-hide upon each end of a narrow cylinder of wood, about four feet in length. Another couple were perseveringly blowing on goats-horns which emitted a sound that the auditors apparently mistook for music. This delusion was kept up by the merry dancers joining at intervals in a sort of chorus — the whole making a most perfect discord. There was no selection of partners, but each assumed his or her position in the rear of another, and in single file capered round and round the circumference of a circle, of which the body of the aforesaid mango might have represented the centre, now contorting their bodies in eccentric gyrations, and then varying those graceful movements by slight genuflexions to the surrounding spectators or talismanic twitchings of the arms and nether extremities, by way of telegraphic signals among themselves. There were varieties in these giddy mazes but we could not distinguish the difference.

Adjoining one of the huts, our attention was attracted by a musical instrument of so rude and simple a construction as to excite surprise that it should be at all capable of the modulation of sound. It merely consisted of several small flat sticks of wood, placed at short and regular distances on two larger ones, after the fashion of an oblong gridiron. To perform on this the artist used pieces of wood similar to drum-sticks.

The foreign residents, by whom I mean all those not included in the above category, are nu-

merically so unimportant as scarcely to require notice. We met with but seven, although I believe there are others, probably from Persia. Two of these were our own countrymen, four from England, (one of them was of the gentler sex and the only female except slaves that we saw in Zanzibar,) and the seventh a prince of Johanna, one of the Comoro islands.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"His highness was a man of solemn port,
Shawl'd to the nose, and bearded to the eyes,
Snatch'd from a prison to preside at court,
His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise;
He was as good a sovereign of the sort
As any mention'd in the histories."

BYRON.

HAVING thus disposed of the animals *en masse*, it remains to speak of the great *Lions* amongst them, and first of Syed Syeed bin Sultan, the most powerful Indian prince east of the Cape of Good Hope. He derives his title from the kingdom of Muscat — his legitimate designation being Imaum or Sultan of Muscat.

His history is not devoid of interest, for his path to the throne led through scenes of bloodshed and treachery. His father Syed Sultan, the former Imaum, had three sons, one older and the other younger than the present incumbent, of whom the eldest, named Beder, was entitled, on his father's death, to succeed to the kingdom. This event happened in the year 1806, in a disastrous action with the Wahabees, a piratical tribe who had long been the terror of the Arabs and other nations on the Persian Gulf and adjacent waters. Immediately on the receipt of this intelligence, Beder ascended the throne and was unanimously recognised as the legitimate sovereign. The command of an important castle was conferred on each of the

younger brothers, and they were otherwise treated with all the distinction which fraternal affection could bestow. But their harmony was interrupted by the youngest brother giving offence to the sultan, who summoned him to court. Refusing to comply, he fled to the fortress commanded by Syed Syeed, where he was received with open arms. The sultan immediately proceeded to the quarters of Syed Syeed in the most unsuspecting manner, and leaving his guards at a distance, entered the castle, unattended by a single friend. He was conducted into a chamber by Syed Syeed where the other brother Salem was, with an old and favorite Abysinian slave, in their interest. Harsh words soon passed between the brothers, when Syed Syeed dexterously disarmed the sultan by snatching his khunjur from his girdle, and suddenly struck him on the breast, intending to plunge it into his heart. It inflicted, however, but a flesh wound, and Beder sprang to the door of the apartment. This was closed against him and guarded, so that escape by that way was impossible. In this emergency the sultan leapt out of the window, and falling uninjured on a heap of sand, made his way to the stable where the Arabs always keep horses equipped for immediate use. He mounted and fled, hoping to meet a party of his friends who were several miles off. Syed Syeed and the slave pursued him, and the former, being the best mounted, after a hot chase, came up with and struck him a severe blow on his shoulder with a sabre. The violence of the stroke was so great as to precipitate the assailant to the earth, and there seemed yet a chance of escape for the unfortunate monarch, who spurred boldly forward although momentarily losing

strength from the profuse loss of blood which issued from his wound. At length, enabled to see the distant tents of his escort, the prospect of safety became more and more bright, but soon vanished for ever, for the Abyssinian having overtaken him, transfixed him with a spear through the back, and pinioned him to the earth. After this bloody massacre, Syed Syeed succeeded in allaying the animosity of the murdered sultan's friends, and thus gained the throne which he has occupied since 1808. Since "reaching the purple," his Highness seems to have endeavored to atone for his unnatural crime by acts of charity, benevolence, and hospitality, dispensing a large portion of his income in relieving the distresses of the poor, and in other eleemosynary offices. In fact, it may reasonably be questioned whether another individual in Arabia could be found who would have effected more good, or who would

> "Have borne his faculties so meek : have been
> So clear in his great office."

It is hard to believe that he ever could have committed a crime so horrible as fratricide, and there are many who deny the charge *in toto.* His apologists assert that Beder was not his brother, but an uncle, and consequently a usurper, and that he had a right to slay him in order to recover his legitimate possessions. Unfortunately for the sultan's fair fame, this story, now so confidently repeated as the authentic one, seems to have been trumped up since the subordinate actors in the fatal tragedy have left the stage. But a true and succinct statement of the circumstances, as recorded above, have been left by an Italian

physician, named Vicenzo, who was in the sultan's service shortly after his accession to his present dignities, when there were witnesses alive to establish its accuracy. Moreover he attended professionally upon the Abyssinian slave, (who took so active a part in the assassination) in his last illness, and heard his dying confession. This slave had nursed the sultan in his infancy, and was perfectly acquainted with his relationship with Beder.

His diabolical conduct towards a brother and a sovereign, will not appear so inconsistent with those natural good qualities of head and heart claimed for him by his friends, and his entire career as a man and a ruler, if we reflect that his sect is governed by principles of right and wrong entirely differing from those we are taught to view as orthodox. If it be true, as Pascal alleges, that "une differente coutume donnera d'autres principes naturels," then, with all his admitted benevolence and humanity, Syed Syeed's actions were only such as might naturally have been expected from any ambitious man possessing those ideas of morality implanted in the mind of an Arab chief by his wild education.

In his aspirations for his brother's throne, and in those meditations upon the deed of blood, when seeking

> "A spur
> To prick the sides of his intent,"

it would not be considered far-fetched to imagine him using such arguments as the poet Wordsworth puts into the mouth of a Highland chieftain when resolving to assert his fancied rights by a recourse to the strong arm of natural power.

"What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves.
They stir us up against our kin,
And worse, against ourselves.

We have a passion, make a law
Too false to guide us or control;
And for the law itself we fight,
In bitterness of soul.
And puzzled, blinded, then we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few.
These find I graven on my heart,
That tells me what to do.

* * * *

All kinds and creatures stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit.
'Tis God's appointment who must sway,
And who is to submit.
Since, says the chief, my right is plain,
And longest life is but a day,
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

Without wasting any more of our precious time (to say nothing of paper and ink) in the vain task of endeavouring to find a fuller justification for the sultan's early crime, than is contained in the above reasoning of a poet's hero, we proceed to relate what we know of his present circumstances.

His annual income is said not to exceed five hundred thousand dollars. This estimate being made by an Englishman, who notwithstanding he enjoys the best opportunity of forming a correct opinion, still as he belongs to a nation *idiocratically* given (as our friend P. B—— would say) to depreciate every thing out of their own

little island, it should be received with proper caution. The extent of his dominions, and the *grinding* system of Asiatic government, would incline us *a priori* to rate it much higher. It is derived from customs and port-charges, (the collection of which costs him nothing directly, as they are farmed out to individuals,) and from the tributes paid by various tribes in Arabia, many of whom yield no other allegiance. Yet half a million is amply sufficient to meet all the wants of the state and defray his own private expenses. As a despotic prince, he is not required to lavish pay upon those engaged in military duties beyond the humblest means of support; nor does the civil service draw more heavily on his purse, as offices of responsibility are bestowed upon those having a private fortune, (often connexions,) by whom they are considered to carry with them sufficient honour to be acceptable, without any nominal salary. A heavy charge upon his revenue for many years past has been (paradoxical as it may appear) the frequent donations, amounting to a tribute, paid those Bedouins who are professedly his subjects. It is said that the annoyance which these wild descendants of Ishmael gave him at his former capital, was the real cause of his removal of residence to Zanzibar. Whenever pressed by want or caprice, they hesitated not to ride to the royal palace of Muscat, and ask or demand pecuniary assistance; which he dared not refuse, however inconvenient it might be at the time to render it.

It is believed that the sultan is adding rapidly to his fortunes; that hoards of treasure are being amassed in the vaults of his palace; that in fine the old gentleman is not without what By-

ron considers, or speaks of, as the respectable vice of advanced age—*avarice*. The scarcity of specie is a subject of universal complaint among the commercial classes, and by them laid to the amount accumulated in the sultan's coffers. We can testify to the absence of silver, and that it is as rarely seen as in Philadelphia during the most palmy days of the shinplaster ascendency. It would be a great convenience, if not otherwise a "blessing" to the community, if they had a Dr. Dyott, or a common council to issue these *quid pro quos*, as they are sadly nonplussed for small change. The substitute in general use is a small grain resembling millet, which passes as current money, at the established and uniform rate of one dollar per bushel, and smaller quantities in proportion. When an article is purchased at the market-place or bazaar, a slave of the truckman takes it to the house of the buyer and returns with a cargo of grain to his master.

Syed Syeed's military power is far from contemptible. He can on the shortest notice bring a large, but not well-appointed army into the field; while his navy is considerable, and the ships comprising it capable of being made very effective. The latter is composed of several ships of the line, frigates, sloops of war, schooners, and däus; many of which are moored in the inner harbour of Zanzibar. This force is not employed in times of peace. The large ships are dismantled and laid up in ordinary, while the small craft are employed as regular traders in carrying merchandise.

His highness has frequently been engaged in belligerent operations, and in some of them without adding to his glory. Many years since he

received a total defeat from the Wahabee corsairs, who even blockaded for a time the port of Muscat. Of late years he has been at war with Mombassa, a small district on the African coast, and has succeeded in joining it to his kingdom. Encouraged by this success, it is said that he at present is making active preparations to commence hostilities against the Queen of Madagascar.

The quarrels of these potentates had a singular origin. His highness wishing to add her territories to his own and her person to his seraglio, gallantly made certain matrimonial overtures, which she ungenerously spurned with royal indignation. Entertaining very proper notions of the dignity of his august sex, and moreover believing, that

> "Happy's the wooing
> That's not long a doing,"

the rapture-smitten prince immediately concluded to try what effect powder and ball would have upon softening her obdurate heart, and mollifying his own ardent passion. If any of our fair readers should be so clannish as to sympathize in the merited mishaps of this proud and self-willed princess, it may be a gratification to them to be informed of its being the current belief that the sultan's prospect of success in the impending conflict is any thing but flattering. Whatever be the issue, she might, if she understood the language of Virgil, feelingly quote:

> Nunc insanis amor duri me Martis in armis
> Tela inter media atque, adversos detinet hostes.

Which, in the absence of Dryden's translation,

may be thus rendered for the benefit of the unlatinized :

> The sultan's crazed for Madagascar's queen,
> To send such armies of his Arab slaves,
> All armed with darts, not Cupid's though I ween,
> To fight for love, and wedlock, or their graves.

Syed Syeed is not married at present, but in place of a solitary helpmate, solaces himself in the endearments and society of five-and-forty concubines.* His harem is a living parterre of the flowers of this planet, and his feminine treasures have been culled from Arabia, Circassia, Georgia, and even far distant Greece.

> "Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,
> Swells the fair breast, or animates the glance,
> Adorns his palace with its brightest virgins."

The seraglio is of course a *sanctum sanctorum*, to which none of our officers were admitted, the surgeon excepted, who visited professionally some of the lady invalids, at his highness' request.

The sultan has about thirty children, seven of whom are sons. Among four of these sons, the offspring of deceased wives, he proposes that his kingdom shall be divided after his death. One to rule in Arabia, one at Zanzibar, and two on the coast of Africa.

It being the first object on our arrival to enter into friendly communication with the authori-

* As the lawful wives of Arab princes must be of equal rank, it is seldom their complement is complete. The koran is, therefore, especially provident in allowing so convenient a substitute, for, as Dryden says,

> A country lip may have the velvet touch,
> Though she's no lady, she may please as much.

ties of the country, our consul, Mr. Waters, was requested to arrange the usual forms of etiquette preliminary to an audience, and intimate the wish of captain Wyman and his officers to pay their respects at an early hour. The following day at meridian was named for the interview, and accordingly captain Wyman, Mr. Waters, and all the officers not on duty, repaired to the palace of Metony, which is about two miles from Zanzibar, and immediately on the water's edge. It is composed of two square buildings connected by a central edifice, and surmounted by a cupola, presenting quite a magnificent air when viewed from the harbour. We landed on the beach in front of the palace, before which a blood-red flag was flying; and, walking across a causeway, were ushered into the area of the central building, where the sultan received us, and after a cordial greeting introduced us individually to his son Syed Carlid bin Syeed, and several courtiers composing his retinue. We were then conducted into the audience chamber and motioned to take seats.

This chamber is a moderate sized saloon, exceedingly plain in its appearance, and facing on one of its sides a handsome garden. The walls were whitewashed, and the uniformity of the colour relieved only by two execrable engravings of the battle of Navarino. The floor was tessellated by alternate squares of black and white marble. In the centre stood a small table, and around were disposed the commonest kind of Windsor chairs, brought from the United States. His highness seated himself in a large mahogany armchair, in one corner of the hall, with Hadji Merchid, his confidential secretary, who acted on

this occasion as interpreter, standing with his feet uncovered on the sultan's right, while the young prince occupied a similar chair near to our group, who were arranged in a semicircle in front.

The usual congratulations were offered, the sultan expressing himself highly delighted at seeing so many of his good friends, the Americans. He inquired in polite and handsome terms after the health of the president of the United States, and was shocked to learn the political death of his old friend and correspondent General Jackson; for he could not comprehend how an individual when once at the head of affairs could ever be anywhere else, and remain in the land of the living. Of those officers of the Peacock, whom he had seen three years before, his inquiries were anxious and friendly. He wished to know if we bore any letters from the president to himself, and, when answered in the negative, seemed quite surprised. After many interrogatories into the present state of the Ottoman Porte, the nature of the existing difficulties on the Persian frontier, and various other subjects, — many of them, by-the-by, being queries belonging to that numerous class of questions more easily asked than answered, — in all which his highness displayed much intelligence and political acumen, and during which he was most courteous and bland, conversation was interrupted by the entrance of some Abyssinian eunuchs bringing coffee. It was sweetened with rock-candy, and served up in small cups of a metallic composition, highly wrought and lined with glass. They were understood to be of Persian manufacture. This was soon succeeded by sherbet, in large blown-glass goblets. The sultan and prince

did not join in the refreshments. The coffee was inferior, and the sherbet — that drink of kings — was not much better. We again exchanged a few words, and then took our leave, (the audience having lasted half an hour,) much pleased with the dignity of grace and benignity displayed by his highness.

Syed Syeed, in person, is above the ordinary height. His age cannot exceed fifty-five, if it reaches that senectitude. His frame is largely developed, and gives indication of considerable physical vigour. His head is large, his forehead high and expanded, and his face has a benevolent, mild expression. In motion, he is full of ease and grace, and his smile is irresistible.

The sultan wore a long plain toga, or loose gown, of broadcloth over his "*juma*," (a kind of close fitting jacket) and other under clothes, with a long shawl bound around the waist, serving to carry the "khunjur," a species of dagger which a mussulman is never seen without. A sabre was slung over the right shoulder, and of course, he wore sandals. To end where we should have begun, the dome of thought was habited in a turban made of a blue and red checkered scarf, arranged in transverse plaits, one above the other, according to a fashion which none but the royal family are allowed to imitate. Syed Carlid, his son, in attendance, wore a similar turban. With the exception of a magnificently large and brilliant ring on the little finger of the sultan's left hand, neither of these princes displayed any extraneous ornaments, although the Arabs are generally much addicted to wearing jewels.

Syed Carlid is about nineteen years of age, and is the nominal governor of Zanzibar, in the ab-

sence of his father. His inheritance is to consist of this island. He is quite a good looking boy, but his features denote a listlessness, rather than intellectual quickness. Like his father, his manners are full of softness and polish, while at the same time he appears aware of what is due him as a prince, and the son of a king. The sultan not being able to visit the John Adams during our stay, on account of his indisposition, Syed Carlid did us that honour a few days after our audience, and was received with a salute of twenty-one guns, and all possible attentions. The prince was to have taken his *first* wife in a few weeks; the Koran allows him four, besides as many collateral securities to his temperance and virtue in the alluring forms of beautiful maidens, as his Zenana will accommodate.

Returning on board ship, we were called to witness the sultan's solid hospitality. He had directed a supply of cattle, goats, fowls, fruits and vegetables for us during our stay, and to the hour of sailing, we were literally overwhelmed with the hospitable attentions of that courteous prince. These hospitalities, though only in accordance with oriental custom, were displayed in such a manner, both to ourselves and to the Peacock, as to manifest the kindest feelings towards Americans, and demand from our government some more substantial return than an avowal of reciprocated good will. It would be idle to contend that our ships should not accept them, for it would be disparaging a custom which has ever prevailed, and we all know that the rite of hospitality is held sacred by the Arabs. To refuse them, would there-

fore be uncourteous, if not insulting; while on the other hand to receive them, and not do as other nations in occasionally sending suitable presents, may acquire for our country in the opinion of these people, a character of niggardness.

The discharge of the first boat with refreshments for the ship's company, gave rise to quite a scene. Among other live stock, was an obstreperous zebu, (*bos indicus*) an animal differing from our ox in having short, strait horns, and a hump on its shoulder that is esteemed a *bonne bouche.* Jack being unacquainted with the vicious propensities of the animal, released him from the cords which confined him, as soon as he was hoisted over the side of the ship. He no sooner found himself unshackeled, than he made for and felled our unresisting kid, then upraised his shaggy front to discover an opponent more worthy of his prowess. The armourer being at work a few yards in front, the furious beast dashed fiercely toward him, and overturned his movable forge filled with live coals; while the lucky mechanic made his escape. The field was now in the hands of the usurper. Two hundred men-of-wars-men, (as they pleased to call themselves) having the fear of a gore before their eyes, had taken refuge on the top-gallant forecastle, and hammock netting, and from their securely elevated position viewed the work of destruction waged among the breakables on deck. Affairs might have continued in this state *ad infinitum*, had not the idea of a Gaucho's lasso entered the fertile brain of the sailmaker. This mode of capture was adopted with success.

The John Adams was placed under the immediate care of Hadji Merchid, who was before spoken of as the sultan's confidential secretary, with or-

ders from his master that we should want for nothing; and the office was discharged in the most faithful manner by that excellent old gentleman. This Hadji Merchid was a favourite of the sultan. Many years ago he commanded a frigate, and distinguished himself in military life; he is now retained near the person of his highness, and consulted confidentially on all matters of importance. His complexion is of lighter olive than most of the Arabs; his features are benevolent and expressive, and his whole appearance prepossessing. Happening on several occasions to be on board during some of the five hours of prayer, so tenaciously adhered to by all good mussulmen, the Hadji would call for a mat, spread it on deck, and, putting off his sandals and turning his face toward Mecca, enter upon his devotions in the most solemn and impressive manner. At the first exhibition of this kind, our friend lieutenant K. being interested in it, and closely watching him in every stage until he had concluded, exclaimed with great sincerity in his own emphatic way:—"The Hadji will certainly go to heaven," an opinion in which more than one were disposed to coincide. The old gentleman is now paying some attention to the English language, under the direction of Mr. Waters. He acquired some years since, a smattering of French at the island of Bourbon, and it was in that language, he translated the Arabic of the sultan to us.

The wholesale hospitality of sending provisions to the entire ship's company, and relieving us from all the trouble and expense of the commissariat, is peculiarly oriental, and practised to men-of-war of all nations visiting their ports. This sultan,

however, was not satisfied with these general civilities, but, overstepping the bounds of *ordinary* custom, invited us to a dinner at the palace. The hour of half past two P. M., a few days subsequent to our audience, was named. Accordingly, a half hour in advance of that time, we left the ship, and on our arrival at Metony found every thing in readiness, and the sultan and suite in attendance. If the arrangements did not correspond to our preconceived ideas of regal splendour, we were assured by those long acquainted with his highness, that it resulted from an ignorance of our customs, rather than either disinclination or inability on his part, to adopt the usages of European society; for our informers knew from their own personal observations, that there were in the palace superb services of plate, and a large quantity of rich furniture, that had been presented to him chiefly from the king of England, with the use of which he was unacquainted.

Reaching the dining hall we found the hospitable board groaning under the exuberant weights imposed upon it. There were sixteen of us to partake of an amount sufficient to satisfy two hundred hungry men. Sheep, kids, and the fatted calf served up whole, constituted the most conspicuous objects, which were arranged at equal distances; the intervals being filled up with a variety of fowls, made up dishes of meat, but more especially immense piles of rice prepared in every conceivable form, from the simply boiled, to the famous Turkish pilau. In juxta-position to these substantial aliments, were placed various sweetmeats and pickles, the former of which attracted swarms of bees to our no small annoyance. Before each guest was a glass goblet, and a decan-

ter containing sherbet, which with cocoa-nut water constituted our beverage, for it was against the "freehold and inheritance" of our host to say, even on the most festive occasions, with Ben Johnson's Innkeeper:—

> "*Wine* is the word that glads the heart of man,
> And mine is the house of wine."

The table furniture was extravagantly outré. The cloth was of painted calico, of a fanciful pattern. The plates or rather dishes from which we ate, were of the commonest sort of blown glass; the other dishes were some of glass, others of delf, or earthen ware; knives and forks, articles perhaps never before used in the palace, were provided; the latter had common, while many of the former had silver handles. Thus amply and strangely provided, we set to work at the important business of making a dinner. A Nubian eunuch acted as master of ceremonies, and performed his functions with lobster-like ease, and elephantine grace. His carving was of a style which probably would not be much relished at the Astor House, or at Head's. He would seize with perfect self-possession a sheep with his sable hands, and using a knife of such brobdignag dimensions, as would have thrust envy into the soul of the immortal Bowie, cut off immense hunks and would hold them forth in his hand that was at liberty by way of invitation to those near him, in pretty much the same fashion, that he would have fed his his master's mastiffs, or hounds. This individual belonged to that class indispensable to the establishment of a Mohammedan prince, yclept eunuchs. He hasattained the age of seventy, and

still seems cheerful and active. He is one of the sultan's chief favourites, and *commands the castle* in Zanzibar.

Previous to returning on board after rising from the table, (which was hastened by the absence of wines) we spent a short time in rambling about the premises, and had, among other things, an opportunity of examining his highness' large stud of "Arab steeds." The climate of Zanzibar does not seem to be propitious to them. Many have fallen victims to it within a few months, and the remainder have generally an unhealthy aspect. Whilst pursuing our walks in the neighbourhood, we perceived a number of negroes flitting about having their hands filled with various eatables, and their faces lit up with the most gladsome smiles, together with other manifestations of an inward state of supreme delectation. On inquiry, we learned that they were retainers of the sultan, who had been sent for to participate in the wreck of the feast, thus making it, after the oriental style of biblical times, "a day of feasting and joy, and of sending portions one to another and gifts to the poor."

As on a former occasion, neither the sultan, prince, nor any of their suit joined us. The two former occupied their chairs in separate corners of the hall, while the third party were near the table directing the waiters in their duties. We supposed the cause of their keeping aloof, was a repugnance to associate too intimately with uncircumcised Christians.

The following day, the officers received an invitation from his highness to visit his plantation and country seat in the interior of the island. A party was accordingly formed and placed under the care of Prince Carlid and the Abyssinian, to

whom they were much indebted for the pleasure of the excursion. A dinner or feast was provided, differing only in extent from the one described above.

During the residue of our stay, a constant succession of civilities were extended to us, and every kindness manifested on the part of our hospitable friends, to prove the regard entertained for our countrymen. In these enjoyments our visit might have been agreeably extended, had not the advanced stage of the monsoon, and the orders of the commander in chief called for our immediate departure.

On the 18th of September, a farewell salute of twenty-one guns was fired from our ship, and returned from the Arab flag ship: immediately afterwards, we sailed for Muscat, at which port we arrived after a pleasant passage of a fortnight.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Vast are the shores of India's wealthful soil:
Southward, sea-girt, she forms a demi-isle —
With cavern'd cliffs and dark-brow'd forests crown'd:
Hermodian Taurus bounds her northern round."

CAMOENS.

I HAVE said in a preceding chapter, that of all countries in the east, Arabia presents the greatest interest to the English reader. It is not, however, for its immediate attractions that it is more interesting — for it now has few, if any remaining — but it is on account of its historic associations. Its history and literature, sacred and profane, have been intimately connected with the current of empire and glory, which has steadily set toward the west. The branches of humanity, through which we proudly trace our lineage to the remotest point, are found blending with that of Arabia-like streamlets starting from a common fountain in the mountain's summit, and for a while running together on the same side. But beyond Arabia, in the east, our historic connection, and therefore our genealogical interest, ceases. Other branches of humanity, equally great, may have started from the same lofty source; yet, however grand or rich in themselves, since they course their way upon the opposite side of the mountain, and blend not with us or ours, until we meet in the commingling ocean of modern events, we feel but a cold indifference to all that is theirs. But

we cannot long remain estranged to the East. She is coming forward boldly and commandingly in the world; and a national interest — the extension of commerce — the increasing facilities of intercourse, — and every wave that bears her treasures and learning to our shores, remind us that we should speedily court her acquaintance more intimately.

Although Arabia may thus far have been the ultimatum of interest to the reader, because, as I have said, of its relationship and associations, it will gratify him much, in a brief interview, to learn that India has still greater attractions to the statesman, the philosopher, the merchant, and to the world. I will therefore prelude a visit to its shores, by a running sketch of its progress.

"India," says the resident writer of an excellent compendium upon that country,* "India is as it were an epitome of the whole earth. It has regions that bask beneath the brightest rays of a tropical sun, and others than which the most awful depths of the polar world are not more dreary."

"Its vast plains present the double harvests, the luxuriant foliage, and even the burning deserts of the torrid zone; the lower heights are enriched by the fruits and grains of the temperate climates; the upper steeps are clothed with the vast pine forests of the north; while the highest pinnacles are buried beneath the perpetual snows of the Arctic zone."

It is supposed to be the earliest seat of a regularly organized civil society;† and Sir William

*"Extracts of British India." By William Henderson, Esq.
†Malte Brun.

Jones says, that "India and Persia and all the south of Asia, were but parts of one great empire of antiquity, called Iran, which was the earliest settled in the world." The Hindoos still have in their traditions, one who was called Meru — a planter of vines and cultivator of the earth — evidently corresponding to the Greek Bacchus, and the Noah of sacred history. It is whimsically stated in the "*Agni Purana*," concerning this character, that when the flood was gathering, a fish fell into Meru's hand. It quickly grew into an enormous size, and had a horn on which to support an ark. Into this ark, Meru, with his sons and their women, and the wise men, and the seed of every living thing, entered and were supported on the horn of the great fish throughout the flood. This same Meru — called, like the Egyptian Menes, "The Son of the Sun"—afterward became the founder and lawgiver of all India: he was the father of Budha, who has more worshippers than any other man has yet had. "But when he flourished is as difficult to know as when Rama, with his auxiliary asses, subjugated Ceylon."

Herodotus, also, and Strabo, Pliny, and Ptolemy confirm the antiquity of India; and here are still found the earliest signs of art, civilization, and power. Moses speaks of the alloé wood, the ebony, the cinnamon, and precious stones of India: and we know the Phœnicians and Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans successively repaired to the coasts of Malabar for their drugs, Indigo, and gum-lac; for their ivory and mother of pearls. But it is not for us, in a hasty sketch, to penetrate the mists of traditionary history; nor to trace the petty conflicts that have agitated that remote

country with perpetual revolutions; nor would it serve our purpose to follow out the decline of its first recorded dynasty; to show how it was shaken by the Persian invasions; then made to totter before the invincible Macedonians, under Alexander; next paralyzed by the Mohammedan zealots of Mahmoud of Ghizni; again re-trampled by the Tartarian hosts of Zingis Khan; and finally crushed beneath the incubus of the Great Mogul dynasty of the renowned Tamerlane. In any degree to fill out this skeleton — to show in detail, how these powers successively rioted over the ruins of this ancient people, and petty factions severed the only ties that remained — that while America has risen from infancy, and become strong among the empires of the world, this cradle of them all has been the devoted prey to every crowned head of Europe — would be superfluous here, and probably uninteresting. But the second birth of India presents an era of commercial and political importance, almost unparalleled in history, and worthy, at least, a passing notice.

The Moors, from the days of their glory downward to the present time, have fed upon India; Venice grew rich from her wealth; the Portuguese opened the highway, by the Cape of Good Hope, for herself and others, to the same precious mine; and the Dutch had caught at the allurement, when England entered the list for the Atalanta race. But the English, unlike their competitors, never lost sight of their goal — the dominion of the east — by any over-eagerness for secondary gains. They have now nearly won the prize; hence, with the English settlements therein, we may date the second birth of India.

It is not a little surprising, when we think of the hopeless adventurers first encouraged by Queen Elizabeth, approaching the Great Mogul Akbar, and upon their knees, with hands tied before them, suing for privileges of trade — to contrast them, in that humble beginning, with that of their successors' present condition, outrivalling, as it does, even the mother country.

The subsequent ambassadors of the queen were received with marked kindness, their followers welcomed, like the pilgrims to America, as friendly guests; and the English traders in a short time were reaping a prosperous trade that often yielded them two hundred per cent. Thus an established trade was commenced that promised amply to repay all who engaged in it, and encouraged the most irresolute to persevere in its support.

But the rapid, and, to the natives, mysterious growth in number and power of these strangers, awakened the suspicion of the princes, that their guests might become like vipers, and ungratefully sting the heart that warmed them. Accordingly, while the English held only the feeble tenure of suffrage among them, the native powers were beginning to turn a jealous eye upon them; and their inveterate rivals the Dutch and Portuguese, with other causes, well-nigh twice extinguished the English company and all its effects. The energetic directors, however, with a shrewd policy, gradually surmounted these infant obstacles. The petty dissensions of native powers they turned to their own favour, by using the enmity of one to inveigle the confidence of another, and by joining their aid with either, to crush both. Thus by a steady perseverance, and a favourable

course of events in Europe, they were freed from their merely avaricious rivals; and eventually, by the fortuitous grant from the Portuguese, an undisputed foothold was obtained at Bombay. A strong-hold was soon after secured by Lord Clive on the Hoogly; and the charter of Charles II., which granted to that company of merchants an entire control, with martial and civil powers over their dependencies, soon established the English East India Company as the most distinguished nation among all the orientals. From this time—notwithstanding a constant warfare with the natives, and the inroads of the French, who bore the hatred of the mother country to the east, and occasionally the annoying clash of a rival company sent from home to check the monopoly and abuses that often became conspicuous in the proud success of the older company—that little band of empire-making merchants continued to extend their armies and influence throughout India, and the whole eastern archipelago.

To gain all this, many battles have been furiously waged. The fields of Amboyna, Plassey, Seringapatam, and Assaye, and the seas about them, have been stained with British blood: but a noble prize at last is won, and whether justly or not, the distinguished characters of Cooke, Lord Clive, Hastings, and Wellington, deserve to stand forth in the picture of fame; while the eastern heroes who opposed them—Suraya Dowlah, the despot, the self-made chieftain Hyder Ali, and his bold, tiger son and successor Tippoo—should be seen in the group bending to kiss their swords. The treaty of Amiens, the cessation of wars among the nations

of Europe, and the submission of many princes either to a direct or subsidiary vassalage, have now placed the English company, or rather the crown,—for the charter of the company terminated in 1833,—decidedly in possession, in the east alone, of the noblest empire in the world.

The English government now has an extended control—though it is nominally in the hands of the old company till 1854—over six hundred thousand square miles of territory in India, including ninety millions of souls, besides dependencies of a greater extent and population. It has two hundred thousand native and thirty thousand European troops, officered by at least five thousand English officers: they have besides about fifteen hundred civil officers, and three thousand British subjects licensed by the company; while the gross revenue of the three presidencies, at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, is stated to be on an average £18,000,000.

Such, then, is India: but though it were a mint of wealth and luxuriance, in the strong hands that have raised it as a nation, and which might hold it as such; yet a bad policy may soon undermine all its greatness. It has already been said by a British subject, that, "India is becoming every day less and less able to afford the revenues she formerly yielded. She is falling," he adds, "far behind in the race of competition, and other nations are taking out of her hands various important branches of trade. America is fast making headway against her, through the fostering care of genius and enterprise. Long before that nation was known to the civilized world, India supplied Europe with cotton and other useful articles; but now almost all her produc-

tions are superseded by that rising people." I would say America might rejoice if this were true; but India can never relapse to an inferior grade among the productive nations of the earth. If she is falling behind now, it is more owing to the impolicy and negligence of her rulers than to any exhaustion of resources. It is true, that since the trade was opened freely to British subjects in 1813, and a more liberal policy enjoined toward the natives and conquered princes, the revenue of the company has been decreasing, while at the same time the expenses and luxuriance of public officers have as constantly been increasing. Another cause has also tended to impoverish the country, to check the progress of individual enterprise and local improvements. It has been the policy of the government to allow men of ability to remain but a short time in India; hence the officials, with large salaries, have only sought to amass fortunes and return to England; thus deterring each other from fixing any interest in India's advance, and, together with a lucrative trade, draining the products of the country, while the productive labour has been and still is annually more and more withdrawn for the purposes of interminable wars.

If the crown of England were not fearful that her best subjects would become disloyal under any encouragement to reside permanently in India; or if she could be content with her present vast possessions, without pursuing that unwarrantable course so early adopted by her agents — a course in reality for conquest, but cloaked under the ostensible object of conquering neighbouring provinces *to defend* their own — if she were not so ready, for similar reasons, to form al-

lies on all sides, and to encourage them in petty quarrels, that she, like a crafty lawyer with his client, may seize the amount at issue as her share; if she would only attend to these particulars, and not let the consumptions of the country exceed the productions, then would India flourish as well as ever, and with a permanent increase. Let those who manage the affairs of India not forget the fable of the dog with his meat, who saw its shadow in the stream.

I have somewhat digressed from the mere sketch of the state of India, which I designed for the general reader; but I trust the digression may not be uninstructive; and I will now relieve him by commencing our excursions on shore.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Carriage and Hackree, Kranchee, Palankeen,
Hurkuras, Syces, swell the cavalcade;
Turbans, pink, purple, yellow, orange, green,
Vary the coloring like a tulip bed."

ATKINSON.—*The Three Hunch-backs.*

THE first morning after our arrival at Bombay, our friend Hassan became very impatient to get on shore; and equally persuasive to hurry us off to visit the many attractions of his native city, which he very glowingly described. He dilated upon the cheapness of merchandise which, by his account, was unparalleled in the world, though he frankly cautioned us against the excessive chicanery of his countrymen. When Hassan went we know not; but before we could escape ourselves, a posse of Moorish tradesmen with sundry wares of ivory and shells, and tailors with tape and shears in hand, and bum-boatmen were crowding about our ship. One among these, Hormusjee Bomanjee, we engaged as a "*dubash*," or general purveyor. He was a tawny or light brown Parsee, of rather large stature, in a long white gown, extending over full trowsers, nearly to the feet; which nether extremeties were shod with neat low shoes, tapering into long slender points, that curled up in front; and on his head was a high, starched, gray turban. This was a fair representation of that numerous, frugal, and thrifty

class in Bombay, called Parsees; who, as descendants and followers of the Guebres or Persian fire-worshippers, preserve their race, uncontaminated by the blood of others, while they meet and use, with a winning politeness, every caste that may serve them in their lucrative and often extensive enterprises.

We engaged Hormusjee, as our dubash, and were assured, with a French-like enthusiasm, that Hormusjee in person, or his young apprentice Nattoo, should daily attend us with the choicest luxuries of the market: and, thus provided against the wants of nature, we set sail for the shore.

The city was two or three miles from our ship, and vessels of various shapes lay together in fellowship along our way, as we saw them when we entered: there were Arabian däus and bagalahs, and the noble East Indiamen, of a thousand and more tons burden, (generally built by the Parsees, of the famous tiek-wood that abounds in the Ghauts of Malabar,) and transport steamers thronged with sepoys* and red-coats, just arrived; and two or three ships of war: and a little nearer in were the Hindoo "Bundan" boats, having light sails, and a small cabin of Venetian blinds, for pleasure excursions; and among them all the clumsy little dinggy boats were plying in every direction.

We landed at the New Bunder, which is a projecting quay, paved with pebbles, and sloping on three sides to the water. A crowd of the reddish black Hindoos, with long locks, met us here, who were even more importunate than those of a like

* A corruption of the word "*Sipahees*" — native soldiers.

caste in New-York. They were mostly "Mussols" or "*Mussauls*" — a caste entitled to act as guides and distinguished by low red turbans — who were knocking their varnished umbrellas over our heads, and thrusting a hundred and one certificates of character into our eyes — and the lower caste bearers of palankeens, almost denuded, excepting of the cummer-band about the loins, were choking our way with their long, stately, covered boxes; and a jargon of strange sounds, as stunning as they were unintelligible, were confounding our senses. Of course one must select from each of these obstacles, in order to secure a clear passage out. Accordingly each of us lolled into a palankeen; and being well balanced, by a stem and stern shaft, upon the shoulders of four bearers, we soon emerged from the crowd. Each box was neatly lined with chintz, and had a rug over the bottom, upon which one could extend his length. There was a large round pillow at one end for the head, and a smaller one near a cross-bar for a rest and brace to the feet. There was also, a convenient shelf in front for a chapeau; and blinds open on either side for a breeze. The peculiar amble of the bearers gives a tremulous motion to the carriage, like that of a light boat upon a strong ripple, which to many *griffins*, as strangers are called, is disagreeable; but not so to myself. My young massaul trotted near by, and advised in understandable English, a visit to the "Victoria" hotel, recently opened upon the English system.

We glided rapidly over the quarter of a mile outside, and passing the portcullis and sentry-guarded arch of the fort, we found ourselves within the enclosure of the city proper; which,

with an area of three hundred acres, is entirely surrounded by high, double fortifications. Nearly opposite the guard room of the entrance was a large building, with a lofty colonnade, which our guide said was the court-house; and beyond us stretched a broad pleasant street with stuccoed buildings on either side, having spacious basements opened for shops, with the upper apartments for dwellings, which were shaded with verandahs. Here and there were "coolies," or porters, hurrying like the Rio slaves, with burdens upon their shoulders, and with the like accordant moans upon their lips — and, in the midst, moved the obsequious Parsees, and the tawny Banyans, with streaks of sandal-wood paste disfiguring their faces.

At the Victoria, the superintendent and clerks of the counting room, all Parsees but one, sat around a table of papers, with their feet in their chairs; for they were wont to sit upon the floor like apes, before such innovations as chairs came among them. The saloon and ante-rooms were supplied with large punkahs, and attendants, and also with centre tables, lounges, and ottomans. A few of us proceeded thence through the street by which we entered, to an open area of two or three acres, in the heart of the city, which is enclosed by a chain as a public square. In the centre of this square, stands the cenotaph and marble statue of Lord Cornwallis. A hemispheric dome, about fifteen feet high, and ten feet diameter, was supported upon an open basement; and beneath this canopy stood a small, portly figure, in a cloak and regimentals. Minerva held an open scroll on one side, and dame Fortune was emptying her plenteous horn on the other. The gallant lord, whom the central figure typified, although once

forced to yield, with his sword, the last obstacles to our nation's liberty, did indeed display his valour, at Brandywine, Philadelphia, and Charleston; and still more in India, at the siege of Seringapatam: but I was disappointed in the doltish figure, which I saw representing him, and could not believe that it was true to the signs of his greatness.

Fronting the open area stands the town-hall, which is the most conspicuous public building in the city. It presents an extensive front, with wings, and the centre has a lofty colonnade of sixteen Ionic pillars, resting upon an elevated platform, to which a broad flight of free-stone steps ascends. We entered through the paled enclosure at one end, and, while looking at various antiques, that lay in the vestibule — idols of different shapes — stone tablets with sanscrit inscriptions and a skeleton found in a cave — one of the civilian officers invited us into the reading and library rooms of the Bombay branch of the Asiatic Society. These rooms occupy the breadth of the building upon the second floor, at the eastern end: where, besides the oriental literature with which it is richly supplied, is an embryo museum recently attached. Before the entrance of the library, where a double flight of circular stone stairs meet, is a noble statue of Sir John Malcolm, executed by Chantrey; and, in the rear of this, large doors open into a spacious banquet hall, occupying the whole centre of the building. It is divided by two columns of large iron cylindar pillars; and a full statue of Lord Elphinstone, upon a high pedestal, adorns the farther end.

Adjoining the grounds of the town hall is a

large plot of verdure, at the farther extremity of which are the buildings of the mint. Opposite the town-hall on the other side of the square, is St. Thomas's church, containing a few specimens of painting and sculpture. Beyond these there is nothing else conspicuous within the fortress. There are several large commercial houses about the square, among which, that of the American agents, Jahangeer, Nessawangee & Co., is the most extensive. They are very wealthy Parsees, and were generally courteous and accommodating to our officers. The bazaar commences at the square and extends through several wide streets, nearly to the outer walls. The open stalls on either side were constructed in a style similar to those of Muscat; but there was a richer variety of goods, higher and neater houses, and the street was quite devoid of the filth that stifled the close foot-paths of Muscat. There is a beautiful species of fancy work, in Mosaic style, manufactured and sold here. It is made of ivory, silver, and ebony, inlaid in very small pieces and in fanciful figures, upon sandal wood. The dressing-cases, work-boxes, and card-cases of this kind, are very beautiful, and in truth, are curiosities: but, being put together in thousands of little pieces, entirely by glue, there is often danger of parts falling out, even before they can be sent across the ocean. The Hindoo fancy-work appears to be nearly as delicate and cheap as that of the Chinese, and many articles of their ingenuity and industry may be seen in the bazaar. There also are sold the splendid cashmere shawls, of various colours and qualities, and the rugs of Persia, so celebrated in every commercial emporium. But it is not advisable for a stranger to purchase

anything in the bazaar unless a resident friend be with him; for otherwise, he will inevitably pay from two to ten times the value of his purchase. There is no deception that a Hindoo will not practise, and with wonderful art, to gain a few "pice:"* and when the stranger offers half price for an article, charged at ten times its value, after bantering a little longer, the Hindoo, with a theatric sigh, as if giving up his heart, says, "Take it! take it! Me poor man — Me want money for bread."

Indeed a contempt of truth seems to be indiginous to the native character.

"It is the business of all," says Sir J. Shore, "from the ryot to the Dewan, to conceal and deceive. The simplest matters of fact are designedly covered with a veil which no human understanding can penetrate." This trait has become so intertwined with the habits of the people, that the late Sir R. Grant has designated it "an original, irreversible, and fundamental principle, in the very frame of society."

During the heat of the day, we found the most agreeable retreat at the Victoria; and, having taken our "tiffin," as the midday meal of fruits and cake is called, we took a buggy for a drive, according to the custom of the place, before dinner — which is usually between five and seven in the evening. The Hindoo driver sat on the floor of the buggy, like the slave-lackey of Charleston, in America. We soon passed the northern gate, over a natural moat, and entered upon the Esplanade, a pretty green plain in the rear of the city, about half a mile square. Just beyond the port-

*A copper coin, valued at .0056, Federal money, eighty of which equal the Bombay rupee of silver.

cullis, we passed a statue of the marquis of Wellesley, who married Miss Keating, grand-daughter of the American signer of Independence, Chas. Carrol; and far out on the right were the tents and marquièes of an army of five thousand troops, chiefly Sepoys, encamped in readiness for the expedition to Persia. On the opposite side were large and splendid booths, which are annually erected by the affluent for summer dwellings, called "bungalows." Along the several roads that crossed the green, were the professed beggars of the vicinity, sitting on the ground, and whining their piteous wants, quite careless of the indecent filth about them and their own nudity; and in the midst, at that fashionable hour, were driving vehicles of every description — the one-horse omnibus of Malabar, called a "shegram," or "go-quick;" the bullock coach, or hackery of the Carnatic, like those used in France; and the palankeen, or palkee of Calcutta. Then besides these, through every street were dashing rapidly the English barouche and buggy, and the Russian drosky.

As we rode on, it was nigh the evening, "toward the time when women go out to draw water," and near the centre of the esplanade was a large pool, one of very many in the east, that are wisely constructed for the poor, and the frequent dry seasons. This tank was unusually low at the time, but crowds of Hindoo women were standing in it up to their waists, gracefully showering their heads, by inverting their large urns of water above them; and others, dressed in the light "*cholee*," or spencer, with short sleeves, and a cloth wrapped below as a skirt, one end of which was brought over the shoulder, were bear-

ing their urns of water to the city; and men *à la Chinoise* with vessels of water suspended from either end of a pole over the shoulder. As any of these got in the way, our Massaul, trotting beside the shaft, would cry, "*Paish! paish! Táhl! táhl!*" that is, "Get out of the way! Run! run!" and they would scamper off, as well as they could, to one side or the other, again to be started back by some other vehicle. When we arrived at the farther end of the esplanade, the martial music of the troops on parade induced us to stop and witness the drill of the sepoys. These recruits are natives who have enlisted for the Company's service, at seven rupees or three dollars and ten cents per month, with the liability or certainty to fight against their own countrymen. But these passive creatures seem to be quite ignorant of patriotism; indeed, it is a virtue that never took root in that country's politics. Their religious dogmas deter them from leaving their native land, and it also induces a pride in the lower castes to become soldiers, which is regarded as a comparatively high grade; but they care little who rules their country, or in what cause they serve. The sepoys are said to be very tractable;—they practise the infantry manual with great precision—can endure fatigue with little sustenance—and exhibit a docile bravery that has neither the dogged obstinacy of the British soldiers, nor the rash enthusiasm of the French.

At the farther side of the green we entered the native suburb or village of Dongaree; a dirty place, with an open bazaar, and only two or three objects worth noticing. The first of these, which we visited, was the Hindoo temple of the idol

Honuman, where are one or two singular *fakirs*, or devotees. The old fellow who has held a pot of flowers for twenty or thirty years sat nearest the entrance. He has often been described, and appeared the same to us as to others. He was sitting in a little reed shed — meagre, and nearly naked — with his body plastered over with light clay. He was neither shaven nor shorn, and the elbow of the left arm, which was withered, rigid, and bent, rested upon his knee, while it supported upon the up-turned palm a large flower-pot, with a few artificial flowers; the tendrils of which, hanging over the sides, dangled with his nails, that were curling down eight or ten inches from his lank fingers. Although the arm had remained thus rigidly fixed for years, the muscles of the hand appeared not to be paralyzed, and every finger-joint could be easily moved at will. Our guide told us that he was a cheat. "He tell master plenty, plenty lie," said he. "He speak how Brahma make dream come; and tell he, 'spose he hold that flower-pot forty, fifty year, he have Brahmin place when he die. That all one lie, master. He speak that, like big beggar, for make plenty money." We gave him a half rupee, about twenty-five cents, with which he appeared to be quite dissatisfied, and almost demanded more.

There was a range of low, dark buildings, with a piazza, just beyond the devotee, fronting a large pool of water. It consisted of four or five small, dark apartments, in each of which, at the farther end, was an image of Gunputtee — a figure of a grotesque elephant's head, much venerated. Each one was in a sacred niche, with perpetual lamps burning on either side. It

was the hour of Hindoo vespers, and worshippers, having bathed in the pool, were successively ascending the steps into the piazza. When the discordant sounds of tom-toms, horns, and cymbals, intended alike to arouse the attention of the gods and call together the worshippers, had ceased awhile, two or three little tinkling bells were sounded, and the lazy Brahmin priests, with the sacred "*zenaar*," or badge of yellow threads, passing over the left shoulder, and under the opposite arm, came to the piazza. Prayers were repeated hurriedly — the disciples bowed and knelt before the idols successively, — gave an offering to the Levite, and, as followers of Siva, received the unction of fidelity, in the shape of a round spot of yellow paste on the forehead.

I ventured, while apart from the others, to step up into the piazza, and there observed, in a sunken cavity, behind a screen, a brazen calf, couchant, with a gold band over the neck; but I was quickly reminded of my temerity, and *forcibly* impressed that I had polluted hallowed ground, not allowed to be trodden by infidel Christians.

Within the enclosure of the temple we happily met the Rev. Mr. Allen, who is associated with Mr. Webster in conducting the American missionary press and native schools in Bycullah — a neat settlement adjoining Dongaree. He gave us much information concerning the Hindoos about us, and expressed his opinion that the natives generally were daily becoming less exclusive in their customs and bigotry.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Still they believe them! — Oh! the lover may
Distrust the look which steals the soul away;
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow; alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucibles give out:
But Faith — fanatic Faith — once wedded fast
To some delusive phantom, hugs it to the last."

* * * * LALLA ROOKH.

"A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he."

GOLDSMITH.

WE had returned to the ship, and in the morning, while poor Hassan was desponding with fear lest he might not be released from the ship, we saw the messenger tell him, from the commodore, that he might go. His countenance instantly brightened up — his eyes floated in a suffusion of joy — and, for a moment or two, he scarcely knew which way to turn. He had been on shore once — had confessed his delinquency — which in former days was unpardonable; — he had acknowledged to a Brahmin that he had eaten, drunk, and slept with infidels, and in their own far-off land; yet, in spite of all, he was graciously told that he could recover his caste, by the payment of seventeen dollars, without having to swing again by the hooks. So much for the in-

fluence of the English, who have nearly subverted all such customs. Hassan's family were to visit him that day; and when we next saw him he was rigged out in the complete suit of a Massaul, with a bag of dollars in hand, going down the ship's side into a large dinggy. There was an old, shrivelled, haggard woman lying in the bottom of the boat, with scarcely covering enough, dirty as it was, for decency, and with the rheum of age in her eyes, who, with the instinctive fondness of a grandmother, was nursing a little infant. Near by squatted two young Hindoo women, the prettiest of whom, the mother of the child, wore a full mantle of blue silk, in the fashion of her race, and silver bangles about her ankles; while the other—though both were wives of Hassan — was little better clad than the grandame. This was Hassan's family, and as he stepped into the boat, the wives leaned forward to embrace his knees, and the feeble old mother put out her skinny hand to bless him, and we saw him shed tears; but he disengaged himself, and waved a farewell to the few shipmates who watched him, and the boat, with its freight of joys and griefs, was soon a spot upon the waters, nearing the shore.

Not long after we were ourselves in the city again, and fortunately became acquainted with a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Henderson, who is the principal teacher, and a director of the Bombay Native Education Society. Under the auspices, scarcely more than nominal, of this society, Mr. Henderson and his accomplished colleague, Mr. Bell, have established, within four years, an institution of incalculable benefit, immediate and prospective. It was designed expressly to diffuse

the scientific, classic, and general literature of Europe among the natives, without directly interfering with the religious customs, or dictating the belief of the pupils. This latter clause was a point of much contest in the beginning of the institution, and has occasioned an opposition college to be started, in which Christianity is inculcated as an essential branch. But those who are familiar with the influence of missionaries abroad, or can distinguish between an indirect and permanent change — one that is based upon the expansion of the mind — and that direct, but transitory excitement that floats only upon the surface of fluctuating feelings, can easily perceive the wiser adoption of the former. Besides the objections to the plan of the institution, by the old school moralists, there was a more formidable difficulty occasioned by the frequency of native holidays and marriages among the students. In the beginning of the school, Mr. Bell was nearly discouraged by the many applications from young students to attend the espousals of themselves or their relatives; for such ceremonies generally occupy them a fortnight or more with festivities. This difficulty has been the principal check indeed to the progress of the schools, not only at Bombay, but throughout the east, at Madras, Calcutta, and Ajmere. The head master of the seminary in the latter place, says in his report that, "During two months in the year, at the season when the Hindoos of the Banyan caste, enter into marriage engagement, the *children* are frequently, and necessarily absent from school, often for eight and nine days, either on their own betrothal or to attend the '*Burat*' of their relatives." In October

and November alone, there are twenty-one sanctioned holidays observed by the natives.

A messmate and myself repeatedly visited the dwellings of Mr. Henderson and Mr. Bell, and attended the recitations in their respective departments. The buildings of the school are extensive, and occupy a pleasant situation between Dongaree and the Esplanade. For the department of Mr. Henderson, that of general literature and Belle Lettres, there were over thirty young gentlemen from the wealthiest families of the Parsees, Banyans, Portuguese, and Moors. In the preparatory department, they had been instructed by native teachers to read and write the vernacular and the English characters. Thence Mr. Henderson had led them on to a familiarity with history, sacred and profane; with geography universal and particular; with the Latin and French classics; with logic and rhetoric. And so acceptable were their compositions upon political, literary, and descriptive subjects, that several specimens appeared anonymously in print, with unqualified credit to the paper. In our visit to Mr. Bell's department, we were equally gratified; the promptness and confidence of the young gentlemen, and their general accuracy, evinced an unusual proficiency, for those of their ages, without reference to their origin. Their exercises in chemistry and natural philosophy were highly meritorious; and also in the higher branches of mathematics. In astronomy, geology, and mineralogy, they were far advanced, and many had commenced upon the study of anatomy and physiology.

It was indeed highly gratifying to us, as visiters from a land where the diffusion of knowledge is regarded as the palladium of the country's

liberty and happiness, to find this fruitful tree of knowledge thus nourished and flourishing in a mental desert. We have been accustomed to think of India as a country sunken in superstition, with habits and associations unalterably stereotyped upon its character; but the progress of this institution to its present favourable condition, and the patronizing interest of the natives for its success, plainly evince that the Hindoos fear not the power of knowledge, though it inevitably sap their idolatry to the core. The higher classes indeed take pride in their acquirements — they thirst for knowledge, and will drink, if it be not, as they fear, drugged with proselytism. But it is well ascertained that any attempt to enforce, with knowledge, an interference with their customs and superstitions, will cause both Hindoos and Parsees to stand in opposition, and will avert their interest and support from the institution. The educated young Hindoos of Mr. Henderson's institution, although they still continue a formal adherence to the Brahminical rites and festivals, yet while pondering over the principles of philosophy, and the history of Christianity, they will voluntarily laugh at the absurdities of their father's idolatry, and curiously inquire of their teacher, in private, the truths and injunctions of the Bible.

In the Hindoo bible, called the Veda, or Shaster, there is a sacred verse — "the exalted ineffable Gayatri" — the holiest sentence of their language — that no Brahmin has hitherto dared to pronounce; yet I had the pleasure of hearing a young educated Hindoo, about twenty-one years of age, one who retained the costume and customs and bore the mark upon his forehead, of a Hindoo

worshipper, not only utter this ineffable verse, but descant upon its merits, and dissect and discuss its analysis with the philosophic apathy of a surgeon over a dead body. The young man was a pupil of Mr. Henderson, and happened to be at his house when I was looking at a copy of Moore's Oriental Fragments with him. The frontispiece of this learned book, represents the Grecian Ceres lifting the mysterious veil that had long hidden the secrets of Egyptian and Indian lore. One side of the lithic cube, forming the seat of Ceres, exhibits the triune, colossal bust of Elephanta, the other exposed side has the head of the Egyptian Isis, and on the hem of the magic veil are these words: KONΞ OM ΠAΞ, which signifies, "I am, of things to be wished, the beginning, the middle and the end;" and these mystic words, it is said by writers, were always whispered, at the conclusion of the Eleusinian mysteries, into the ear of the terrified aspirant for her secrets. There is also a triliteral word AVM in the Hindoo, which is like the central OM, or the emphatic, "I am," which every Brahmin, beginning or ending a lecture on the Veda, must always pronounce, in his sacred language, to himself.

Then around the front side of the cubic pedestal, is inscribed that holiest verse to which I have alluded, called "the mother of the Vedas." It occurs often in the shasters addressed to different deities; but that which is addressed to Surya, or the sun, is considered the most profound. This is translated by Mr. Colebroke, as it stands in the Sama Veda thus: — "O splendid sun! this new and excellent praise to thee, is offered by us! — let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine ruler — may it guide our intellects!" Another

version enjoins upon the Brahmins solely to meditate upon "the divine and incomparably great light which illumines all, and delights all; from which all proceed; to which all must return, and which alone can irradiate our intellects." This is the holy text which even a Brahmin must not articulate; but which he is required often to "*yap*," as the Brahmins call it, or muse upon in solemn silence. The adress of our poet Thompson to the sun is not much unlike it:

> "I lose myself in thee — in light ineffable!
> Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise!"

Yet our Hindoo friend would repeat this sacred *Gayatri*, with as little awe and sanctity, as we might quote the verse of our poet.

Is there not then evidence in this and like cases, that the irresistible and noiseless influence of general information is freeing and liberalizing the Hindoo mind in the most effective and desirable manner?

We have omitted to mention our visit to the elementary departments of the central school, where there are four hundred pupils in attendance, of every caste and quality in Bombay, all taught by native teachers. To a stranger, these native schools are by far the most amusing, if not the most interesting of the places he can visit. In one room of the central school, the Mahrathi was the only lauguage of instruction, and Narragen bhut, the turbaned and swarthy pedagougue, was drilling a large class of little Mahrattas dressed in their pretty robes and skull-caps, to sing their vernacular most excellently, that is, in a shrill high tone, which for our special benefit was a little heightened by the ambitious pupils. In the other

part of the room, were twenty or thirty more little urchins sitting upon the floor, with their legs folded before them, and a tablet of paste or wax resting there, upon which with a stile they were tracing the curious characters of their alphabet, or on good English slates working out their arithmetic. We passed into the apartment also of Khemjee Josey, where the stranger jargon of Goojrathee was going on. But the native teachings under the eyes of Messrs. Henderson and Bell are not so peculiar and amusing, as in the schools which are often met by the road-side in the open air, or in the vestibule of a temple, not under European directions. There are many very good descriptions, however, in various books of these places.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world may disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity."

POPE.

* * * * * *

"A Lazar house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all feverous kind."

MILTON.

* * * * * *

THE next morning we were to breakfast with Mr. Bell at ten o'clock, and it was proposed to occupy two or three previous hours in attending the Native Dispensary. This institution is one of the most useful and benevolent schemes for the benefit of the natives, that could be devised, and in connection with the diffusion of knowledge, is freeing them rapidly from wretchedness, and the bonds of superstition, while at the same time it is attaching them to the improvements of civilization. "It is a gratifying information," says the report for 1838, "that the number of those who resort to the dispensary for medical relief, has increased in proportion as its existence, and its benefits have become known; and that no prejudices of caste or religion, are found to have the effect of deterring even the most scrupulous from submitting themselves to European treatment. Many instances have already occurred in which poor natives have submitted to all the difficulties of a

journey from the districts of Guzerat, the Deccan, and the Concan, to undergo surgical operations at the dispensary. There is indeed a craving after the skill of European surgeons; and the affluent among the Parsees and Hindoos, contribute liberally to its support. One of the most distinguished Parsees, Jemsetjee Jejeebhoy, Esq., appears upon the list of contributors for upwards of one hundred thousand rupees, or nearly fifty thousand dollars." But there is one result not yet to be fully anticipated; there are several young men of intelligence who have availed themselves of the facilities afforded them, and it is fondly expected that the time is not very remote when the friends of native improvements may have the satisfaction of witnessing such institutions placed under the medical care of native practitioners who have been instructed in the European system.

When we entered the dispensary, Dr. Miller was in attendance, and politely granted us every information. There were in the outer hall at least one hundred and fifty patients, which we were told might be taken as thedaily number of paplicants, including all sorts and conditions. There were the maimed and the halt; the partially and totally blind in great proportion — the lepers, and those afflicted with foul ulcers. There were men, women, and children; Hindoos, Parsees, Arabs, and Jews; Moguls, Turks, Malays, Armenians, and Siddees; besides the destitute vagrants from Europe. Every one was ministered unto in due turn; and drastic medicines, lotions, and ointments were dispensed as freely to them as advice and prescriptions.

In the evening of the same day, we were to dine with Mr. Henderson, and on the way to

his hospitable dwelling, which was a few miles out of the city, we stopped to visit the Banyan Hospital, a very singular asylum for all kinds of diseased or antiquated animals. It is said to have originated a few years ago in the following manner. In a season extremely sultry, there were very many dogs daily becoming mad, which were ordered to be killed wherever found. Upon this event, a wealthy Banyan, fearing perhaps that a transmigrated relative might be set adrift by the massacre, offered a half rupee for every stray dog that might be brought to him alive. As soon as this munificence was known, the dogs disappeared from their kennels wonderfully; and it was found that the loafers were prosecuting a grand business by selling picked up, or stolen dogs to the good Banyan. The good easy man, not the least disheartened by the increasing number of his *protégés*, continued to redeem them from persecution through the season, and had a large enclosure, accordingly fitted for their accommodation. Other kind souls, moved with the like pity, joined in "the benevolent project for ameliorating the condition of brutes," and it was agreed by them to admit the distressed animals of every kind, upon the plan of the old Banyan hospital at Surat.

This establishment included a large plot of ground, containing twelve or fourteen acres, enclosed by high walls and buildings, and divided into courts, wards, and gardens. The first objects we met, as we entered the precincts, were six or seven hundred mendicants, who fled from a horrifying famine in Cutch, and had taken refuge there. In the most commodious wards, were about one hundred and fifty cows, some of them very venerable; and one hundred horses, and fifty

or sixty goats and sheep; besides a variety of dogs, poultry, monkeys, and insects. Each of these, without labour or fee, according to its kind, was well fed daily, and every ward had its separate attendant. But it is said, I presume, in the spirit of detraction, that a strange mode is adopted there for feeding the insects, which generally constitute a large corps of the invalids. It is said that beggars are invited to sleep and feed at the hospital, on condition that they expose their bodies for the fleas, mosquitoes, and others of the family, to feast upon their flesh and blood, unmolested through the night.

When we left this strange place — this burlesque upon the overwrought benevolence often exhibited in wiser communities — there was yet time before the evening for the fashionable drive to Malabar Point, about nine miles from the city fort. It was a delightful road, as all English roads are, and the gentry with their gay equipages, and natives in their various vehicles and costumes, were enjoying the recreation as if in hey-day festivity. Pretty grounds, enclosed by thick-set hedges, lined the way, and neat bungalows stood within them, retired amid copses of various plants; the cocoa and other palms, and the jaca, and shaddock, and the beautiful mango trees, somewhat resembling the walnut, with here and there the stately silvery-barked teek, which is the live-oak of the east, were interspersed, where,

> "Every flower had some romantic tale
> Linked with its sweetness."

Occasionally we saw in a garden, the gilded and fanciful pagoda, with its tank for ablutions,

erected as the private temple of some Banyan; then the Moorish minarets of moslem mosques were on the way-side; and the cross of the Portuguese catholics, and the Norman-like chapels of the English, were nearly in juxtaposition. There is a conspicuous elevation, about five miles out, rising gradually from a turf champaign on the right, upon which is situated a pagoda of some note, and near by is a cleft rock, called Breach-Candi, which the Brahmins hold in reverence. But Malabar Point itself, besides being the termination of a fashionable drive, is more interesting than any part of the way. I quote here an excellent account of it from the Bombay Directory for 1836:

"Malabar Point is a remarkable promontory on the Island of Bombay, and a cleft rock of considable sanctity is there, to which numerous Hindoo pilgrims resort, for the purpose of regeneration; which is effected by passing through this aperture. The cleft is situated high up, among rocks of difficult access, and in the stormy season is incessantly lashed by the surge of the ocean. Near by are the ruins of a temple, which is reported to have been blown up by the Idol hating Portuguese. There is also, in the neighbourhood, a beautiful Brahmin village, built near a fine tank, of considerable extent, with a broad flight of steps down to the water. Brahmins are here found, leading the lives most agreeable to them. The ceremonies of religion comprise the business of their lives, and a literary and contemplative indolence forms their negative pleasure. Some of them are said to have lived here to an old age, without having once visited the contiguous town of Bombay. There is a temple of Lakshini, the

goddess of plenty, near the village, which is much resorted to by pilgrims and pious persons; who have the additional benefit of an optional regeneration, in the passage through the venerated type above described."

Returning by another road, the beach-road one, passed over the Malabar hill, whence the best view is had of Bombay fort, the harbour, islands, and verdant vicinity. But should it be dark, a very picturesque and fairy scene often diverts the stranger. The hedges of the roads and paths are frequently lighted by lamps made of cocoa-nuts, and sometimes entire groves are thus illumined; while all along the beach are kindled, the pyres of the Hindoos, with their flaming lights reflected in the waters.

We met a small but very pleasant and intelligent party at dinner at Mr. Henderson's; and were well supplied with the delicacies of the east; the sweet and excellent flat fish called pomfret — surpassing even the famed Lampreys; and the red legged partridge; and *pilaus* and curries; and oranges, rather indifferent; and shaddock, and pomegranates; to say nothing of the wines, cooled by aprons dipped in a solution of nitre; besides the jovial flow of soul which was rife, racy, and exhilarating. When replete with this good sustenance for body and mind, it was proposed to walk down to the beach, to the nearest pyre. As we approached the funeral pile, one of our party, with more sensitive olfactories than the rest, insisted that there was a horrid effluvia from the burning body, which made him sick, and he turned to go back; but in a few steps we discovered that the offence arose from a phosphorescent pile of putrid bumbalo, a favorite and abundant species of small

fish, used by the natives. Such masses of stale fish are very common about eastern ports, and are frequently the only manure for the lands. When we arrived at the blazing pile, which was about four feet high, we saw the group of mourners — at least one hundred, for their canon requires it— dressed in their meanest rags, which could not again be worn, and squatting in silence upon the sand, in concentric arches. As their dusky persons were partially lighted by the pyre, they appeared like an encampment of gypseys. There was no tolling knell, sounding distantly its notes of sympathy; no prayer nor hymn; and the only dirge we heard was the murmuring of the surf upon the beach, the crakling of the flames, and hissing fry of the oozy adepose. Happily we did not see the body itself, for it was entirely covered and concealed by the burning wood: once, however, when the attendant pariahs thought the flesh was consumed, they stirred the pile a little; the brands fell down, and the whole breast, with the reeking, dripping vitals were lifted upon the end of a poker.

Dr. Wilson, one of the Scotch mission, who had joined our party, immediately introduced a conversation with the mourners in their own language, and in his peculiarly happy mood, led them into the topic of a future state, with free arguments, as he informed us, upon their religious rites and absurdities. They appeared to be pleased with the conversation, and took a lively part in it. In the same manner, I am told, this worthy divine visits the Parsee groups, which may be seen any morning, with their mats or carpets, kneeling upon the beach before the rising sun, and casting flowers and sacrifices upon the waters,

in worship of his glory and power. In like manner he traverses the country, not as a mere dogmatist, but as a civil, moral, and domestic friend to the natives, among whom he is often of great benefit, and much beloved. He told us many things about the strange customs he had witnessed; and entertained us, in our walk back, with amusing and instructive anecdotes, which I regret that I cannot recount to the reader. But it may not be uninteresting, in this place, to insert a short notice of certain strange classes of Hindoos, and their peculiar ways, as they are known to exist in India. The feast called Ashummed Jogue,* it is generally known, is a ceremony like the Jewish scape-goat, except that a horse, in India, is substituted to bear off the annual burden of sins: and then they have a festival in March, called the *hohlee*, somewhat like the Catholic carnival, when boys and men are rioting in the streets like imps, and, being hideously painted, wrestle and race, and pelt each other, and sometimes the passengers, with red powder and water, for two or three days.

We have already mentioned their funeral consumption of a corpse; let us now notice the preliminaries to this final rite. An excellent observer and describer of India, says very accurately: "The ceremonies of religion which accompany the Hindoo in every stage and act of life, thicken around him as that life draws to a close. When disease is considered mortal, a sort of extreme unction is performed: and if after that he does not die, he becomes a pariah of the most unholy kind. But when in reality death is nigh, if a dying man cannot be removed to a sacred river, and

* Jogue is the Hindoo term for Era.

have the salgram stone placed near, he is laid upon the sacred cusa grass, a species of *poa ;* and when he expires, amid many mummeries, then the women howl, the relatives lament bitterly, the body is washed, the signs of the caste are made on the face, and the mouth filled with betel leaves.—Toward night the pariahs carry the body to the funeral place of deposit, which is a pile if the deceased worshipped *Vishnu*, but a grave if he followed the exiled *Siva.* Then the relations examine if the person be really dead, by noises of drums and trumpets, pinching, and dashing water in the face. If he die in the house, that dwelling and all about it are polluted; and all the people fast till the pariahs have borne the body off, which is not by the door, but through a breach in the wall made for the purpose. After the funeral, the nearest relative goes to the house of the deceased with a staff, and drives off the evil spirits, then they must all fast till the Brahmins are well fed and paid, and every rite performed." This last injunction reminds us of the scripture passage: "He that toucheth the dead shall be unclean for seven days."

If the deceased be of a high caste, it is said, that the following sentiments are usually chanted at the pile: "It is folly to expect anything permanent in the lot of man, which is empty, like the trunk of the banana, fleeting like the froth of the sea."

"To receive the due recompense of its actions, the human body, composed of five elements, returns to its native principles: and what occasion have we for lamentation?"

"Whatever is low must disappear; whatever is

high must fall. Every compound being must be dissolved, and life must end in death."

Of all castes in India, the Brahmins are the highest; and we have noticed that, in some instances, as at the retired village near Malabar, where they live in the secluded manner that accords with their holy pretensions: but it is not generally so. They are not allowed any gayety of dress, nor animal food, nor any common spirituous liquors: but with these essential exceptions, they are allowed a drink called "*Bhang*" — a distillation from hemp — upon which they may get intoxicated as often as they choose; and their rice may be curried as hot as peppers can make it. The officiating priests are not allowed to marry, but parents often dedicate their prettiest daughters as handmaidens to the gods and concubines to the Brahmins, and it is accounted no disgrace. These girls are the *Dwadassi* — the consecrated dancing girls of the temples — who are the only persons licensed by the priests to read, sing, or dance; though the Hindoos are all light, agile, and fond of music. "They attend at all the festivals, dressed in the greatest elegance that even the costume of a Hindoo female admits; but the motions of their dancing are as obscene, though imposing, as are the allusions of the Hindoo poets, and sacred writers."

Of the Banyans we have said sufficient; but of the fanatic fakirs, who impose upon their nature every species of torture and mortification, we may add, that some of them, who are also gymnosophists, traverse the country naked with hooks in their flesh, or with their limbs rigidly distorted — never begging, but depending upon the food, which in women it is holiness to give

them. Most readers have read or heard about the Poleahs, an abject race, that must howl if they see a high caste approaching, in order that the holy one shall take warning, and not have his senses polluted, before the miserable wretches hide themselves in a ditch or tree. But the Pariahs are still more despicable, from whose touch even the Poleahs are contaminated, and must wash off the stain in holy waters. We have mentioned these as the bearers of dead bodies, and under other names, in connection with Jogies, we find their character depicted in a public remonstrance against them as a nuisance. It was published while we were at Bombay, and is a true picture:—

"The Jogies and Pariahs, who are seen peramubulating the streets in a state of almost perfect nudity, generally besmeared with ashes and bedaubed with paints of different kinds—hale, hearty, and impudent fellows—seem to boast in putting modesty to the blush, and, to our certain knowledge, of corrupting very many innocent young people. Their principal mode of earning a livelihood, is either by compelling the natives to give them something by making a clamour at their doors or before their shops; or by selling different roots, drugs, and charms for the purpose of forcing nature to deviate from her usual course, and other abominations too horrible and improper to be mentioned in these pages.

"The wealthy natives, upon whom the light of education has not as yet shone, encourage these vagabonds by providing them with shelter and food. Dozens of these wretches may be seen at their doors, and at the ghats frequented by the Hindoos, surrounded by the deluded people, among whom there are many women of even honest and respectable families, listening to the stories of these impostors, and receiving charms of every description. We know of many cases in which the drugs taken from these Jogies have proved fatal. Some years ago we had occasion to take a trip up the river Hoogly, and on coming to a ghat near the Ganges, we saw a female brought to the banks, for the purpose of dy-

ing near the sacred stream. Her looks were exceedingly distorted; a livid purple tinged a complexion very fair for a native of Bengal, and deformed a face which must at one time have commanded the admiration of those who beheld it. On inquiring into the cause of her malady, we were informed by her relatives, that she was the wife of a rich *Sonar*, and the mother of three children, all of whom were girls; that both she and her husband had been for years praying to be blessed with a son, and had at last met a Jogie who promised to obtain for them the gratification of their desire. They accordingly allowed him a shelter near their house, and gave him more perhaps than the imposter had expected. In return he had given this unfortunate woman a root, which she had, according to his directions, eaten, and had since that time been in the state we saw her, dying by inches; whilst the inhuman moster who had thus destroyed her in her bloom, had absconded with all he had obtained from these deluded people, and was out of their reach. We left the spot pervaded with baleful ruminations on this and the thousand other evils which superstition brings on the natives of this country.

"These people, intoxicated with *bhang*, are permitted to go about the streets in a state which cannot be well described, to the great annoyance of every modest person, and to the imminent danger of doing irreparable injury — not only to the morals, but to the health, and even lives of numbers of the inhabitants of this city.

"The confraternity called *aghory* infest almost every town in the Upper Provinces, especially Behar. Their religion — if it can be called by that name — teaches them to act in every respect contrary to the rules of caste, which they despise; and going to the other extreme, they eat all manner of things, which even those who have no respect for the rules of caste do not approach. Groups of these people may be seen in the native towns in the front of shops perpetrating the most indecent deeds in the public streets; and collecting all manner of abominations, in skulls picked up on the banks of the river, they besmear their bodies with the abominable mixture, and eat it as if it were a savoury article of food. In this manner they continue in the front of each shop until they have succeeded in extorting such a sum from its owner as they please, and then remove to the next shop and do the same there. Should the shopkeeper be obstinate in refusing to comply with the demand of these wretches,

they fix themselves before his shop, and spread filth and pieces of putrid carcasses, brought from the river, all about the place, which effectually prevents everybody from approaching the spot, and the owner of the shop must either comply with the request of the *aghory* or quit his premises. Should he attempt to molest the filthy besiegers of his shop, he has a very unequal battle to maintain; for to his nasal organ the *aghory* will oppose the contents of the skulls about him, viz., pieces of putrid human flesh, all manner of filthy things, which neither Hindoo, Mussulman, nor any other person but an *aghory*, would approach. We have heard of these people defending themselves against the clubs of the irritated shopkeepers with the limbs and the bones of human carcasses, and thus formidably armed, putting hundreds to flight."

It is thought that the wandering race of gypsies in Europe must have sprung from some of the Hindoo castes. Their features are decidedly Hindoo: they are swarthy, and have retained their old customs, uninfluenced by civilization; they live by begging, and plundering, and fortune-telling; and the Moravian gypsies have four castes, the lowest outcasts from the rest. It is supposed they originated from a band of over a million which were driven out from the west of India by the Moguls in the fifteenth century.

But the strangest order of all throughout India, is that of the *T'hags* or *Thugs*, unnoticed in any popular journal, excepting that of Miss Emma Roberts, which is decidedly the most interesting, comprehensive, and characteristic work upon India.* The notes by lieutenant Reynolds read before the Royal Asiatic Society concerning the *T'hags*, and an article in the Edin-

* A work has since been issued from the American press, written by Captain W. H. Sleeman, which treats entirely upon Thugs.

burgh Review, or Critical Journal, vol. lxiv., are of such intense interest that I deem it not inappropriate to quote portions of them for the general reader :—

"The T'hags form a perfectly distinct class of persons, who almost subsist entirely upon the produce of the murders they are in the habit of committing. They appear to have derived their denomination from the practice usually adopted by them, of decoying the persons they fix upon to destroy, to join their company ; when they take advantage of the confidence they endeavour to inspire, by strangling their unsuspecting victims. They are also known by the name P'hansigars ; but in the northeastern part of the Nizam's dominions, they are usually called T'hags. There are several peculiarities in the habits of the T'hags, in their mode of causing death, and in the precautions they adopt for the prevention of discovery, that distinguish them from every other class of delinquents ; and it may be considered a general rule whereby to judge of them, that they affect to disdain the practice of petty theft, house-breaking, and indeed every species of stealing that has not been preceded by the perpetration of murder.

"The T'hags adopt no other method of killing but strangulation ; and the implement made use of for this purpose, is a handkerchief, or any other convenient strip of cloth. They never attempt to rob a traveller until they have in the first instance deprived him of life ; and after the commission of a murder, they invariably bury the body immediately, if time and opportunity serve, or otherwise conceal it.

"To trace the origin of this practice would now be a matter of some difficulty, for if the assertions of the T'hags themselves are entitled to any credit, it has been in use from time immemorial ; and they pretend its institution is coeval with the creation of the world : like most other inhuman practices the traditions regarding it are mixed up with tales of Hindù superstitions, and the T'hags would wish to make it appear that in immolating the numberless victims that yearly fall by their hands, they are only obeying the injunctions of the deity of their worship, to whom they say they are offering an acceptable sacrifice.

"The object of their worship is the goddess *Kâlì* or *Bhavànì*, and there is a temple at the village, near Mirzapùr, to which the T'hags usually send considerable offerings, and

the establishments of priests at the shrine are entirely of their own community. Bhavàní, it seems, once formed the determination of extirpating the whole human race; she sacrificed all but her own disciples, but she discovered, to her astonishment, that through the intervention of the creating power, whenever human blood was shed, a fresh subject immediately started into existence, to supply the vacancy. She therefore formed an image, into which she instilled the principle of life, and calling together her disciples, instructed them in the art of depriving that being of life, by strangling it with a handkerchief.

"The method was found on trial to be effectual, and the goddess directed her worshippers to adopt it, and to murder without distinction all who should fall into their hands, promising that she would herself dispose of the bodies of their victims, whose property she bestowed on her followers; and also that she would be present at, and preside over, and protect them on those occasions, so that none should be able to prevail against them.

"Thus, say the T'hags, was our order established, and we originally took no care of the bodies of those who fell by our hands, but abandoned them wherever they were strangled, until one man more curious than the rest, ventured to watch the body he had murdered, in expectation of seeing the manner in which it was disposed of. The goddess of his worship descended as usual to carry away the corpse, but observing that this man was on the watch she relinquished her purpose; and calling to him angrily, rebuked him for his temerity, telling him she could no longer perform her promise regarding the bodies of the murdered, which his associates must hereafter dispose of the best way they could.

"Hence, say they, arose the practice invariably followed by the T'hags, of burying the dead; and to this circumstance principally is to be attributed the extraordinary manner in which these atrocities have remained unknown; for with such circumspection and secrecy do they proceed to work, and such order and regularity is there in all their operations, that it is next to impossible a murder should ever be discovered.

"In a gang of T'hags, some of every caste may be found, — all connected together by the same peculiar plan of murder practised by them; all subject to the same regulations, and all, both Hindùs and Musulmans joining in the worship of Bhavàní. They usually move in large parties, often

amounting to 100 or 200 persons, and resort to all manner of subterfuges for the purpose of concealing their real profession. If they are travelling southward, they represent themselves to be either proceeding in quest of service, or on their way to join the regiments to which they pretend to belong to in this part of the country; when, on the contrary, their route is towards the north, they represent themselves to be sepoys from corps of the Bombay or Nizam's army, who are going on leave to Hindùstan.

"The chief symbol of worship among the T'hags, is a Khodàlí, or pick-axe; it is known among them by the names of Nishàn Kassì, and Mahì: with every gang there is carried a Nishàn, which is in fact their standard, and the bearer of it is entitled to particular privileges. Previous to commencing an expedition, the heads of the party celebrate a Pújá to the Nishàn,† which is typical of the deity of their worship: the ceremonies differ little from the usual rites of Hindùs on similar occasions. A Hindú T'hag of good caste is employed in making a quantity of the cakes called Púries, which being consecrated, are distributed among the assembly. The Nishán is bathed and perfumed in the smoke of burning Benjamin, or *Benzoin*, and is aftewards made over to the Nishán-Wálá, who receives it in a piece of cloth kept for that purpose; it is then taken out into the open fields, in the expectation of an omen being observed. The Nishàn is deposited in a convenient spot in the direction the party intends to proceed, and certain persons are deputed to keep watch over it. There are particular birds and beasts that are looked upon by the T'hags as the revealers of omens, to whose calls and movements their attention is on this occasion particularly directed, among the number are the Owl, the Jay, the Jackall, and the Ass. If one of these calls out or moves to the right-hand side, the omen is looked upon as favourable, and the project is not abandoned.

"In the event of an expedition proving more than ordinarily successful, a Pùjà is usually made to Bhavàní, and a portion of the spoil taken by the gang is set aside for the purpose of being sent to the pagoda before alluded to, as an offering to the gooddess.

"In every gang of T'hags, there are to be found one or more Jemidárs, who appear to hold that rank in consequence of their wealth and influence in their respective villages, and

† Nishan, a sign.—Persian.

of having assmbled their own immediate followers in the vicinity of their homes.

"When gold is obtained in coin or in mass, the tenth part is taken by the Jemidàr, previous to dividing it, and he has a tithe of all pearls, shawls, gold, embroidered cloth, brass and copper pots, horses, &c. The Jemidàr acts as master of the ceremonies when the Pàjù is performed, and he assigns to every T'hag the particular duty he is to undertake in the commission of every murder that is determined on.

"Next to the Jemidár is the Buttoat, or strangler, who carries the handkerchief with which the T'hags usually murder their victims. The implement is merely a piece of fine strong cotton cloth about a yard long; at one end a knot is made, and the cloth is slightly twisted and kept ready for use, in front of the waistband of the person carrying it.

"The old and experienced T'hags are denominated Guru Bhàw, and the junior T'hags make a merit of attending upon them; filling their Hukahs; shampooing their bodies; and performing the most menial offices, until gradually become initiated in all the mysteries of the art. And if they prove to be powerful men, these disciples of the Guru are made Buttoats.

"When a murder is to be committed, the Buttoat usually follows the particular person whom he has been nominated by the Jemidár to strangle, and on the preconcerted signal being given, the handkerchief, which is called Palu or Rumâl, is seized with a knot in the left hand, the right hand being some inches further up, in which manner it is thrown over the head of the person to be strangled, from behind; the two hands are crossed as the victim falls: and such is the certainty with which the act is done, as the T'hags frequently declare, that before the body falls to the ground, the eyes usually start out of the head, and life becomes extinct.

"When a single traveller is met with, a novice is instructed to make trial of his skill: the party sets off during the night, and stops while it is dark, to drink water, or to smoke. While seated for this purpose, the Jemidàr inquires what time of night it may be, and the T'hags immediately look out at the stars to ascertain, this being the preconcerted signal; the Buttoat is immediately on the alert, and the unsuspecting victim, on looking up at the heavens in common with the rest of the party, offers his neck to the handkerchief, and becomes an easy prey to his murderer.

"The T'hags do not always depend upon chance for ob-

taining plunder, or roam about in the expectation of meeting travellers, but frequently take up their quarters in or near a town, or some great thoroughfare, from whence they make excursions according to the information obtained by the Tillaís; these men are chosen from among the most smooth-spoken and intelligent of their number, and their chief duty is to gain information; for this purpose they are decked out in the garb of respectable persons, whose appearance they must have the tact of putting on. They parade the bázárs of the town near which their associates are encamped, and endeavour to pick up intelligence of the intended despatch or expected arrival of goods, of which information is forthwith given to the gang, who send out a party to intercept them. Inquiry is also made for any party of travellers who may have arrived, and put up in the bázárs, or elsewhere; every art is brought into practice to scrape an acquaintance with these people; they are given to understand that the Tillaí is travelling the same road, an opportunity is taken to throw out hints regarding the insecurity of the roads, and the frequency of murders and robberies, an acquaintance with some of the friends or relations of the travellers is feigned, and an invitation given to partake of the repast that has been prepared at the place where the Tillaí is put up, the convenience of which, and the superiority of the water, are abundantly praised. The result is, that the travellers are inveigled into joining the party of T'hags, and they are feasted and treated with every politeness and consideration by the very wretches who are also plotting their murder, and calculating the share they shall acquire in the division of their property.

"Having enticed the travellers into the snare they have laid for them, the next object of the T'hags is to choose a convenient spot whereon to murder them; this, in the technical language among them, is denominated a Bhíl, and the T'hag who is sent on this duty is called a Bhilla. If the Bhilla returns to the camp with his report, the Luggaís or gravediggers are sent out with him to prepare a grave for the interment of the person it is intended to murder. At the particular spot agreed upon the Bhilla meets the party, a recognition takes place, the jemidár calls out, 'Bhilla, have you cleared out the hole?' the Bhilla replies 'Manjeh,' on which the concerted signal is given that serves as the death-warrant of the unheeding travellers, who are forthwith strangled.

"The T'hags have in use among them, sets of slang terms.

and phrases, which give them the means of holding a conversation with persons of their own class without any chance of being understood by the uninitiated. Their term of salutation, whereby also they recognise each other if they casually meet without being personally acquainted, is '*Ali Khan Bhái Salám.*' That which appears most extraordinary is the manner in which the T'hags recollect the names of their comrades, as well as their persons. The T'hags, indeed, seem to know each other almost instinctively, and the quickness with which the recognition between individuals takes place is so surprising, as almost to warrant the supposition that a sort of free-masonry has been established among them.

"To facilitate their plan of operation, too, the T'hags have established a regular system of intelligence and communication throughout the countries they have been in the practice of frequenting, and they become acquainted with astonishing celerity with the proceedings of their comrades in all directions.

"The peculiar designation by which they are known, is a point on which the T'hags are particularly tenacious, and they attach an importance and even respectability to their profession, that they say no other class of delinquents is entitled to. They mostly seem to be men of mild and unobtrusive manners, possessing a cheerful disposition entirely opposed to the violent passions and ferocious demeanour that are usually associated with the idea of a professed murderer; such is the extent to which this dreadful system has been carried, that no idea can be formed of the expenditure of human life to which it has given occasion, or the immensity of the wealth that has been acquired by its adoption.

"When it is taken into consideration that many of the T'hags already seized confess to their having, for the last twenty-five or thirty years, annually made a tour with parties of more than a hundred men, and with no other object than that of murder, and that they boast of having successfully put their tens and twenties to death daily, and that they say an enumeration of all the lives they have personally assisted to destroy, would swell the catalogue to hundreds, and as some declare to thousands, some conception of the horrid reality may be formed."

The confessions elicited in the English courts of India from distinguished T'hags, are truly most

horrid recitals. The story of the Old Man of the Mountain; or the Secret Tribunals of Germany; or the Dread Tales of the Doge of Venice; or those of the Popish Inquisition, are in truth nothing compared to the murderous and wily deeds of these strange beings. The story called "the *Sutrooh*," or sixty soul affair; and that of "the *Chaleesrooh*," or forty soul murder, are thrilling even as related in the brief review of the Edinburgh. The murder of the open-hearted old soldier, who was too fond of the intoxicating *subzee*, is another bloody tale, and so is that about the *Moonsheé* and his family, who were killed at Lucknadown. But I will not detain the reader upon this single topic: the details of which, at every session of the Indian courts are swelling into volumes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On Asia's ancient hills I tread;
There's something in the air that's holy.

PIERPONT.

AGAIN we visited the shore, and rode out toward Nonpareil — the residence of the late governor, Sir Robert Grant. Just beyond Byculla, in the extreme suburbs, we were passing a native school in the open street, the pupils seated in two long close rows facing each other, and the Hindoo pedagogue swaying his rod between. I asked my guide if they used the rod much in the schools. He replied that for common faults they did quite often and severely; but sometimes the master puts their thumbs in a slip-noose attached to a line running over a pulley, and hoists them up ten or twelve feet, till they count two hundred. He was himself served so several times.

The first part of the road was quite open and level, with few houses; and near a race-course on one side we saw a stud of beautiful horses — mostly Arabian — tied to stakes, and at least sixty in number. There was, not far beyond, a truly eastern scene — a pair of oxen treading out grain in a circular bed, about a foot deep in the clay: "and the oxen were not muzzled."

Here and there we passed a patrol of sepoys, the swarthy Hindoo guards in regimentals, who were amusingly precise in giving us the military

angles to the arm, and touching the edge of the hand to the forehead, as they gave their salute. Whole files by the wayside wheeled to the front as we approached, and performed this salute with singular vanity and exactness. Snake-charmers and jugglers were also seen by the roadside; and the gardens, and temples, and dwellings that multiplied before us, afforded as much satisfaction as any ride we had taken outside of Bombay. Returning to the city, we stopped awhile at Dongaree to visit the famous mosque of Zhoonna Musid Mohammed, standing in Shakmomen-street, near the market bazaar. It is one hundred and twenty feet wide and one hundred feet long, and is supported by forty pillars, besides arches. There are two stories of free-stone painted white, rising from an extensive, deep tank, of the same material; which, with its many surrounding minarets of various heights and magnificent Moorish dome, give an imposing effect to the structure.

As we approached the marble steps leading over the pool to the arched entrance, the Mussulman standing near stopped us, with a decided intimation which plainly said:—"Loose thy sandals from off thy feet: thou standest upon holy ground!"

It was rather an inconvenient process with boots; but we complied, and in stockings were escorted very politely through the galleries and interior. There was nothing very splendid within, excepting the verandahs paved with marble, and their arabesque enclosures.

This mosque was built about forty years ago, at one lakh and a half of rupees; and the addition of an extra story with the marble pavement

has been made within the last year, at the cost of another lakh of rupees. The magnificent donor of the whole is Nakhooda Mohammed Ally Ragai, who still lives as the partner of the equally liberal Jemsetjee Jejeebhoy, to enjoy the gratitude of thousands living and to come — the pure pleasures of a public spirit and beneficence.

As one rides toward the fort, over the esplanade, the conspicuous and rather gorgeous house of Jemsetjee Jejeebhoy attracts a stranger's eye like a public building, about which he feels curious to know if the occupant is as distinguished as the house. We have already alluded to his public patronage of worthy objects, and we might add ten times as many of his noble acts of generosity: but it is more interesting to learn that this benefactor commenced life with nothing, and has set as worthy an example of prudence, industry, and honesty, as of generosity; — qualities which are rarely combined even among far better educated people. Jemsetjee was a poor bottle maker, and is now worth fifty lakhs of rupees, or about two million three hundred thousand dollars. There are few natives in Hindostan worth more than the above: and I know not whence has arisen the idea that India is the seat of the greatest magnificence and luxury in the world. If splendid furniture and equipage, or rich and rare jewels, or epicurean wines and viands, be esteemed requisite in the schedule of magnificence, they have none of it in India, excepting what has been introduced by the English. From the time the English first settled there, those even of the nabobs who have possessed thirty lakhs of rupees have been esteemed rich; and at all times eight or ten thousand dollars in value has been con-

sidered an independence for a family. It appears from the best accounts that rajahs, nabobs, and all natives from high to low, in India, have been accustomed to live generally with simplicity and frugality. Those who could afford it have given sumptuous feasts at times, and have occupied extensive grounds for their wives, concubines, and servants; and they have had many cool places in their grounds, where they could recline by the side of beautiful pools, and have women to dance and sing for them, and slaves to fan them all the day, and in the night the groves lighted brilliantly, as we have seen them. But all this in India costs comparatively little; and the only extravagance to which the natives are justly said to be inclined, is at the wedding of a son. This ceremony is often followed by two or more weeks of continuous festivals, with many feastings, and long processions of attendants, with a gorgeous array of flowers and silks, and jewels and torches, along the pathway of the bridal party. At such an era in the family, a lakh of rupees is often expended by those who appear almost beggarly in their private establishment. At funerals, also, the Hindoos expend considerable in feasts for the Brahmins, and in the distribution of coins to the Pariahs and mourners. But beyond these things they appear not to be so luxurious as the gentry of Europe or America.

We had now to visit the famous cave of Elephanta, the "*Garapoori*," or place of caves, as it is called by the natives. The island is about seven miles from the city bunder, and it is necessary to take a day for the excursion. We engaged our *dinggy* to start at six o'clock in the morning. The tide was favourable, and our sails were aided

by expert coolies, who kept time to the cadence of a singular tune, said to be one of the sacred love-songs of *Crishna*, the Hindoo Apollo, who was wont to sing it to his favorite *Rádha*. It was in excellent time for oarsmen, and such songs are the only ones the natives know, or acquire. In two hours we had arrived at the island, and were winding our way along the rice flats, and the vale of shrubbery, that separates the two ridges of the island. Thence we proceeded up the moderately steep and verdant side, in which the caves are hollowed from the rocks. There we thought how interesting it would be, if all the great and distinguished persons who had ever trod that path, could be there assembled before us — the great moguls, and sultans, and rajahs, with their trains of attendants; and the Brahmins with their *Dwadassi* * and *Bayadères*†, dancing to the sound of lutes and silvery cymbals; and the thousands of pilgrims with gayly trapped camels, and *houda* mounted elephants, bearing offerings; and then the miserable jogies, and athletes, and gypsies; all moving pompously on toward the great cave — amid banners and pavilions, and flambeaux and fireworks, and the music of many instruments — followed by lords, and dukes, generals and admirals, and "note-takin" book-makers. As we were indulging these fancies, our guide recalled us to the realities of our position. "Master! master!!" we heard cried at us from the face of a bold rock, among the trees, a few rods above us: "Master, please can see three little cage, up dis side." We proceeded, and beneath the overhanging shrubs

* The sacred Temple dancers.

† The hireling courtesan dancers.

and roots, beheld several openings in the dark trachyte rock, and not far separated. We descended into the partly filled entrances of two or three, and found what appeared to have been porticoes or outer halls. They were carved out in fluted pillars, and various *bas-reliefs;* but the interior of each cave was without any other aperture than the small door, and contained nothing more than a *Lingam* altar in the centre. These altars are composed of the *pooling* and *streeling*, or procreative organs, made from different rocks, to be the more perfectly typical; and are dedicated to Siva. The worship at these altars, by barren women, and others who propitiate the favour of Siva by prayers, and with garlands and fragrant libations thrown about the *Lingam*, originated from the story of some debauchery of Siva, which is recorded in the sacred Bhagha-vata, a book of matchless obscenity, and yet the delight of the Hindoos, and the first one ever put into the hands of children to be read.

Leaving these minor caves, and passing to another side of the hill, we saw a neat cot before us, whence some one called out, "Halt! who goes there?" and an old English sergeant, placed there to prevent fires and mutilations in the cave, marched up to us, attended by a sepoy in regimentals, all equipped for duty, and under orders. The sepoy came to a stand and presented arms, while the old sergeant gave the stiff salute of the hand; but we soon perceived by his garrulity, that the old soldier was either half cracked or fuddled, and we shook him from our skirts as soon as possible.

The entrance of the grand cave, which is far retired in the hill side, full fifty feet wide, and divid-

ed by two large pillars eighteen feet high, was directly before us. Within were the remains of twenty-six large pillars, of which only fourteen now stand entire; and the colossal figure of the *Trimurti*, the three-headed type of Siva, or, as some suppose, of Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu, together. There was a Lingam altar, too, on one side, within an arched apartment open on four sides; and panels of various groups in bas relief, were distinctly preserved. One of the latter represented the marriage scene of Siva and Parvati, having the Brahmins, and male and female attendants, fire vessels, and offerings — in all at least thirty figures — upon a single panel, twenty feet high by eight wide; and there were other groups excavated with singular patience and art; and figures of warders; and Dakshee with a cow's head; and Ganesha, with an elephant's head on a human body: and then there were courts, somewhat filled with rubbish, leading to other halls in the rear of either side; in one of which the walls were covered with figures apparently of worshippers. But enough has been written about this enduring record of ancient industry and art, and why should we repeat what none can realize without personal observation!

It is said that Elephanta is exactly like the Egyptian temple of Guerfeh Hassen, and that the Egyptian monolithic temples generally, in all excepting the style of ornament, are like those of India. The same writer* adds, that Egypt, India, and China, are similar in many particulars. Besides the traditions of a flood, they all have the feast of Lanterns and the division into three or

* The Rev. Michael Russel's Family Library History of Egypt.

four castes; they hold the Lingam, the Lotus and serpents in veneration; and they have giant idols personating the godlike attributes by multiplied organs. There is nothing strange in this, however, since all these semblances are associated with their religious rites and histories; and it is known that the religions of Egypt and India had a common origin, either by one exchanging with the other, or from some common primary source. China, too, it is certain, within the records of authentic history, sent to India for her mangled Budhism.

When returning from the caves and near the landing, we ascended the side of the second range of hills, upon a knoll of which stand the ruins, hewn out of the rock as large as life, of the great elephant, which originated the name of the island. The figure is now much crumbled; the legs are partly broken, with the body resting loosely upon the stumps. The tail is gone, and the trunk; the latter having been sacrilegiously taken by an American officer, and thrown overboard before the ship arrived near its destination. The trunkless head was broken off and rolled away fully twelve feet. But enough remains, at present, to show the just proportions of the entire figure.

As we set out for the city, we found both the wind and tide unfavourable, and it was a tedious passage for us of three or four hours. By tacking and veering, however, we passed Butcher's Island, a flat spot in the harbour, where troops and state prisoners are kept; and Gibbet Island, a small conical protuberance, upon the top of which swung an iron cage, containing the skeletons of a man and woman in chains; and arrived at the upper landing near the esplanade

market, just in time to visit our friends once more. Mr. Henderson had made arrangements for us to visit the Budhist temple at Carli. There is a mail-coach starting every evening from Bombay to Poonah—a place well-worth visiting; and Carli, and the grand gorge or falls in the Ghauts, are on the way between. But we were to proceed by a private water conveyance to Panwell, twelve miles out, for the first night, where a wealthy Parsee, Rustomjee Frangee, had insisted that we should stay at least one night with him, and see his botanic garden—the only one in the province—a hobby of the old gentleman, upon which he annually expends much money, though it is said, with little regard to order and less to science. But that day was to be our last on shore, at that port, and we must forego this excursion and other pleasures in prospect for us.

We had now to take leave of Bombay, and the kind gentlemen whose urbanity and hospitality had more than supplied to us the place of a consul. Besides these friends, we had seen too little of the English society at Bombay to pass an opinion. There had been invitations for the officers to visit freely the governor, *pro tem.*, to breakfast; also a dinner party was given by the Honourable James Farish; and an evening party intended for all the officers of the squadron, but interpreted by our wardroom exclusives to be for them only. These attentions were certainly enough in so short a time to evince a courteous disposition among the Bombay civilians. We had the pleasure of meeting several times with the editor of the Bombay Gazette, and received many kind courtesies from him, notwithstanding the harassing contest in which he was then en-

gaged to maintain the freedom of his press against certain strange restrictions of the local government. In the course of many topics, allusion was once made to the offensive article quoted from his paper, by Dr. Ruschenberger, in reference to the visit of American ships of war in the East. He said that it was inserted entirely without his knowledge or approval, by a young gentleman, whom he left in the editorial chair, during his own absence on a journey into the country. The following is part of an article which appeared in this same paper relative to the Columbia and John Adams, which much better accords with the editor's feelings and candid opinions concerning our visits:—

"We regret to learn that we are not to be favoured with a longer stay from our friends of the American Navy, their two fine vessels at present in the harbour being about to take their departure hence, in pursuance of their voyage round the world. In thus announcing their departure, we must add that we have seldom had a visit from strangers whom we would more gladly have detained among us for some time. Their affability and attention to gentlemen visiting either of the vessels, particularly attracted our attention, and we are sure that many of our readers who have experienced their politeness, will join with us in wishing them a prosperous voyage back to their free and happy country.

"On leaving this, their route will be in a great measure that of our former visiters in the corvette Peacock, viz., Goa, Ceylon, Batavia, Sumatra, China, the Phillipine and Sandwich Islands, and probably several other of the thousand groups scattered throughout the South Pacific. The *Columbia* and *John Adams* constitute what is termed the Indian squadron, and will in due time be followed by another, and in all likelihood a large force, for the protection of the American commercial interests in this quarter of the globe.

"The method which has been adopted by the directors of the American Navy, of sending a succession of these flying squadrons, instead of retaining an equal number of vessels on particular stations, carries with it many advantages, inas-

much as it will not only be advantageous to the health of the crews, but will also prevent the American officers from acquiring the habit, now so prevalent in our own Indian squadrons, of creeping lazily from port to port, and remaining in each for months without once lifting anchor."

The morning previous to our departure the commodore gave an entertainment to some of the government functionaries of Bombay, which was honoured by Sir John Kean, the gallant officer who succeeded general Packenham at the battle of New Orleans. Upon being reminded in answer to an allusion of his own upon the subject, that he had regained in India all that he had lost in America, Sir John very courteously replied: "Oh, no! not quite. Tell general Jackson," said he, "that I have never yet regained my former assurance of British superiority over her brothers in America, which she lost at Orleans; nor can I ever lose this Kentucky memento," (striking emphatically, at the time, a wound in the leg, by which he was still maimed); "this parting impression which the old general made upon me."

END OF VOL. ONE.

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